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GONDEN'S GNOME.

VOL. 1.

DES MOINES, IOWA, SEPT.-NOV., 1884.

Nos. 4-6.

For GONDEN'S GNOME.

MY FRIEND.

BY J. BARCOX SHERBULL.

Commend to me a kind, forgiving heart,
Of generous mould, that, like the tree on high,
Uplifts itself above all things,
And varies not to every change of sky.

Give me the friend whose love fades not away,
When chilling blasts and wintry tempests blow;
A friend whose promise made in summer time
Is broken not when winter's leaves are low.

O, such a friend have I; who is, in truth,
Faithful and true, whatever her lot may be;
A rainbow on the stormy tide of life,
An anchor on its wild, tempestuous sea.

Special to GONDEN'S GNOME.

A BRILLIANT FETE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 15, 1884.

The second semi-annual anniversary of the Milwaukee Press Literary Club, which took place last night at the magnificent and enlarged rooms of the society, was indeed a grand success in every sense of the word. The affair was given public notice in all the professional papers of this city.

The room was very tastefully decorated. On the wall hung Sanderson's photographs of prominent amateurs, the photos of the Detroit and Milwaukee conventions, and the photos of the present N. A. P. A. and Western board of officers. Over the President's chair were the words "Amateur Journalism," and under this a glass sign with the famous words of Ex-speaker Randall. The worthy Secretary's desk was buried beneath the choicest kind of flowers.

Vociferous intoxication over the apparent victory of the Hon. James G. Blaine, did not seem to interfere with the attendance, for the room was crowded to its utmost capacity. With the exception of the M. P. L. C. present members, there was at least thirty-five of the "short haired" fraternity present. The Secretary was kept busy reading congratula-

tions from Gov. Rusk, Major Wallber, Alexander Mitchell, Bragg (who said at the Chicago Democratic convention, "We love him for the enemies he has made,") and several other eminent gentlemen of Wisconsin.

After the usual order of business was hurriedly gone through with the worthy President, John E. Urban, Jr., in the chair who, by the way, officiated in an able and dignified manner, the evening literary exercises, which were arranged with good taste—followed:

Mr. T. S. Buckner opened with a declamation, and held those present, spellbound for twenty minutes. His impersonation was that of "Richelieu," and was artistically a success. Mr. Buckner is one of the greatest eloquentists in Milwaukee, having mastered this difficult art after four years of study. He is a great favorite with the M. P. L. C. and was at his best last night. He invested this superb character with such realism that it was both refreshing and edifying to see him. When he broke out with the passionate line: "I hurl the curse of Rome!" at the end, the applause was long, and loud, and most flattering.

Mr. Fred F. Heath was then called upon for a solo. He responded most gracefully, by warbling a most beautiful "birdie birdie" song. The following lines will give the reader a good idea of its style

"She plays the piano, the harp and concertina,
And in the ball-room you should her whirl.
She sings Emmott's Lullaby, Mascott and Josephine,
What a little treasure is my Milwaukee girl."

Mr. Heath has a splendid voice of extraordinary strength and sweetness, but utterly lacking in force and animation. He was followed by the genial editor of the *Wasp*, Mr. Oscar A. Mueller, who read a selection from the "Little classics." His fierce and aggressive voice; the passionate reading of his lines; coupled with a hearty sincerity, could not have been surpassed by any "professional" on the dramatic boards to-day. It

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#12

THE COPHER.

Vol. I

Rochester, Minn.,

No 2.

There are now, we believe only eight, or ten amateur papers published in Minn. Why is this? surely the Copher state has enough enterprising young men, who, if their avocation was called to it, would be glad to engage in this delightful occupation.

A well known gentleman who is connected with amateur journalism, says of it,

"I firmly believe that to one so inclined, a pursuit more elevating, instructing, or pleasing than connection with the 'dom cannot be found."

Although we have been but a short time in the ranks, we have tasted enough of the joy arising from the publication of a paper, to echo this gentleman's sentiments.

To those who have read E. P. Roess' "Original Belle," we would ask, who did Mr. Merwyn

"It never rains, it pours."

This is not true in our case. E. changes have not 'poured' on us. 'It never rains, it sprinkles, is the way it should be. Does Irving J. Smith still publish the MONTHLY CALL? We rec'd three copies in April. If it is still published we would like to see a copy.

ERRATA.— in our last paper on the fourth page the name of the author of "His Revenge" should read "O'Neill" (Ford). The first amateur copy we ever received, was the NUMBER of Louisville, Ky.

EXCHANGE

WITH US.

There are a number of persons in this 'city, who have a large stock of "I don't know you" on hand. They manage to dispose of a little of it when they meet us. We do not know whether they do this, because they think an editor too insignificant.

FROM JOHN KENDRICK
BANGS, RYE, N. Y.
Released May 4, 1907

CIRCULATION
STILL VISIBLE

X-PN 4827

The Gadfly

BIS DAT QUI CITO SWAT

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Two Copies Received
APR 18 1907

Copyright Entry
Mar 28 1907
CLASS 8 XN. 7

WEATHER TODAY
CLEARING, WITH THUNDER
BEFORE NIGHT

VOL. P. D. Q.

MAY 5, 1907.

NO. 101010

The Gadfly

A Journal of Pure Cussedness
and Militant Misinformation
Issued Whenever the Editor
Feels Like It, and Some-
times When He Doesn't
but Needs the
Money

WILBERFORCE JENKINS
EDITOR

Copyright 1907, by J. K. Bangs

EDITORIAL COMMENT

We take pleasure in informing our readers that the *Gadfly* was a great success. Four hundred copies were blown out of our window by a passing breeze the day after publication and widely distributed through the country, which in addition to the three copies sold, and two hundred given away, makes a gratifying increase in our circulation.

The Presidential Campaign of 1908 may now be said to be fairly on. We have not yet decided upon which side the *Gadfly* will be when the nominations are finally made. Recent surface indications that the Republican Campaign fund will lack commensurate support cause some misgivings as to the principles of that hitherto successful organization, but at the same time we have no assurance that the Democratic treasury will be any better off, and we shall consequently remain on the fence yet a little while longer.

We regret to announce that our effort to secure "The Life of the Atlantic Ocean" by Miss Tarbell, to run for the next eight years in these columns, has fallen through owing to our own uncertainty as to whether we shall list it that long. The profits of *The Gadfly* are large, but so also are our necessities; moreover, the failure of Mr. Henry Watkinson Club of Lansingburg to pay his subscription—a mere paltry two dollars—has seriously diminished our available capital for the purchase of entertaining works of fiction.

EXTRA!

THE GADFLY GETS THE ORIGINALS

The *Gadfly* has come into possession of the real correspondence in a certain Wall street Magnate and an exalted personage in our government. How we got it does not matter—the main fact is that we have it, and now for the first time give it to the world without the consent of both parties.

I.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 3, '04
Dear Ed:
Your postal received. I shall be delighted to see you at any time you are passing through. There is a bad leak in the White House roof and the sinking fund has sunk plumb to the bottom.

Yours very truly,

II.
Salton Sea, Oct. 5, '04
Sir:

Your cordial invitation is received. I've got almost as much of a leak on my hands as I can stand out here, but if you'll send my friend Jimmie Hyde to Paris, or anywhere else on this glad greco earth where I'm not likely to meet him, I'll send you a porous plaster for your roof which should serve your present needs.

Cordially yours,

III.
Washington, D. C., Oct 7th, '04
Dear Ed:

I can't very well send Jimmie Hyde to Paris as you request because Paris is already promised to several other people, and as for the rest of the earth, Odell wants that. If you will put a mustard plaster on Odell and draw him off, I'll see what I can do about sending Sturvo Fish to Patagonia. I am sending this on Lodge's frank for the reason that we're all busted down here.

Very truly yours,

IV.
Wow-Wop Lodge, Alton-on-the-Drop, Oct 10th, '04
Sir:

I appreciate your position in re Jimmie Hyde. Can you send

Depew to London if he'll pay his own salary? I'll get him a pass to Glasgow and he can like the rest of the way. I'll fix Fish myself—I'm thinking of stocking the Salton Sea, and he'll do for a starter.

Cordially yours,

V.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 7th, '04
Dear Ed:

Can't do it. We need Depew here to keep things from getting too serious. Why don't you come down? Lunch is getting cold. Next time you write please enclose stamp for reply. If Bliss calls on you give him my kind regards, and if he asks you for anything let him have it. Of course I don't know what he wants. "Where ignorance is Bliss," were folly to be otherwise.

Very truly yours,

VI.
Wall St., New York, Oct. 15, '04
Sir:

Bliss came in and it's all right, but after he went I found I couldn't afford to go to Washington. So no more at present from your true friend,

The printed proofs of these columns were submitted before publication to the respective writers and elicited the following:

Washington, D. C., Apr. 15, '07
To the Editor of *The Gadfly*

This is an unmitigated bit of unvarnished, not to use an uglier term, with anybody by the name of Ed, and if you will watch me for the next six or eight months you'll see how far anybody of that name gets inside my dinioog room.

Yours very truly,

Wall St., N. Y., Apr. 15, '07
To the Editor of *The Gadfly*

The letters are all spurious, and besides they were stolen from my files by a discharged brakeman on the Northern Pacific. When you are quite through with them I must demand their return.

Yours,

P. S.—Please send me 10,000 *Gadflies* containing this message.

A MAY SONG

By A Graduate of Bloomingdale

Ho for the May, the gladsome May,
When the hedge-bog pipes his merry lay!
When the robin hawks and hawks with glee,
As he swims along in the shimmering sea,
Rigged out in his burgeooning purple coat.
And don't give a hang for the Dago vote.

Ho for the May, the joyous May—
Out on the shores of foway,
Where the mournful sea on the silent shore
Beats out his heart for his lost Lenore,
While the Whippoorwill, with his fins high flung,
Feeds caviar to his half baked young!

Ho for the May, the tum-tum May
Up in the valcs of the Toori-lay;
Tum-tiddy-um where the blim blam blooms
Bump-tiddy-um to the echoing boom—
Et cetera—I could write all day,
For I am the Man With the Ho For the May!

Answers to Correspondents

SOREHEAD—You're wrong. The President is just as popular with himself as he ever was.

SCRIPTURE—We do not agree with you that Balaam's was the biggest in history. He confined himself to speaking. If he had written letters—well, he didn't, so there you are.

REFORMED SPELLER—The Spelling Board have asked for fourteen new letters for the alphabet. We don't know where they will get them unless Mr. Loeb has a few on file that have not yet been published.

PURIST—You ask "which is correct, I differ with you or I differ from you." Neither, because we are always right.

X-PN 4827

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES #4

"A Little Paper for Big People"

Published by Price's Printshop, 6 Main Street, Vernfield, Pa.

For Agents, Mail Order Beginners, Business Folks, Etc.

Ad Rates: 2c per word. NOVEMBER, 1928. ~~AN~~ ~~ORDINARY~~ ~~PRICE~~ 25c per year

~~BUSINESS~~
~~OPPORTUNITIES~~

APR 28 1944



Christmas Bargains!



**\$1.00 Box Xmas Engraved Cards. 75 cts.
Two or more 65 cts. each.**

MOST OF THEM HAVE FANCY TISSUE-LINED ENVELOPES,
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A GIFT FOR DAD, MOTHER, SISTER OR BROTHER.

**100 Envelopes & 150 Sheets Bond
Paper size 5x8 for \$1.00**

In Lovely Blue, Red, Green, Brown or Black Ink.

Price's Printshop, - - 6 Main St.,



VERNFIELD, PENNA.



The Good Citizen

VOLUME 4

VANCOUVER, B. C., MAY-JUNE, 1929

NUMBER 3

SIFTINGS

Memorial Day symbolizes the exact opposite of selfishness. The sacrifices of the heroes should cause us to be more considerate and more contemplative. Let us bear these ideals in mind as we stand at the graves of patriots.

Right is ever the victor over wrong and right principles triumph in the end; so the rise and fall of nations have proved from time immemorial. It is a truth that has a like application in the life of anyone of us.

Lessons in thrift should be taught to every boy and girl, for wise management in individual affairs will result in greater happiness. Too many of us have not had this invaluable instruction during the days of adolescence.

Flag Day is especially useful if enough time is expended in the development of right thinking. The calm and inward pride of any patriotic heart should bear fruit a hundredfold.

Do not become a victim to self-pity. Partial to self inculcates selfishness and engenders a mean spirit. Prudent mothers have always known this.

Always have respect for the other man's religion, for his way of worshiping is not for you to criticize; yes, be courteous and decent.

Time and air and water are willing agents for all of us if we exercise the right wisdom and apply—common sense!

Alma, the City of Paradise

The city of Alma is a paradise of natural beauty. It is rather old-fashioned and quaint, and built against the rugged hills, with the old Father of Waters, the Mississippi, flowing at its feet. Alma is noted for its beautiful scenery, both from the river and from the bluffs overlooking the city.

Buena Vista point is the most frequented and affords a wonderful view of the whole city. The Mississippi Valley can be seen from this point for many miles around.

Alma has good fishing and hunting grounds, which attract lovers of these sports from far and near. Nature-loving artists come here to spend months at this little city, and among the hills. The artists fill their souls with its beauty and take away with them many attractive paintings.—Lester Schwark.

Note: Lester's article is accurate in every detail. The beautiful setting of Alma, Wisconsin, compares favorably with some of the choicest locations to be found; such a conclusion is drawn after hearing comparisons with noted places and those scenes with which I am familiar. Alma, to be sure, has a favored place in my memory.—E. W. Z.

CHOICE BOOKS

"The Art of Thinking," by Ernest Dimmet, is a book of supreme merit. The style is racy and is sure to hold the reader's interest. The kind of stimulus the average mind needs. Simon and Schuster, New York City.

"Famous American Athletes of To-day," by C. H. L. Johnston, contains an interesting series of biographical sketches. Boys and girls may gain inspiration therefrom. Page & Company, Boston.

"Personal Power," by William L. Stidger, consists of a series of sermons on the different phases of personal power; such as, growth, discipline and goals. An ideal book for the home. The United Church Publishing House, Toronto, Ont.

"Training for Speaking," by Paul Berton, is a thoughtful treatise for those who desire to become proficient public speakers. Instruction as to articulation, enunciation and breathing is particularly good. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

The Infallible Guide

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

—A. L. Waring.

The Difference

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory—Foxwell Buxton.

Bits

APR 28 1944

The glint of sparkling water
As it flows over pebbles white,
The fitful glow of the firefly
As it gleams through the dark of the night,
The glimmer of waves on the ocean
As they follow the moonbeams' wake,
The whisper of tender wavelets
As they touch the shores of the lake,
The flash of wings in the sunlight,
The faint bird-call from the nest;
These are the bits that soothe and comfort:
The bits that bring us rest.

MARY MOSHER

X-PN 4827

#7

Granite News

From New Hampshire

VOL 1 APRIL 15, 1933 NO. 1

DEPRESSION HAS HIT US

Trolley cars have been in service here in Concord ever since they were horse drawn. The Public Service Commission has authorized the company that runs them to take them off. The cars will be substituted by buses. The buses probably will not pay so they will take them off also and that will leave us without any means of transportation at all. Trolley cars are, without doubt, the cheapest and most convenient way of transportation.

On the other hand we will get better radio reception and better roads so it makes it an even swap.

EDITOR

WANTED:- Any kind of amateur papers. Won't you put me on your mailing list? Thank you.

X-PN 4827

#8

Granite State News

"From New Hampshire"

VOL. 1 MAY 1933

- SNOW GALEORE

On the day this paper was going to press, (April 13), we were entombed by one of the worst snow storms in many decades. From late evening until early morning a total of 25 inches of frozen water had fallen to the earth crippling all means of communication and transportation, falling trees and limbs, breaking all in its way and blocking roadways. It was not until noon that we were again able to navigate from our backyard and emerge to the outer world and view the destruction that the fallen crystals had executed.

S

X-PN 4827

#9

Granite State News

"From New Hampshire"

14 Hutchins Street W. Concord, N. H.

VOL. 1 JUNE 1933

- PLENTY OF WATER -

Water - water - and more water is all that could be seen during the week of April 17 because there was a flood. It rained for fully a week which raised the rivers up so high that 9.2 feet of water was going over the dams. All homes in the lowlands had to be vacated as the river rose steadily. The rivers reached their peaks on April 20. The bridges that were not washed away were reinforced. The rivers had not been so high since 1927.

GOOD LUCK NEW YORK FOR
THE N. A. P. A. CONVENTION

Those who know their minds best
know their hearts least.

X-PN 4827

#10

Granite State News

"From New Hampshire"

14 Hutchins Street W. Concord, N. H.

VOL. 1 AUGUST 1933 NO. 5



"Chase Him Away"
[Linoleum Cut]

X-PN 4827

#11

GRANITE STATE NEWS

"FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE"

14 HUTCHINS STREET WEST CONCORD, N. H.

VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER 1933

NO. 6

COMMUNISM

by Harold D. Bearce

APR 28 1944

This writer has often wondered just what appeal Communism holds for any individual who desires happiness. Those of us who believe in God know that He put us on this earth expecting us to enjoy our share of happiness and good luck, and in return thank Him for the blessing.

Holding to the idea that God and happiness goes hand in hand one might wish to point out that very few of the Russian people are truthfully happy. There are two outstanding reasons for this: First because a Godless person cannot inwardly claim real happiness; second, the destitute conditions that Communism forces its adherents to undergo is without question a foe to happiness.

Since Communism guarantees poverty and heavy manual labor why do American citizens (or are they citizens) favor such a creed? The Russian Communist undergoes long hours of hard labor, poor food and clothing, and little or no recreation.

The only successful enterprise, be it an individual or a nation, is the one which recognizes the Universal Creation. Russia will discover this in time.

Those who have escaped Russia's tyranny hate its

[Continued on page 8]

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#12

GRANITE STATE NEWS

"FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE"

14 HUTCHINS STREET WEST CONCORD, N. H.

VOL. 1

OCTOBER 1933

NO. 7

~~Amateur Journalists Of Today~~

By JACK W. BOND

APR 28 1944

EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

Edwin Hadley Smith was born in Philadelphia and first became interested in amateur journalism in the Spring of the year 1889. He immediately joined with the Amateur Journalists Club of Philadelphia and the National Amateur Press Association. His interest in his new hobby increased rapidly, issuing the first number of his first amateur publication, The Critique, the following month.

Three years later Smith became Corresponding Secretary in the NAPA, and held the office until 1894, when he was appointed Librarian. He was Chairman of the Recruit Committee the same year.

In 1896 Smith was elected General Secretary and Official Editor. Librarian again in 1902 until 1915, intervened by a term as Recording Secretary in 1909.

Smith was elected Executive Judge in 1931 and was appointed Secretary of Publicity by Ex-President Thomson early this year upon the resignation of Ralph Babcock.

Then came the usual booming of Smith for President

The Goldenrod

"There is no place like Nebraska"

Published quarterly. Devoted to Reminiscences of the Old West, Travelogues, Amateur Journalism, etc. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association. Awarded First Prize by Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism for Best Paper, 1933. O. W. HINRICH, Box 37, ARAPAHOE, NEBR., (U. S. A.)

Volume 3

Fall, 1933

Number 4

GOLDENROD



HERE'S a bit of Autumn sunshine,
Along the winding way;
That cheers the tired traveler,
However dull the day.
A golden-fronded flower,
That seems to smile and nod,
The friend of child and adult—
Our gleaming goldenrod.

Along the dusty roadway,
She lifts her smiling face,
This lovely little flower,
That some call common place.
I think some shining angel,
Wrought wonder in the sod,
And left this fairy flower—
A messenger from God!

—Cora May Preble.

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#14

The Goldenrod

"There is no place like Nebraska"

Published quarterly. Devoted to Reminiscences of the Old West, Travelogues, Amateur Journalism, etc. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association.
O. W. HINRICHS, Box 37, ARAPAHOE, NEBR., (U. S. A.)

Volume 3

Winter, 1933

Number 1



SANCTUARY

(Exodus 15: 17)

RECEIVED BY
SCIENCE
APR 28 1944

When cherished plans and aspirations fail,
When doubt and fear possess the consciousness,
When dangers threat and chafing cares assail,
And earth and heaven seem one vast wilderness,
I'd enter "secret place of the most high";
For I have known God in this holy place,
Have understood His love and felt Him nigh,
As Moses, on Mount Horeb, face to face.

We all may enter this most sacred place,
This sanctuary, there to catch a ray
Of heavenly light and learn of saving grace.
It may be on the mountain top we pray,
As Jesus did, or in the crowded mart,
Or in the closet, there to shut the door
And lift the human thought from world apart,
Commune with God, from Him glean richest store.

"As a little sanctuary I will be
To them (Ezek. 11: 16). Thus saith the Lord to you,
to me.

—MIRIAM IRENE KIMBALL

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Volume 4

Winter, 1934

Number 1



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ON MOUNTAIN TRAILS AT NIGHT

By EUGENE B. KUNTZ.

IF YOU would taste the nectar of a weirdlike thrill,
Go to the mountains on a star-bejeweled night,
When everything except your beating heart is still.
Yet mutely vocal by strange forces out of sight;
When Ivy hangs in frosty strands above the brush
Of fallen spruce, and snow lies heavy on the pine,
And through the sombre forest's interlocking hush,
There comes a wailing cry, and then a nearby whine.

The shadows, edging on the deeper darkness, dance
Before your eyes, and stealthy forms appear to glide
Through dusky copse, and over you the cloudlets prance
Like spectral steeds, and yet, in safety you abide.
There is no more entrancing time for you to feel
The weirdness of a lonely tramp through darkened hills,
Than when, shut out from all that once appeared so real,
You find that unreality your vision fills.

(Continued on next page)

X-PN 4827

The Garden State Amateur

YEAR 4

MAY, 1934

NO. 9

#16

EXECUTIVE JUDGES DISMISS ACTION AGAINST TRAINER

The executive judges have dismissed the charges preferred against Secretary Trainer by President Segal and Vice-President Babcock. The first charges to be brought against an officer over a long period, they are an absurd attempt to discredit the strongest opponent to the originators of the charges. Segal and Babcock are sponsoring a wild political scheme through which Babcock greedily seeks to attain self-honor.

As soon as possible reports of the judges will be published and circulated.

"GSA" is eager to be back with the N.A.P.A., and especially at the present, when a campaign against our most conscientious member in favor of unrestrained upstarts whose young-blood power has gone to their heads.

Since young blood has not produced the desired result, a vote for Bradley, fifteen years old, would be unwise.

The

Greenfield Amateur

Official Organ of the William H. Greenfield Chapter,
United Amateur Press Association of America.

Vol. I

Winter, 1933-34

No. 2

WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD

By Thomas A. Curtis

THE United Amateur Press Association—and amateur journalism in general—has lost a powerful exponent with the death of William H. Greenfield on Oct. 6, 1933. As it happens, he discovered the existence of our chapter on the day of his death, in a letter which he received from me.

William Henry Greenfield was born in Philadelphia on July 16, 1881. His mother, to whom I am indebted for most of this information, as well as for the photos, tells me that he was working at many things as a boy of thirteen when he became interested in amateur journalism through Mr. Edwin Hadley Smith, and "he has been busy ever since." Viewing the long list of his writings, of magazines with which he was associated and to which he regularly contributed, as well as his many other achievements, I can readily believe this statement.

A few months before attaining his fourteenth birthday, Sept. 2, 1895, Will met with some of his youthful friends and formed the U. A. P. A. The charter membership was composed of eight members, besides Will, who was elected president: John H. Campbell, Jr., Samuel DeHaan, J. Frank Weigl, Harris Reed, C. J. Gabel, Herbert Stratton, George W. Darragh and Frank E. Merritt.

Although Will's literary efforts were confined to the amateur press (he had his stuff in the best of them, too): *The Musher*, *Amateur Press Monthly*, *The Senator*, *The Night Owl*, *The Stroller*, *Greenfield's Magazine*,



WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD

Hollywood. A collection of thirty-one of his sports stories, at which he was especially adept, were published in book form under the title "Ring and Diamond."

Mr. Greenfield died as he probably would have wished—died as his life was lived—rather suddenly, rather silently, I suspect, and inconspicuously—of a heart attack, at his home in Philadelphia.

Let us make a success of this undertaking, the Greenfield Chapter, to perpetuate his name in the hearts of the members of the organization which he fostered, if for no other reason.

THE PLATONIC FRIEND

He "believes not in love."

But in "friendship with kisses,"

But first he's above—

He believes not in love—

The second to prove,

There's no chance that he misses,

He believes not in love.

But in friendship with kisses. —W.H.G.

Black Cat, Quillings, The Patriot and Young Blood,) he soon graduated to the professional field. In 1910 his story, "Gates of Yesterday," appeared in the *Morning Telegraph*. We find other of his writings in *Life*, *Morrison's Chicago Weekly*, *Munsey's*, and other publications.

Before 1920 Mr. Greenfield was Associate Editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., including *True Confessions*, *Battle Stories*, *Triple-X*, *Love Affairs*, *Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang*, *Screen Secrets*, *Smokehouse Monthly*, *Amateur Golfer*, *Detective Adventures* and

The

Greenfield Amateur

Official Organ of the William H. Greenfield Chapter,
United Amateur Press Association of America.

Vol. I

Winter, 1933-34

No. 2

WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD

By Thomas A. Curtis

THE United Amateur Press Association—and amateur journalism in general—has lost a powerful exponent with the death of William H. Greenfield on Oct. 6, 1933. As it happens, he discovered the existence of our chapter on the day of his death, in a letter which he received from me.

William Henry Greenfield was born in Philadelphia on July 16, 1881. His mother, to whom I am indebted for most of this information, as well as for the photos, tells me that he was working at many things as a boy of thirteen

when he became interested in amateur journalism through Mr. Edwin Hadley Smith, and "he has been busy ever since." Viewing the long list of his writings, of magazines with which he was associated and to which he regularly contributed, as well as his many other achievements, I can readily believe this statement.

A few months before attaining his fourteenth birthday, Sept. 2, 1895, Will met with some of his youthful friends and formed the U. A. P. A. The charter membership was composed of eight members, besides Will, who was elected president: John H. Campbell, Jr., Samuel DeHaan, J. Frank Weigl, Harris Reed, C. J. Geibel, Herbert Stratton, George W. Darragh and Frank E. Merritt.

Although Will's first literary efforts were confined to the amateur press (he had his stuff in the best of them, too: *The Musher, Amateur Press Monthly, The Senator, The Night Owl, The Stroller, Greenfield's Magazine,*



and *Life, Cat, Quillings, The Patriot and Young Blood,*) he soon graduated to the professional field. In 1910 his story, "Gates of Yesterday," appeared in the *Morning Telegraph*. We find other of his writings in *Life, Morrison's Chicago Weekly, Muncey's*, and other publications.

Before 1920 Mr. Greenfield was Associate Editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., including *True Confessions, Battle Stories, Triple-X, Love Affairs, Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang, Screen Secrets, Smokehouse Monthly, Amateur Golfer,*

GREENFIELD *Detective Adventures and Hollywood.* A collection of thirty-one of his sports stories, at which he was especially adept, were published in book form under the title "Ring and Diamond."

Mr. Greenfield died as he probably would have wished—died as his life was lived—rather suddenly, rather silently, I suspect, and inconspicuously—of a heart attack, at his home in Philadelphia.

Let us make a success of this undertaking, the Greenfield Chapter, to perpetuate his name in the hearts of the members of the organization which he fostered, if for no other reason.

THE PLATONIC FRIEND

He "believes not in love,"

But in "friendship with kisses,"

But first he's above—

He believes not in love—

The second to prove,

There's no chance that he misses.

He believes not in love,

But in friendship with kisses. —W.F.G.

GOLDEN ATOM

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1936

NO. 3

MONKEY BUSINESS

(Peanut Politics

By FRANKLIN S. MILLER

APR 28 1944

[NOTE—This Monkey story was written in 1932, so while the Publication Question has been settled to Moko's complete satisfaction, the Peanut Politics was not.]

MOKO hung by his tail from a high branch in the thick jungle foliage. Moko could always think better when hanging by his tail; and Moko was a thinker—a philosopher. Also Moko was a teacher. From one end of Monkeyland to the other his pupils were scattered and never a day passed but someone came to him for counsel or advice. Today he was expecting no less a personage than President Coco, himself. Another election was approaching and the President was not overconfident of his chances for a second term. This, thought Moko, was probably the reason for his visit today. Slowly swinging, back and forth, Moko awaited the arrival of the great Monk.

Moko never worried. While others hustled and worried, in the realm of business or politics, he would seclude himself in the dense foliage and give himself over to the deeper problems of life. His modest fees kept him well supplied, while at home; and when he travelled everyone treated him like a King and his slightest desire was always gratified.

Once, Moko had spent three years

travelling with a circus, in foreign lands. He had enjoyed this experience immensely as it gave him a chance to study, first hand, the actions of his cousins—Mankind. He had returned to his native land, however, where his opinions became more and more sought after.

Moko was a striking Monk! He could not even guess at his age since he had been born before the system of Government Records on Vital Statistics had been inaugurated. In fact, it had been his idea which finally was adopted. Moko probably was around forty years old. Each eye was centered perfectly in a spot of white about two inches in diameter, and the eyes themselves were glowing orbs, reflecting the unlimited knowledge of his mighty brain. Moko had the longest tail in Monkeyland and usually he wore a red fez which was a souvenir of his circus days.

When anyone wished to consult Moko, they had to go to him; Moko never called on anyone who wanted advice. Long ago he had discovered that if a Monk could think a better

Continued on Page 3

The Grand Rapids Amateur « «

PR 281944

Vol. 2

MARCH 1936

No. 1

Chillun Get Yo Wings!

When the Michigan Amateur Press Association meets in the Irish Hills near Jackson, Mrs. Sesta Matheison and the Editor will form an amateur journalist flying chapter. We will make it so any N. A. P. A. member also can join.

Alex Thompson is a flier and he flew part of the way to the M. A. P. A. Convention last Fall.

We Salute the Number One!

Pop Mellinger won first place in a national contest for Exchange Secretaries and the prize was a swell trip to Florida which must a real treat for a Californian. Pop, younger than ever, didn't need to take a drink at the Fountain of Youth, but he did.

This Editor would certainly like to meet Pop Mellinger at the Convention in July because he has heard so much about him.

X-PN 4827

#21

THE GUSHER

Vol. 1

Spring

OKLAHOMA

BY SUE DUDLEY

281944

Oklahoma

Land that I love,

Land of cotton, corn, and wheat

Country of cattle, poultry, and sheep

Fountains flowing black gold,

Wealth yet untouched

We are often told.

Gate of the west,

Golden and true;

Oklahoma, my state,

Here's to you!

X-PN 4827

GONEO DIYO

Summer 1937

THE LONG HOUSE OF GONEO DIYO

When New York and vicinity were Aboriginal, and Verazanno, in 1594, and later Hudson, in 1601, paid their historic visits to New York they found a race of copper colored people of medium stature armed with bow and arrow. From archeological and ethnological evidences, they were the Algonquian who later received much attention and became the heroic subjects of many a novelist's and historian's pen.

These Algonquians were the earliest inhabitants of the afore mentioned region. Their antecibents were a people of an inferior culture who were destroyed almost to a person by the Algonquians. The survivors were absorbed by the conquerers and soon lost their identity. The Algonquians did not give the name of their race, but alluded to them as barbarians. To these shovel and trowel historians, the Archeologists, their's are known as the Archaic culture.

But these were not the only primitive Indian native to the discussed region. There were three other groups. One, the Iriquois, still survive with their former foes the Algonquians.

We will discuss these cultures in order. Detailed discription of their manners and arts shall be given in later articles.

(continued on page three)

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
PHOTODUPLICATION
SERIES

APR 28 1944

X-PN 4827

THE GRAY GULL

FEBRUARY
1956 NO. 3
VOL. 1

#24

THE GRAY GULL

Vol. 1 October, 1956

TO A POETRY REVIEW

BY ERICH WEBER

Ah, lover of the universe

And of the fine and golden things in

life.

Your lone existence may to some

impart

Contempt to every being, as a knife

Would slash a tender heart to jagged

edge

And heartless let it bleed until the end.

They have no sympathy, vague things

allege;

Nor give from hoarded stores, words

to commend.

But writer of the finer things in life,

Whose being may seem at present drol

anon,

Your life is full of things not filled with

strife;

The hate you may have harbored-

that is gone;

For golden thoughts and dreams of

wonderland

Alone upon your heart can there

expand.

X-PN 4827

Willard

H25

The Goldenrod

Volume 5

Spring, 1938

Number 1



X-PN 4827

H26

The Goldenrod

Volume 5

Summer, 1938

Number 2



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

APR 28 1944

"I love the laughter of a stream exultant for the sea;
While magic music makes me dream, adventures come to me.
I love the sight of leaping trout that break a mirrored lake;
I love to ramble all about, and wayside journeys take."

The Grand Rapids



Amateur



VOL. 2 NO.1. JUNE, 1938

The PRESIDENT a NEW Member?

I think that having a president who is new to the association is **WRONG**. Knowing very little of the present or future of the association is a great weakness of past presidents. Because of their scant knowledge and poor outlook on the association they gave very poor terms.

I think that a person with years of work and experience in the National has earned and far more deserves this office. It should be a **RULE** that in order to be nominated for the presidency the person must have served 5 years or more of good service in the National and by good service I mean publishing, editing, writing and showing real interest. Knowledge and experience is what we **NEED**. So

The G.R.A. supports the
TNT TICKET



X-PN 327

#28

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Grand Rapids



Amateur



VOL. 2 NO.1. JUNE 1938

The PRESIDENT a NEW Member?

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The G.R.A. supports the
TNT TICKET



JULY 16th., 1938

JUL 28 1945

TWO MEN AND BOY HIDE BEHIND SKIRT ! #29

Everyone, at some time, has seen in the newspapers or periodicals word or picture characterizations of side show 'bombastic' barkers. BUT, they are rare today for the public wants no part of them.

In the Metropolitan area, the UAPA of A is seeing a modern version of old time 'barkers'. These so-called apostles of UAPA reform, use prolific but misguided pens to mislead the nation wide membership with their vicious, lying accusations aimed at United officers.

For sometime, metropolitan area 'insiders' have been aware of this incidious element. Oldtime reputable leaders have watched it grow until an overzealous boy, - for he is no more than that - has let himself be ensnared by senile minds.

The boy's record is proudly displayed and exaggerated in their propaganda which knows no moral limit and human decency. Their work is the work of perverted dictatorial minds whose mental capacities is lower than kindergarten status.

A late product of their joint minds has produced a 4 page sheet brazenly titled 'United Amateur', in which they reprint a report by a paper committee which they themselves conceived, and signed BY A WOMAN!

Their 'brainchild' which will suffer the fate of all immature offsprings is a so-called 'Greenfield Committee'. This non-existent committee has assumed the respected and revered name of the founder of the UAPA. They take his name in vain with their dastardly and false representations.

The committee 'brainchild', apparently has no other origin except that it was born of fanatical minds. What are its powers? --- and by what authority was it appointed? These facts are not mentioned in that 'treble and SPURIOUS' sheet entitled the United Amateur, which candidly appropriates the title of the existing United organization and its official organ --- the one and only by DIRECT DESCENT ---the UNITED AMATEUR, edited by Irwin O. Brandt!

It suffices to say that Iva May King has only LATELY re-joined the UAPAA. Mr. Jennings, the boy,



had her re-instated to use her as a cloak for his subversive and subversive activities with which he and his 'infantile' conspirators hoped to destroy the ORIGINAL UAPA NOW HEADQUARTERS by that sterling character - Maurice E. White of Neen, Kentucky.

Incidentally, the 'sheet' which they printed locally and in all probability in someone's cellar with the doors locked, contains some very nonsensical items. It is a kindergarten masterpiece, but the pride is all Jennings', Schirm's and Cade's.

The last named was classified in one item as in the same category with Markhams, Willey, Swineburne and other renowned poets, who undoubtedly appreciate the honor.

All this propaganda is aimed to discredit the original UAPAA and is supposed amateur journalism. But it is so politically amateurish with not even the slightest journalistic tinge that it festers with impure thought!

Signed, Wm. J. King, Jr.
Secretary.

27

#30

THE
GRAY
GULL



Spring, 1939

Volume Two

Number One

X-PN 4827

#32

VOL 1

NO. 2

THE
GALLEY
SLAVE

HOUSE ORGAN OF THE
ALBERTSON PRESS

MAY 1939



The Goldenrod

Volume 6

Spring, 1939

Number 1



APR 28 1944

I 'M GOIN' t' stage a sit-down strike, myself, some
sunny day,

It may be on in April, at latest 'long in May.

But I won't choose a factory or ship for my location,
Those places wouldn't have, for me, the slightest

fascination.

I'm goin' t' choose a sunny bank beside a slinging brook,
I'll take along an ample lunch, rods, fishing gear, a book;
I'll fish and dream and watch the sky.

Maybe I'll land a trout!

Though it's not a weighty matter, one to get "het up"
about.

I'll fish or eat or read my book or maybe take a snooze;
The point is that for *one whole day* I'll do just as I choose!
Then as the shadows lengthen, all steeped in sweet content,
I'll amble home an' everyone will be right glad I went,
My temper will be nicer—it gets real tough in spring.
For that bal spring fever temper, boys, a sit-down strike's
the thing!

X-PN. 4827

#34

The Goldenrod

Volume 6

December, 1939

Number 2

Merry

Christmas

LIBRARY OF

APR 28 1944

WE WISH for you a Christmastime of Peace
and Joy, made glad by gifts of love and
friends and memories gay. • And in the New
Year may happiness attend you as you go; may
nothing mar the brightness of the way.

Gretchen, Gertrude and Otto W.
Hinrichs



X-PN 4827

HISTORY ON THE SIDE

-By James Ortega

Verdugos, Yorbas, Nietos, Reyes, Sepúlvedas, and others were granted great ranch tracts in the surrounding wild country whose only Indian inhabitants were the few who lived in the San Gabriel Mission.

At the close of the century, the population had jumped to about seventy families. At this time the pueblo consisted of three hundred and fifteen persons, and thirty small adobe houses which were built around the Plaza.

The Pueblo's only communication with the outside world was by way of Mexico. Most of the news was carried by officials of Spain; their trips were not made alone, but with families of Spanish soldiers, usually along along the famous Camino Real, or King's Highway.

The first American vessel, the "Lelia Byrd," made its first visit in 1805. She was on her way to Boston from the Hawaiian Islands.

From then on, Americans made more frequent visits. Skippers of Yankee ships at the same time, made their stay such a long one that many of them stayed and married, prefixing the Spanish "Don" to their American names.

The Avile Adobe House on Olvera Street, the oldest house in Los Angeles, saw a new government take control when it exchanged hands with Mexico, becoming American in 1847.

The great majority of its Mexican residents had no change of their life, and soon adapted themselves to this new government.

In 1849, the city's boundaries were Pico Street on the south, the Street of the Grasshoppers, (now Figueroa) on the west, the L. A. River on the east, and San Fernando, (now upper Main) on the north.

(Continued in next issue)

Kings River Canyon May Be New Park

Golden State

«FROM OL' SUNNY CALIFORNIA.»

Volume I

December, 1939

Number 2

Home Of Ideal Weather

Roadway Offers

Interesting Sights

Kings River Canyon, the proposed fifth national park in California, contains some of the most beautiful scenic wonders of the state, seen over a thirty mile roadway, linking General Grant National Park with Cedar Grove in the High Sierra Country.

It is a region of wilderness wonderland has formed, compared in many respects to the world famed Yosemite National Park. Now that the highway has been built, although declared by engineers to be the most difficult achievement in the history of road building, it will carry autoists smoothly and safely to Cedar Grove, where the magnificent scenery is difficult to describe.

From General Grant National Park, the turnoff into Kings Canyon is made. The descension to the Can-

Continued on page 6

We wish to acknowledge

the kindly aid received

from

Dr. Samuel Ayres, M.D.

and

Dr. Carrol L. Weeks, M.D.

Variety Within Easy

Reach In Golden Land

By Allan Maxwell Jr.

There's an old saying that "Everyone talks about the weather, but no one ever does anything about it." Californians, evidently, have never heard that saying!

In California, when people don't like the weather, they do something about it. If it turns cold overnight, and grandpa's rheumatiz starts acting up, they just pack grandpa off to the desert, and he revels in sun hot enough to bake any illness right out of anyone! If it gets too hot for comfort for Dad in the city, he's sent off bag and baggage to San Francisco, where it's so foggy and cool most of the time that the people just never stop for a minute they have so much energy!

So it goes. Every month of the year some variety is offered. There's always different weather within two hours' drive by automobile. Read the following typical experience on a Sunday afternoon in Southern California:

We find ourselves on one of California's many broad four-lane highways, which criss-cross the state in a never-ending trail of concrete ribbons. We are headed for the beach, of course, but what's this? That car had skis on top of it! The people were all bundled up in winter clothes. What does this mean?

Well, of course, it means that they are going to the

(Continued on page 2)

New Union Station, Pride of Los Angeles

Playground
of the
West!

Golden State

«FROM OL' SUNNY CALIFORNIA.»

Movie Center
of the
World!

Volume 1

October, 1939

Number 1

"Golden State" Greets Amateur Journalists

Eleven Million
Dollar Structure
Asset to City

The first impression which is usually formed by visitors is the way that they are received.

In Los Angeles, the utmost is done to welcome the visitors with all the modern luxuries that are possible.

The new eleven million dollar Union Passenger Terminal is an immense building with huge rooms, tunnels, tracks, parking space, tower with a large restaurant, big bulletin boards, loud speakers which announce trains arriving and leaving, etc. The whole station covers forty acres with the main building that was built in a Spanish-type, eight hundred fifty feet long, with a hundred twenty-five feet tower.

As you go in through the
(Continued on page 2)

City Hall

The highest building in Los Angeles, and Southern California as well, is of particular interest to the visitors. Reaching four hundred and sixty feet into the sky, the City Hall affords an excellent view of the city and surroundings. From it, on a clear day, even the harbor and coast is discernable, approximately twenty-two miles away.

Shall attempt to describe
California's scenic spots

HISTORY ON THE
SIDE
-By James Ortega

1781-1790

Los Angeles, a city founded 158 years ago today. (Sept. 4, 1939).

"El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, la Reina de Los Angeles." These stately Spanish syllables rolled from the lips of Governor Felipe de Neve, while the hot September sun blazed down on members of eleven families, tired and dusty from their nine mile trudge from Mission San Gabriel, for the red and yellow banner of Spain. They listened with calmness and perhaps wondered if they had been rash in agreeing to become the first settlers in this new city that only included a few huts around a little pleasant shade of not more than four trees.

As the ways of the world, there were perhaps discouraging comments among these people who doubted the possibility of this daring venture ever to become anything of a city, during the night of September 4, 1781, when camp fires blazed around the spot chosen for the plaza.
(Continued on page 2)

Amateur journalism, that fascinating prince of hobbies, has found another supporter in GOLDEN STATE, who will attempt to maintain the standards as clean and as high as they have always been in the American Amateur Press Association. We want to continue with the same friendly cooperation always displayed in the AAPA, and as this is the first issue of this paper, we know that it has its faults. With your suggestions and criticisms, we expect to overcome these faults, and we heartily welcome any comment on your part.

California always has been a beautiful state and has a romantic past, full of wild, fanciful tales of the days when the West was unconquered, and when the transformation of that era to this one has been taking place.

It is our attempt to bring to the reader, who has not visited this Golden State, some of the points of interest and scenic spots in this famed state, and the developments some of the bigger cities have undergone, and perhaps incite him to urge to some day visit this golden land. There are many beautiful spots in California which delight the tourist and
(Continued on page 4)

THE GOPHER GETTER

437

An American Amateur Press Ass'n. Paper

Number 1

February, 1939

Greetings AAPA

With this issue the GOPHER GETTER makes its debut as an AAPA journal. The editor truly hopes this little job lives up to the high standards of most American amateur papers.

At this moment the editor is short of articles and would more than appreciate any type of material for the next edition. Even if the paper is small, let's all fill it up with worthwhile and educational news articles.

And with that the GOPHER GETTER greets the AAPA with its first edition.

Mediterranean a Treat to World Peace

With more than three-fourths of Spain in the hands of the rebels it will not belong till the whole of sunny Spain falls into the hands of the surging troops of Franco.

But the question that is keeping the whole world in a mad frenzy is that of the Mediterranean. Will Hitler and Mussolini demand part of the rich soil of Spain for their help in supplying Franco with men and materials? If so Mussolini will hold the key to the opening of the new empire he has been planning on and around the Mediterranean. And if this happen the main countries of the world may be engaged in another general war, fighting to keep the Mediterranean free of Mussolini and his troops.

Highways Can Be Happyways

By Morton B. Miller

Anyone who presumably has ridden in an automobile has witnessed the utter disgustingly actions of some fool-hearty motorist. Of course you've caught a glimpse at one time or another of such a selfish, inconsiderate individual. There are many types of this kind. There is the young high school "flash" who is usually showing off to his girl and friends. Also there is the prompt fellow who speeds past any obstacle that happens to appear in his path, giving not a fraction of thought to the consequences that may lay beyond. And then, of course, there is the "poor-fish" whose warped brain is far past reaction by the gin bottle lying in the back seat.

The death and injury rate by automobile accidents in the United States is far appalling, more so than we can ever conceive or possibly imagine. The majority of these are due to negligence and inconsiderence on the part of the driver, and then of course liquor contributes its share. Futhermore the securist life insurance policy obtainable can be had in safe and sane motoring. Less pressure on the accelerator and use of the brain may save much heartbreak and sorrow. A few minutes saved may be a lifetime lost.

Safe driving is the smoothest and securist route to take while you're traveling on the great magnificent highway of life. And having the family automobile checked at various times will help insure this.

THE GORDON CALL

#39

NOV 1939

VOLUME I.

GORDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DECEMBER 8, 1939.

NUMBER 23.

GORDON JOINS REGION IN DECORATING FOR CHRISTMAS; RESIDENTS ARE URGED TO DO THEIR PART

With only 13 more shopping days left until Christmas, more and more Christmas decorations are being seen around the town. Unfortunately, our town is not of sufficient size so that it would require street decorations such as are seen in other regional towns.

But a great deal of the Yuletide spirit is spread by the individual efforts of the residents of our town themselves. If every home owner would put forth a little more effort than in previous years, our town can be made very attractive for the holiday season.

The holiday time induces many people to drive through neighboring towns to see the decorations, both those placed in the business section of the town, and those in the residential. Since there are not enough businessmen and merchants in Gordon to warrant the decorating of the town, it is left to the individuals to take a large part in doing so.

THE GORDON CALL is going to run a survey to determine who has had the best Christmas decorations after the holidays are over. As it is a difficult task to judge such a thing, it is going to be left to you readers of the paper to decide. An official blank for stating your choice will be in the Dec. 22nd issue.

The Gordon people have an advantage, in that raw material for decorating is easily found. Only a little ingenuity and a little effort is necessary to have a nicely decorated house for the Christmas season.

GORDON GAB

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Fire Company collected \$92 in the donation envelopes this week. That money will be used on the \$117 balance on the new fire truck.

Charles Rice and Glenn Seitzinger attended the Army-Navy game at Philadelphia on Saturday.

Miss Florence Trometter and Miss Elizabeth Hubler also witnessed the Army-Navy clash on Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. W.T. Fedko, Miss Mary Ceirey, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Duncan, and Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson visited at State College on Sunday.

Mr. J.H. Duncan spent the weekend at Northumberland.

Al Smith and Carlen Seltzer saw the Penn-Cornell football game at Philadelphia.

Rev. A.C. Harris, Ralph Harris, and Marie Mervine were at Harrisburg on Saturday as delegates of the local Luther League at the formation of the Luther League of the Central Synod of Penna.

Mrs. Lott Gable was in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. Adam Bingham and son visited in town.

Mrs. Mervine Kahn visited at Reading.

George Slanker, Jr., spent a weekend at Brooklyn, N.Y.

Charlotte Trometter substituted for Mrs. Ronald Kehler in the Gordon School for the past week.

The Girl Scouts have repainted their Scout Room. This is one of the improvements which is being made possible with the money received in their recent annual drive.

(Cont. on Page 3, Col. 2.)

X-PN 4827

THE GORDON CALL

#40

PUBLISHED BY
GORDON CALL
JAN 28 1940

VOLUME I. GORDON, PENNSYLVANIA. DECEMBER 29, 1939. NUMBER 26.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

BURNS

With 1939 drawing swiftly to a close, and those immortal words of Robert Burns ringing in our ears, the editor of the GORDON CALL wishes to extend his greeting to the many, many friends who have done much to make the beginning of this paper possible. This issue marks the 26th consecutive CALL, and it is exactly six months old today.

We thank all you readers, advertisers, and persons interested in this journal for your support through 1939.

May you all have a prosperous and joyous new year.



X-PN 4827

#43

THE GRAY GULL



Volume 3

Number 1

Spring, 1940.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#41

Gopher Graphic

Vol. 1 March, 1940 No. 1

BASEBALL ALA 1940

Spring is just around the corner, and that means baseball—and that means "feuding." We will do our part, so watch future issues of the "North Star," "Witty Wisdom" and "Gopher Graphic" for further developments.

Amateurs such as Bud Johnson, King, and Witte actually believe that their teams have a chance, when they know that the Millers and Saints have it all tied up.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF #42

The Gray Gull

Vol. 3

Summer, 1940

No. 2

An Open Letter to All

Dear fellow members,

A tribute is due that member who should most rightfully be called the founder of the AAPA. A tribute is due that man who, since the day he put forward the plans for our association, has maintained a high grade of activity despite a succession of misfortunes.

George Henry Kay has been too often overlooked. Certainly he is the logical choice for the highest office the American can offer him. Although he has served in that capacity he has never been honored with election to it. He is the one who

Continued on Page 4

X-DN 1.1

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD #44

JUN 2

The
Grapevine



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VOL. I
NO. I

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
FOR THE
AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#45

JUN 28 1945

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THE GRAPEVINE



VOL. 1

NO. 3

Published Quarterly
for the
American Amateur Press Association

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#46



GRAND EAGLE NEWS

VOL.1

NO. 2

JULY 1940 ISSUE PRICE \$.02

"THE EDITORS OF THIS PAPER
ARE USING THIS SPACE TO THANK
THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR THEIR
SUBSCRIPTION MONEY.

"THIS MONEY IS USED TO MAKE OUR
PAPER BETTER FOR YOU! -!"

TRY OUR WANT ADS

\$.01 : 4-WORDS



: THAT FOR HALF THE MONEY
YOU CAN GET TWICE THE GROC-
ERIES AT THE FARMER'S STORE

: THAT IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

PAGE 1

THE GUINNS-SCRIPT

VOL. 1

DECEMBER, 1940

NO. 1

*** CLERGYMEN OR POLITICIANS ***

Which one will decide the future Peace of the World? The public is aroused even if not in open utterances by the supposed defiant evading of registering in the draft by 8 young men who aspire to the Clergy as a profession; while others feel they must put patriotism before beliefs, as these eight young men must serve one year in prison to meditate.

Are these eight young men justified in their rebellion to the State as they in turn feel they are carrying out a program of Loyalty to their religious convictions in refusing to touch any War implements that would kill or destroy?

In the World War Grover Cleveland Bergdoll dared to defy the call to arms. And now, when America is again on the brink of another conflict, these 8 young ministers are making us mindful that the one commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" can be made more practical than the dictators of profit, greedy War mongers all over the world.

Do these 8 brilliant young men see an actual Paradigm of Peace and can they blaze a trail in a new movement or are they a product of the times as they break old traditions?

They believe Satan in man creates Wars, and Peace is the definite essence of the Almighty God.

Who knows but that these 8 men, tried and true, are the soldiers of a new order and that after their penalty is served they may come forward with a goal in mind that of showing the world a way to permanent peace.

We who must give our sons are most certainly in a sense conscientious objectors and feel at the same time that somewhere, somehow, someone must comprise a vital force of drastic individuals who will black out wars and black-hole those who deliberately create them.

- - - - -

Tillie Wehmarm
1214 79th St.
North Bergen, NJ

Garden State Messenger

VOL. II

NOVEMBER 1940

No. 1

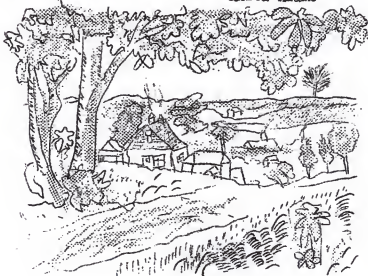
I LOVE AUTUMN

When I walk within some quiet woodland spot
And feel the cool, sweet air,
Upon my brow and cheeks and lips,-
Tenderly lingering like a lover's kiss
I feel refreshed and calm.

Seating myself upon a grassy mound,
I let my fancy rove where'er it will
Over the tree-tops to a fairy land
Where flowers commune, and birds and bees,
And singing streams, combine to make a
wondrous symphony.

And whils't I'm lost within my land of dreams--
A sprightly unexpected gust of wind
Rustles the leaves, and shakes them free from
their boughs,
Causing a show'r of russet-gold to fall,
Making me feel like a very Queen, enthroned.

-Anita Adamo



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Vol. 1
No. 1

January 1941

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#50



The Green

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD



JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1 Feb. 1941 No. 2

Artistical Jack Frost

By Louis Woods

There is a remarkable artist lurking about the countryside in winter when our own fingers are too cold to paint.

At night when we're abed this



little man comes by our homes. This man with the big red nose is the best in seven states. He doesn't use paper and brush

yet his works are much more original and beautiful. He scampers over field and wood his favorite place is on our windowpane.

continued on page three

THE GREENBACKER

March

1941

(All reform waits for Money reform. Then why not?)

George T. Ashley was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of W. T. Perry on the National Advisory Board of the Greenback Party. Mr. Perry passed from this life December 23rd. He was a hard worker for the party and made a good record. As a board member he was always willing to co-operate with the National Office. Mr. Perry lived at Fresno, California, was 72 years of age, was in the law practice, but retired in the past three years on account of a slight stroke on his right arm and side, which no doubt was the cause of his departure as soon as he did. Mr. Perry was born in Michigan, we regret we have no other details. Mr. Perry secured more new members for the Greenback Party in 1940 than any one in the party outside of the National office. He secured 15 members, which ought to be a token to others what can be done with the right kind of contact. We are sure all members send their love and respect to Mrs. Perry in her hour of loneliness.

Rev. George T. Ashley of Hollywood, appointed as our new Board member, is the Author of "From Bondage to Liberty", another book "If I Only Had Money" and "Where Do We Go From Here?", the last named book is on sale at this office for 30 cents a copy. Mr. Ashley is now writing a book, the "Reminiscences of a Circuit Rider", which book he says will be out about

March 1st. He is also writing a book for the Greenback Party, "The Philosophy and Function of Money". This book will sell for 25 cents a copy and will soon be ready for the press. Mr. Ashley was born November 20th, 1863, in Mississippi. Mr. Ashley when a boy of 17, sent for a copy of the **Advocate**, published in New York then, a Greenback Party paper, in it was a speech of General James B. Weaver who was the Greenback Party candidate for President of the U.S.A. at that time. Mr. Ashley was converted to a Greenbacker at that time, and has never lost the spirit of the cause since. Mr. Ashley is a retired Unitarian Minister.

Charles B. Mussared of Natal, South Africa, writes that he is a life student of money reform, and he states that he long ago came to the conclusion that all reforms wait for money reform. Now 65, he has been active for 20 years, and has spoken and written the Greenback message in the Philippines, Australia, Canada and the United States. And the whole world needs men like him.

Solon Chase, Born 1832--Died 1907, the Father of the Greenback Party in Maine and manager of the **Steer Campaign**, once said, "So long as self-greed rules in the hearts of the people, no one politician

GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Vol. 3

EASTER, 1941

No. 1

The Dogwood Legend

By Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner William C. Arnold

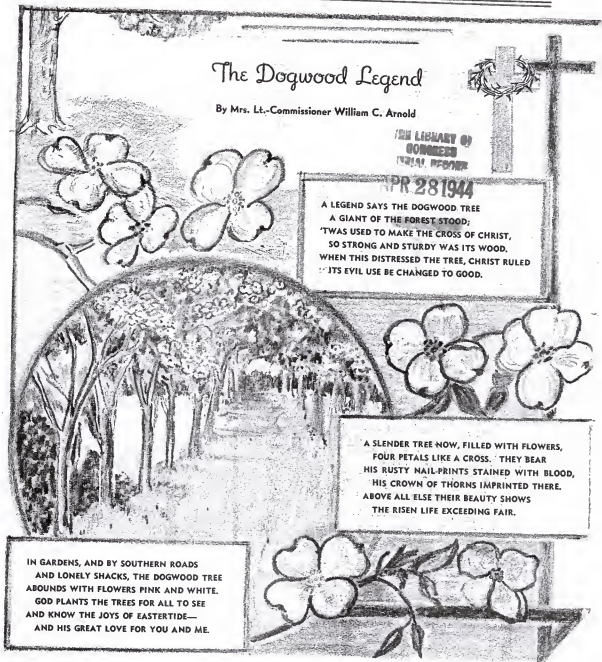
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GORGES
LOCAL HISTORY

APR 28 1944

A LEGEND SAYS THE DOGWOOD TREE
A GIANT OF THE FOREST STOOD;
'T WAS USED TO MAKE THE CROSS OF CHRIST,
SO STRONG AND STURDY WAS ITS WOOD.
WHEN THIS DISTRESSED THE TREE, CHRIST RULED
ITS EVIL USE BE CHANGED TO GOOD.

A SLENDER TREE NOW, FILLED WITH FLOWERS,
FOUR PETALS LIKE A CROSS. THEY BEAR
HIS RUSTY NAIL-PRINTS STAINED WITH BLOOD,
HIS CROWN OF THORNS IMPRINTED THERE.
ABOVE ALL ELSE THEIR BEAUTY SHOWS
THE RISEN LIFE EXCEEDING FAIR.

IN GARDENS, AND BY SOUTHERN ROADS
AND LONELY SHACKS, THE DOGWOOD TREE
ABOUNDS WITH FLOWERS PINK AND WHITE.
GOD PLANTS THE TREES FOR ALL TO SEE
AND KNOW THE JOYS OF EASTERTIDE—
AND HIS GREAT LOVE FOR YOU AND ME.



GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Vol. 3

AUGUST, 1941

No. 2

VACATION TIME

When summer comes we all have a bit of the school-boy in us—vacation time is at hand, away with problems, the work and worry of normal living. Some yearn for the green country, others the seashore, or to travel to some strange place—anywhere as long as it is a cessation of our usual round.

There are three phases of vacation, anticipation, realization and memories—so we really enjoy a vacation three times, but in all its phases it renews our zest for life—and we will come back with clearer vision and fresh inspiration. It is the getting away from familiar sights and duties that really count.

I just had an experience of what it can mean, a brief visit to old Williamsburg, Virginia, being in "I am an American" mood I wanted to see the Rockefeller Restoration of Colonial America.

Traveling through beautiful country, past farms, tobacco fields, stately southern homes, quiet villages, and industrial towns we came to that place so rich in American history—Williamsburg.

The first place we visited was the Governor's Palace, walking on the brick paved street we passed the village green and reached the Palace where a hostess guided us through. All gardeners, hostesses, etc. are attired in colonial attire, which gives it the proper setting. One could see that the pioneer builders with all their hardships had a love of fine



craftmanship, though of simple design. Large fire-places, carved balusters newel posts and furniture, silver and china, wall-paper, curtains, chandeliers all showed an intimate love of beauty. Never lavish, sometimes simple in design. This is what appeals to one most perhaps that accounts for our love of things colonial and interest in antiques. The building is lighted by candles, some 200 candles were used in one chandelier. Patrick Henry of Revolutionary fame lived here for three years as the first Governor, followed by Thomas Jefferson. When the seat of government the Palace served as a military hospital and was destroyed by fire in 1791.

The gardens were beautiful and there were nine different kinds. We entered the MAZE and had quite a time to find an exit. The canal and its hanging gardens is a very unusual scene. The Capitol, Old Court House, Jail, Raleigh Tavern, Burton Parish Church and William
(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)

GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Vol. 3

NOVEMBER, 1941

No. 3



GRATITUDE

... and afterwards the Lord sent them such seasonable showers, with interchange of faire warme weather, as though his blessing caused a fruitful and liberal harvest to their small comforte and rejoicing. For which mercie (in time conveniente) they also sett aparte a day of Thanksgiving.

History of Plymouth
William Bradford, Governor

We can hardly imagine the privations the Pilgrims suffered through those early days. Their struggles to exist, with just enough to eat, clothes of any kind to keep them warm, rough log huts to live in, yet they were thankful. They decided to carry on, and make a go of it. The secret of their courage strikes us in these days as very strange. Their harvest meant life itself, so they set apart a day of Thanksgiving. It was a day of feasting for besides the wild turkey, they had venison and water fowl.

They conquered the grumbling within them by Gratitude, for they reckoned themselves to be fortunate in winning life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Thus the Pilgrims helped to establish a grateful nation.

The feasting part of our national holiday comes more natural to us than the giving of thanks even in the days of depression we were living in luxury compared to the 1621 records and yet thankfulness did not fill our hearts. We are accustomed to take prosperity, even luxury, for granted.

Today we should have a deep sense of gratitude, when we realize how fortunate we are now, Brought home to us by the contrast of the unconceivable suffering, hardships, tortures and starvation raging in Europe and Asia. Our own down-and-outs are still much better off than these millions of people.

We are truly thankful for the plenty our country affords, and the privilege and duty to share with others, for her ideals for which she stands, the freedom of thought, speech, press and right to worship.

Let us be THANKFUL.

—A. W.

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CONGRESS

RECORD

THE GOLDEN HUE

JUN 28 1945

Volume I Spring, 1942 Number 1

Portrait

His feet were callous,
Frame bent low,
But oh, dear friend,
This road he trod,
Though very narrow,
Very rude,
Led straight into the sky!

—Irwin O. Brandt

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#56

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Central Serial Section
Received

THE GRIDDLE N 5-1942

Wherein SHELDON WESSON, the original one-man ~~second~~
front, locks up THE GRIDDLE PRESS and LT. (JG) VICTOR
A. MOITORET, USN, reports on stray cows in the Pacific
Volume 2 October, 1942 Number 3

Oops! I Gotta Go Now

"Is it true," asks A. M. Adams plaintively, "that them Siamese Twins are being cruelly and ruthlessly tore apart? It's a heckuva note."

But 'tis true; oh woesome day! This will probably be the last paper to be printed with the connivance of Josephine, The Griddle Press, for the duration and six months.

Now that my love of the dramatic is satisfied, here are the plain facts:

Conferences with the draft board have indicated that I will probably be classified 1-A. While I remain unclassified at the time of this writing (Haggerty once said I was unclassifiable) I have decided to get them before they get me. In fact, I had all sorts of papers signed on October 3 and was prepared to leave by the end of the following week. However, a conference with the boss at the office and mammy at home resulted in a three weeks' postponement.

When last heard from, I was preparing to enlist on

To Page Four, Please

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#57

THE GRIDDLE

VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER 10, 1942

NUMBER 4

DRAFT BOARD MAKES UP WESSON'S MIND FOR HIM

The best-laid plans of mice, men and printers occasionally get messed up. If I were a plumber instead of a reporter the Navy would have a lovely spot for me. And they have more printers than they need. So no dice there.

The draft board has gotten sort of tough, refusing to release me to enlist in the Army. Stick around for a few days, they say, and be drafted like all the other guys. What's all yer hurry for?

So, in the due course of events comes an invitation, conveying greetings from the President of the United States to Sheldon C. Wesson and requesting that he show up at 9 A. M. on Thursday, November 12, for induction.

And down at the bottom it says in very small type that if you don't show up we toss you in the klink and fine you --- getting nasty

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#58

THE GRIDDLE

JUN 28 1943

VOLUME 2

MAY, 1942

NUMBER 2

HOLMAN *for* PRESIDENT

Official Editor Turnepseed

Vice President . . . Pure Li'l Me

Secretary Weixelbaum

Treasurer Schabrucker

(For Elucidation, See Page 3)

THE GUARDIAN

Chicago, Illinois

June 15, 1942

EX-PRESIDENT WARNS UAPA MEMBERS TO BEWARE OFFALSE PROPHETS -- SAYS "VOTE LOYALTY TICKET"

-- by Harold Flint

(NO LIBRARY OF
"COMMUNIST
SERIAL REVIEW")

APR 28 1944

As a recognized disciple of "middle-road" and "appeasement" policies in the past, and as one who has never been heatedly partial to any man or to any faction, I believe the warnings I sound here will fall upon receptive ears.

And I say this: "The time has come to fight for the existence of the UAPA!"

The enemy is marshalling for a "blitz". In New Jersey a man named Charles Heins is fathering a bastard idea which he hopes to call a UAPA "alumni" association -- and whose sole purpose it is to divide the UAPA into opposing camps. Also from New Jersey
(turn to last page)

OFFICER OF AAPA ADMITS "NATIONAL IS
DELIBERATELY TRYING TO RECRUIT OUR MEMBERS"

An important officer, and one of the founders of the American Amateur Press Association, not so long ago wrote your correspondent as follows: "Mr. _____ has circulated a journal openly soliciting members, and calling our members dillards if they fail to join the National. Even in my calmest consideration I can't see any ground for denying that the NAPA is trying to recruit our members just as they have tried for years to get every UAPA member they could."

The author of this letter is a man who split with the UAPA in 1936, and formed his own organization because he disagreed with Noel's policies of fighting the NAPA. Well, we all live and learn...

VOL. I,
AAPA
SEPT.

GATOR GROWL

NO. 4
AAPA
1942

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AAPA!

With this month, in the year 1942, the American Amateur Press Association goes into its sixth year of existence. It will be a year when difficulties will have to be overcome, and going will be tough at times..... But look at the past record! Haven't we always come out in the end? Yes...and we will again!

During those six years Amateurs have struggled along always issuing good, wholesome, American Journals. They will continue to do so!

This marks the eighth month of my membership in the American. Each month has increased my enjoyment. Sometimes, the flame has died down slightly, but when that monthly bundle comes around--Zowie! That bug has bitten me again!!

The American Mimeograph Society, being headed by Charles Riddle, is steadily making progress we are told. Riddle says that he will begin organizing to the utmost in the very near future.

Roy Lee Barron Jr., of Miami, has announced that he would run for Clubs & Chapter Mgr. instead of Director, as was originally planned.

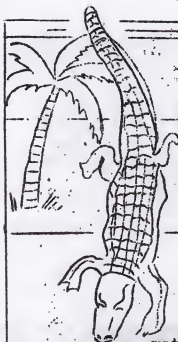
There was some difficulty in "scrambling" this issue. First, lack of material, and then waiting for the last minute, has made this issue what it is. This may be the last for a few months, due to school! Homework, coupled with my local, The Flint Lake Diver, will almost prevent me from publishing the Growl permanently. However we'll be back now and then during the winter, whenever the occasion warrants. It has been very pleasant publishing the Growl these past four months, and we'll never forget some of the kind remarks given.

-30-
So Long!!

"LEE"

Printed, Edited, & Published,
by Leland M. Hewes Jr., Age 13
at the Sign of the Worn-Out
Alligator Rug,
Thonotpsassa, Florida

JUN 28 1944

COPY _____
GIFT _____

THE GATOR GROWL

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
LELAND M. HAWES, JR., OF THONOTOSASSA,
FLORIDA ISSUE OF APRIL, 1942

THE STORY OF FABULOUS FLORIDA BY LELAND M. HAWES, JR.

There is no other state in the Union that can match the fabulous history, products, and unusual things of the state that was at one time under-water, Florida!

The history of Florida is very exciting. Among the many interesting facts were about the First Steam Railroad that was built to Port St. Joe, which was later wiped out by the yellow plague; the Spanish pirates that roamed the long coastline; and the big real-estate boom which occurred about 1924. These are just three out of hundreds of facts that it would take a book to fill.

Among the many products of Florida are: Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Coconut Palms, and pretty girls. The first Orange-seeds were planted in the Tampa Bay Area when a band of soldiers planted a few from a sack which had been brought from Cuba. The soldiers intended to return and transplant the plants, but never returned as every one except one Negro was killed by Indians in a massacre.... Florida is famous for its beautiful girls who sit on the beaches and pose for the cameramen. Miami has carried this out further than any other city.

Around Tampa, Florida, are found the largest phosphate deposits in the world... Not far from Tampa at Tarpon Springs are found some of the largest sponge fisheries in the country... By the way, sponge fishing at Key West has been revived as the disease which formerly ruined the sponges, has mysteriously disappeared mysteriously.

Florida is doing its part in National Defense also. They say they can make explosives out of orange peelings. There are large military, naval, and air stations at Tampa, Jacksonville, Pensacola, and many other cities. Training schools for British Air Cadets have been set up at Lakeland, Sebring, Arcadia and other towns. (Rest of article continued on back)

#62

THE UNIVERSITY OF
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JUN 1967

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GIFT

FROM THONOTOSASSA, FLORIDA,
WHERE ROY LEE BARRON VISITED LEE HAWES, COME.....



GATOR GROWL TROPICAL MOMENTS

Two Defeated Ajays Meet

Two defeated AAPA candidates, Roy Lee Barron, Jr., and Leland Hawes, had a historic meeting on Friday, October 13th, a day symbolic of their misfortune in politics, on beautiful Lake Thonotosassa.

Barron came to Tampa to cover the Miami Edison-Plant High School football game for the Miami Daily News. President Ed Wall and Barron are both alumni of Edison and Hawes is a student at Plant.

Plant suffered its first defeat in two years at the hands of the Miami Red Raiders, 7-0, although the two teams fought out a 6-6 deadlock in Miami's Orange Bowl last year.

Barron arrived on Thursday, October 12th, for a week-end stay with the sage of Thonotosassa and met Hawes for the first time under the ancient oaks of the Flint Lake.

"I Love a Soldier" said Paulette Goddard (Barron's favorite pin-up girl) in a picture by the same name which the two Ajays saw at the Tampa Theatre. The sign out front said that the "Tampa" is the "South's Most Beautiful Theatre" but the Miami visitor made no move to agree with the management.

Barron's "thoughts under the palm trees" almost turned into "Frigid Moments" when he arrived in the 50° weather of Tampa after basking in the 89° Miami sun the day before leaving. A goodly supply of blankets and sweaters, however, kept the native of South Florida warm enough to sit in an open-air press-box long enough to see his alma mater whip Lee Hawes' Golden Panthers.

Discussions followed discussions and every Ajay from the founding fathers to the newest recruit was discussed freely and critically. We aren't saying who we talked about most, but if Ed Wall were here his ears would burn!

Barron chaperoned (Hawes note:?) two lovely Miami gals to Tampa..... who needless to say, stayed with their aunt. The two girls managed to get Barron back to Miami safely after blazing their trail through the Florida Everglades. The trio made the 320 mile trip in 8½ hours.

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GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Vol. 4

EASTER, 1942

No. 1



GARDENS—OLD AND NEW

On the third day the Lord created the GARDEN as a place for man, and wherever we find gardens we also hear song and laughter, here we can find happiness . . . a perfect haven for poets, musicians and artists.

There are so many different kinds of gardens; each has its own history, a culmination of the maker's ideals. Can we explain why men and women when troubled seek out the Quietude of the garden?

Marie Antoinette gladly gave up the life of gay and beautiful Paris at any time to retire to Versailles. The King had built for her, a rustic play-house, boudoir and small palace (the Petite Trianon) near a lake. Here she found peace and seclusion, watching the swans, roaming thro the gardens and grottoes, and with her maids-in-waiting staging a play in these beautiful surroundings.

Beethoven, the great musician, so enjoyed his garden at Bonn, for here he was inspired to create his immortal music. Through the colouring and beauty of a garden poets and artists have made their arts famous.

Christ, the greatest of all Nature-Lovers, retired into the Garden of Gethsemane to pray. It was His most tragic hour yet it was the hour of his triumph. The tranquility of the garden stood as a symbol then; and it still does now.

We have the gardens of ancient Egypt, the beautiful Italian gardens at Lake Como, the old English country gardens and the beautiful gardens of the Americas. Wherever you travel the garden is always a place of interest, we remember seeing a large clock made of growing flowers and it actually kept the correct time!

To-day we have the VICTORY GARDEN. This is any garden that will contribute to the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of all who are associated with it.

When business or household problems disturb you . . . when the mean depressing news of a world at war, seems to engulf you . . . go into your Victory Garden. In full partnership with the Creator, you can enjoy the love of the beautiful . . . and as you cut the flowers to beautify your home you know there is a brotherhood of man which survives war-born hates—and this knowledge will make you more courageous and able to bear the anxieties that exist to-day. Plant a VICTORY GARDEN . . . may it remind us how much VICTORY means to you and me.

—A. W.

The GREMLIN

Neblous

Latine

A HAPPY ACCIDENT



HOF 43

JUN 28 1945

COPY

1947

LEE HAWES PRESENTS THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF THE



GATOR GROWL



THONOTOSASSA, FLA. VOL. 2, NO. 4

DECEMBER, 1943

STORY: ALEXANDER TWERP

◊ By the Editor ◊

Alexander Twerp was just an average citizen, somewhat resembling Casper Milquetoast. So one day, while at the office, he heard a story about an insane man escaping, and like anyone else, was a trifle frightened. Later on in the day Alexander purchased an afternoon paper on his way home. It gave full details of the break from the City Home for the Insane, telling how one Augustus Satsuma Higgins had escaped that morning. It went on, relating that Higgins resembled a cross between Superman and Tarzan, and that he would crush a person's bones.

Alexander walked home---this would be the day his A-card tickets gave out! He was still a bit touchy about Satsuma Higgins. Then he started trembling. Why? Oh, he'd just remembered that the way to walk home was right by the City Home for the Insane! He was one block away when he decided he would "trot" by.

He passed the Home (without casualty) and gave a sigh of relief. He was almost off that block when he glanced up into a tree. You guessed it! It was none other than Augustus Satsuma Higgins. Poor Alexander's heart felt like it had St. Vidus's Dance. And to top that, Augustus Satsuma Higgins jumped out of the tree and started after poor Alexander Twerp. Alexander got desperate. He was running as fast as he could, but Augustus Satsuma Higgins was catching up. Then a strange thought entered Alexander's frightened mind.

He saw some large steel gate posts up in the next block. And then his plan began to take shape. He would try to hold out until he reached them. Above all, Alexander hated the thought of his bones being broken, one by one. Big Augustus Satsuma Higgins was almost in catching distance of Alexander Twerp, so Alexander decided that he would smash his brains into one of those posts, so that he would not have to endure the torture of bone-breaking!

Just as he almost reached the first one, a big lunge by Augustus Satsuma Higgins brought him down. Poor Alexander almost fell unconscious. But before he lapsed off, he heard Augustus Satsuma Higgins say, "TAG, you're it!" and then Augustus went off, merrily chasing butterflys, leaving Alexander Twerp on the pavement mumbling: "Give me strength!"

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JUN 28 1945

Lee Hawes presents a new--and different...

GATOR GROWL

Volume 2, Number 2.

October, 1943...

From The Editor's Desk...

My mimeograph is in poor condition and in the shop, which accounts for this, the first printed issue of the *Gator Growl*. I will probably continue to patronize Mr. Brandt, as I find his work very satisfactory.

Received Volume One of the *American Amateur Journalist* from Michael and Mrs. Phelan the other day. Since reading it, I have a sudden desire to find out what went on in the AAPA before I joined in January, 1942. That accounts for the note inside asking for old amateur journals. Reading of the pioneering of George Henry Kay, and all the others, under Robert Price's presidency has inspired me enough to publish this issue of the *Gator Growl*.

Gator Growl

--is published often by Leland Hawes, Jr., at Thonotosassa; Fla., and printed by Irwin O. Brandt.

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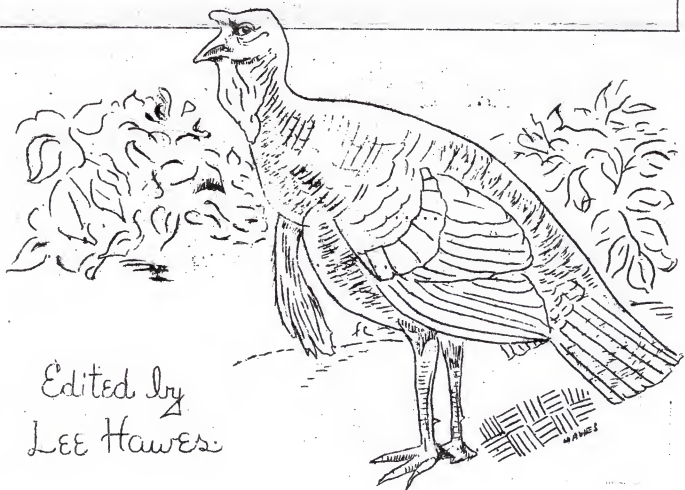
~~BY~~

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 3

GATOR

GROWL

NOVEMBER, 1943



Edited by
LEE Hawes

GROVEMAN ALBERT PAXTON

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

* * *

JUNE 18, 1944

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia

FOUR HOURS busily bumping over the roads of Virginia brought Pvt. Bill Groveman of Camp Pickett to the abode of Russ Paxton, old-time amateur and Elbeetian. That same evening of June 17th brought Ray Albert to Roanoke with intricate plans of political dealing and many tales of his twins. The three started early and kept going until the wee small hours of Sunday morning when Albert and Groveman finally shut up to get some shut-eye.

The next day found work on **GAP** begun on Paxton's 8x12 Baltimore Jobber and basement linotype. It was hot in Virginia, but the triumvirate braved the broiling Paxton attic in order to make things hot elsewhere.

Arriving later was Martin Keffer, another old-timer both in ajay and the Lone Scout movement. Keffer published **Amateur Offerings**.

Ulysses J. Walsh, United member of the vintage of 1919, took time from his duties at the Roanoke radio station and daily newspapers to attend.

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GLOBAL THOUGHTS

A Commentary on War News, Political Events, and Amateur Affairs

February, 1944

*

First Edition

Where Time For Imperialism?

Notwithstanding Josef Stalin's disavowal of the international ambitions of Leon Trotsky in favor of a nationalistic policy, there are still people who follow the Hitler-Goebbels propaganda line that the Bolshevik "bogy" is going to swallow up all of Europe, and perhaps all of the world. Poor fellows! They either are fanatic followers of der feurher or else are utterly susceptible to propaganda. Of course it is possible that some countries will adopt the Communistic form of government after this war. We are almost certain that the Yugoslavs will, perhaps even the French. But Yugoslavia, or France, or Germany, or any country will adopt Communism only by the popular consent of the people and not because Russia forces it upon them. For instance, the Yugoslav peasants will look at the accomplishments of the Communist system in Russia over the past quarter of a century and will see—even the most violently anti-Russian skeptic cannot deny it—that

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JUN 28 1945

GLOBAL THOUGHTS

GIFT

A Commentary on War News, Political Events, and Amateur Affairs

March, 1944

**

Second Edition

New Amendments Won't Work

This coming September AAPA members will vote on at least two amendments to the constitution and by-laws. After considerable study, this paper has decided to oppose both propositions.

The first amendment proposes to raise AAPA dues to one dollar. We will concede that dollar dues will frighten away few really sincere journalists who happen to be invited to join our organization. And we are doubly sure than no tried and proven member will allow the two-bit increase to stall his renewal. Our objection is based on the ground that the condition of our Treasury does not warrant a hike in dues. At last report, the balance stood well over \$125. We can see no cause which will seriously deplete our Treasury during the coming year. Dollar dues were defeated before when our Treasury was in a much more critical condition and we are confident that the proposal will again be rejected.

The second amendment concerns a more serious

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GLOBAL THOUGHTS

A Commentary on War News, Political Events and Amateur Affairs

September, 1944

Fourth Edition

The 1944 election of officers will be history by the time this reaches my readers.

It is a good time to sound a call for unity.

No one can deny that this was a hectic election. Opposition was keen for several important positions. There was some bitterness in the campaigning.

As I write, the election returns are not yet official, but I have a pretty good idea of our roster of officers for 1944. But that may be beside the point. The election is over. Now is the time for both the victorious and vanquished candidates--and their friends and supporters--to unite in the name of a greater American Amateur Press Association. Let us co-operate with each other and with the official board to make the coming year better than the last. Let's do away with petty quarrels and squabbles. Let us give constructive criticism when it is needed. Let us all strive to improve our personal efforts in writing and publishing. Let us each resolve to recruit at least one new member this year.

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SERIAL RECORDS

AAPA SERVICE JOURNAL

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FEBRUARY 1944

THE GRIDDLE

Special Edition, After Two Years' Silence, in a Muck-raking Mood

A Bas les Aristos!

ALTHOUGH Ed Cole's Once Over took FAPA's Frank Laney over the coals for claiming that the FAPA is THE amateur press association, Ed committed a tactical error by trotting out of the hush-hush closet the weakest piece of NAPA armor—namely, the fact that many of its best publications are mailed to only a portion of the membership.

Said the article: “. . . we question whether he [Mr. Laney] is even familiar with the best publications in amateur journalism today, since it is conceivable that he may not be on the mailing list of many of them. . .

“Probably Mr. Laney's knowledge of amateur papers is largely confined to those received through the Mailing Bureau. But the bundle, with few exceptions, is no more representative of amateur journalism as a whole . . .”

That is pretty poor. The last thing an amateur press association should do is BRAG that many of its best papers are not mailed in the bundle, and so reach only a limited

The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons. ---Shakespeare

number of members. It's hardly a strong recruiting argument.

Of the 12 papers Ed mentions, and which I assume he considers NAPA's best, I have never even seen four. Whether I am worthy to receive these, I don't know. However, I was an officer of the association for half a year, and received none of them; and was an officer of the APC, the leading local group of printers, and received none of them.

Whether using a handpress and printing one page at a time, or two up on a kicker, I have always sent copies of all my papers—and I've been more than moderately active for three years—through the bundles of both associations to which I belong. I feel that if members who publish papers send me theirs, they have a right to mine. Lord knows that while I was pumping a 4x6 I wished I could have ignored the half of our membership that is inactive.

GOOD NEWS

Published in the interest of all concerned
By BEST PRINTING COMPANY, 218 LIBRARY ST.
407 East Pico Street, Los Angeles. Westmoreland 6-8478

Vol. 25

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

No. 1

APR 28 1944

A PESSIMIST AND AN OPTIMIST

Pessimist: "What's the world coming to?"

Optimist: "What are you coming to?"

Pessimist: "To an end if business don't pick up. I've been waiting months for things to take a turn."



Optimist: "That's just what's the matter with your business. Why don't you turn something up? Pick up yourself and see if that won't help some! Do you not realize that there are others watching and waiting for you to make a move?"

Pessimist: "If I had your money, I'd feel more like it."

Optimist: "Listen. I was down and almost out when I met one of those advertising boosters. He just said, 'My dear man, if you had a headache or was bilious, you'd take aspirins or pills or something, wouldn't you? Why don't you give

(Turn to page 3)

POSSIBILITIES

How often do you take an inventory of your possibilities? There is nothing impossible that is not contrary to the nature of things. Don't forget that!

Attempt to name an impossibility and you would be overstepping the bounds of reason, and anything not within reason, of course, does not and never will exist. Some things are called miracles, but even they are possible, or they would have never been.

The lack of knowledge makes things seem impossible.

What is called impossible today is accomplished tomorrow.

Learn what are the things you should know, and then learn how to put them in motion.

Don't waste time learning unimportant things or those things more suited to others.

If you are a manufacturer and have the erection of a new factory in mind, you would not think of learning how to make brick, nor how to lay them; how to make machinery, nor how to install it. You would, however, learn how to select those who do know how to do them for you.

Your business is slow, or you want to increase it. What should

GRANDMA'S

Carroll, Ohio

March 10, 1944

MY CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

Find a man who will put Country and Honor above personal gain; one whose word is good as his bond; one who reveres his Creator; one who would rather die than deceive his fellow-men; one whose creed is gentle goodness and simple living; one who can stand firm as Gibraltar against lobbying spell-binders and nefarious Special Interests of all kinds.

Did you find him? He is a true exponent of that Christianity of which America fondly boasts. Find him; I'll vote for him.

PEACE

True and lasting peace must be born in the hearts of men. There must be a Spiritual Renaissance. Creeds must give way to deeds. If we have evil and unhappiness it is because we want it. Public Opinion can and does get what it wants. Do you secretly want to work "sharp practice" in a

business deal? Don't be surprised if it boomerangs. We cannot escape natural laws of compensation; neither can we escape spiritual ones.

Dr. Alexis Carrel said that civilization is on the brink of annihilation because of neglect of developing the spiritual side of mankind. We must quit blaming "they" and accept individual responsibility for cherishing peace. We must accept the formula given us by The Prince of Peace, and live by it. Do you agree?

"SHE CAME TO THE VALLEY"

I met Cleo Dawson. I read her best-seller, "She Came to the Valley." I felt uplifted and better for reading it. It carries the gospel of happy generous love, and tolerance and understanding of human shortcomings. It is the story of her own beautiful pioneering mother and her lovable, sensitive, sometimes-erring father who exemplified the words of The Book: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

FOLOSOPHY

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO THE AAPA FROM LEE HAWES AND The GATOR GROWL

VOLUME 3 THONOTOSASSA, FLA. SEPTEMBER, 1944 NUMBER 4

SMOOTHER SAILING!

Yes, it looks like smoother sailing ahead for the American Amateur Press Association. The AAPA has safely weathered the war.



There are still enough teen-age and "over 35" enthusiasts to carry on the Association successfully. Members in the armed forces are keeping their say in the Association by publishing GI-AJ, and other publications, while in training or actually in battle.

When your efforts are limited you can hardly wait for the day when you'll be able to use all those stored-up ideas. After the Japs are licked we can look forward to new journals with new ideas, published by returned war veterans.

But until that day it will be up to us left at home to keep the AAPA going full blast. We're trying to prove with this bundle that the AAPA is weathering the storm of war, by publishing more journals than ever before. Maybe it'll be a common occurrence in a few years for the bundle to contain 50 papers every month... Let's hope so!

THE GATOR GROWL
IS PUBLISHED BY LELAND M.
HAWES, JR., OF THONOTOSASSA
FLORIDA, FOR THE A.A.P.A.

Helpful Criticism

In the past year or so, Editors of many of the smaller journals have been devoting almost the entire contents of their papers to comment on other journals. It wouldn't be so bad if the criticism were pointed and helpful, but too many editors have been using the 3 degrees--good, better, best--more often than is necessary.

This editor is guilty of it---and in the future will strive to

use helpful criticism. He would also appreciate it if you will point out the faults in this journal, in the hope that they may be corrected.



GATOR GROWL

VOL. 3, NO. 5 FOR AAPA SEPTEMBER, 1944

FLORIDA CHAPTER NEWS

FROM THE
EDITOR'S DESK:

This is an extra issue of the Gator Growl, published for the sole purpose of helping to fill the bundle, on this, the AAPA's eighth anniversary.

You may have noticed on our other issue, that we've been able to obtain some more heavy thickness paper and some staples, too!

The other day in perusing a batch of old AAPA papers, I came across the Brooklyn Sun for December, 1939, and it showed a picture of the AAPA members who attended the 2nd AAPA convention, held in N. Y. City. Among those shown were: Helen Vivartas (now Mrs. Wesson Bill Groveman, Norman Levine, Byron Mack, Bruce Smith, & Edgar Allan Martin. Five years ago when the convention took place,

(Concluded on back)

Meeting in Miami

(Special to the Gator Growl) Meeting at the Miami home of Ed Wall, ten members of the Florida Chapter early this month reviewed their progress since the unit was established in June and drew up long-range development plans.

Roy Lee Barron, jr., University of Miami student and chairman of the chapter, was elected president until December, when it is expected that the group will adopt a constitution similar to those used by other AAPA chapters.

Mrs. John Paul Fox, a new member, was elected treasurer following a decision that the chapter would accept contributions to help pay for publication of The Florida Amateur Journalist and for other expenses.

The decision was a compromise between a proposal by Ieland Hawes, jr. that dues be collected and arguments advanced at the previous meeting that members should not be expected to contribute financially to both the AAPA and local units.

By unanimous vote the chapter reversed its previous decision to support the passage of editor-yearbook amendment but renewed its stand in favor of dollar dues for the AAPA.

AAPA Secretary Raymond Higdon told the Miami gathering that three Florida members were leading in races for national offices.

First Vice President Wall, candidate for president, was practically unopposed, Higdon said. Barron had a slight lead in his race for secretary and Higdon appeared likely to win a seat on the Board of Directors, the report continued.

(Concluded on back)

FEB.
1944

GATOR GROWL

VOL. 3
NO. 1

BEGINNING VOLUME 3.....

PAST... The first issue of the Gator Growl ever to be seen by members of the American Amateur Press Association, appeared in the June, 1942, bundle. The editor had joined the association in late January but it was May before he came out of hibernation and began work on "Volume 1, Number One". As a whole, it turned out fairly well, and was even commented on by several long-standing Ajays.

There were quite a few numbers issued that first year, but as 1943 rolled on, there was a minimum of activity coming forth from Thonotosassa. However, the editor did manage to publish four issues.

PRESENT... At the moment, the editor is attempting a comeback and hopes to make it a habit to issue a Gator Growl every month. His mimeograph "ain't what it used to be" and requires a thorough checkup every few months, but he intends to struggle along as well as possible.

FUTURE... The future is bright for the American Amateur Press Association and the Gator Growl. If it is possible, as the war progresses, to obtain supplies to continue publishing, the Gator should continue Growling more often than ever.

Some plan should be worked out which in some way would make the Mailing Bureau self-supporting. I don't think that the publisher should shoulder all of the expenses of the bureau. The less active members who don't have papers should be able to help somehow. I've heard that such a plan has been tried before without success, so do you think it would work in the American?

The Gator Growl is published as often as possible by Leland M. Hawes, jr., Thonotosassa, Fla., for the American Amateur Press Association. Manuscripts of all kinds are welcomed.

C O N T E N T S :

On page two you'll find an up-to-the minute story on recruiting by Ed Wall, plus an article by 1st Lieut. Harold D. Stewart, an Army Public Relations man, on page three.

BACK THE ATTACK

VOL. 3. JULY
NO. 2. GATOR GROWL 1944

LELAND M. HAWES, JR. EDITOR. THONOTOSASSA, FLORIDA

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...

When leaving Wilson Junior High School on June 2nd, the prospects for my a-jay activity this summer didn't seem very bright. I was scheduled to leave for Camp Mount Mitchell at Burnsville, N. C., on June 29th, so it just didn't seem possible that I could squeeze out a Gator Growl in the time left at home. But at the last minute, an infantile paralysis epidemic spread through North Carolina from the Virginia border to South Carolina, So I stayed put, here in Thonotosassa. With time on my hands again another number of the Gator Growl is respectfully submitted to the members of the AAPA!

I know one way of getting into the thick of things this summer is to run for an office which is exactly what I'm doing. See page three for statement.

Instead of using third person in referring to myself, I am giving a fling at the advice given on page 22 of the last Organ. It feels rather strange, so in future issues I'll probably revert to the more conservative "Ye Editor".

Bruce W. Smith sent by proxy a large bundle of 140 AAPA journals mostly published before 1942. They were genuinely appreciated & have been read and reread many times already.

The Florida Chapter of the AAPA has been formed and the first issue of its official organ has been published, reporting on a meeting held in Miami at which Sheldon and Helen Wesson were present.

A newer addition to the news-stand has really interested this writer. It's called Newspaperman and no doubt you've seen it. Its contents are excellent.

The Gator Growl is published for pure enjoyment by Leland Hawes, jr. of Thonotosassa for the American Amateur Press Association.

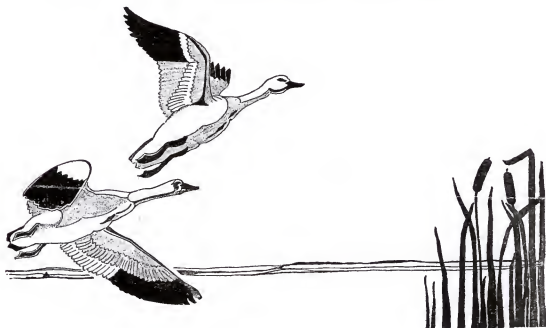
Lee Hawes For Manuscript Manager! LHFMM!

GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Vol. 6

NOVEMBER, 1944

No. 2



*A mist on the far horizon
The infinite tender sky—
The ripe rich tint of the cornfield
And the wild geese flying high,
And all over upland and lowland,
The smell of the golden rod
Some people call it Autumn
And others call it God.*

THE GRIDDLE

ETO Volume, Number 1 Germany, May, 1945

Anti-Climax, But Good

It had been my secret longing to spring a surprise on my wife and some other people by capturing myself a Kraut printshop and putting out a Griddle on the fly from this side of the water. It would have been easy, I figure, to have sent copy to Brandt or one of the boys. But why do things the easy way?

Unfortunately, my life in the ETO, and particularly in Germany, was, up to V-E Day, largely a matter of "on the fly" and none of "putting out a Griddle." My outfit spent most of the last couple of months of the war here chasing all over Germany looking for Krauts to chase all over other parts of Germany. I have trench foot, I

THE GRIDDLE

ETO Volume, No. 2



Germany, June, 1945

Bulletin Matter--Priority

The stuff that follows this little item is old . . . written a week ago. Things happen fast this side of the water. One day I'm in the 5th Division; next day I'm in the 97th.

As of this writing the Stars and Stripes says we're headed for the States for a period of further training. The future is a blank, as it always is in the Army. But lingering in my heart is the vague hope that I may get to see some of you people before you see this Griddle.

+ +

Can We or Can't We?

"Make sure that every company is billeted entirely within the borders of Czechoslovakia," grinned our youthful battalion commander. It would save lots of arguments later.

After several months of enforced coldness in Germany and Austria, where the Army's non-fraternization policy was a big item in our daily lives, we were to enter liberated, not conquered, territory. The battalion was moving to Czechoslovakia, preparing to continue the attack, behind an armored spearhead, that finally convinced the Krauts in the last pocket of resistance that all was Kaput.

The town picked tentatively as our battalion CP was, according to the map, 2 km inside the border. The CO wanted to make plenty sure that our billeting party didn't leave one company out in the cold of Germany, while the rest of the battalion was basking in Czech sunshine.

THE GRIDDLE

REDEPLOYMENT CLEVELAND 30 JUNE 1945

30 Days Between Wars

Greetings, gate, let's recuperate.

It says on the mimeographed orders: "Fol Off atchd this RS WP therefrom to pt designated in connection with recuperation." And underneath it says I will recuperate at 2214 Palisade Avenue, Weehawken, New Jersey. Recuperate? Me?

I took one look at the souvenirs, half-painted Spigots, and unfiled ajay papers all over the house and decided that I'd better do my recuperation in the nice quiet atmosphere of the Brodie Printshop, Helm Spink, Custodian.

Helen had arranged to come up here alone, and Helm had arranged to meet her. Not that I don't trust Helen and/or Helm . . . but when I heard that I said to the General, I said, let's take the next boat.

Parenthetical remark.

Helen says the reason she isn't setting this any faster is that I keep pestering her.

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#34

The Goldenrod

JUN 28 1945

"There is no place like N. O. W. A."

Published quarterly. Devoted to Reminiscences of the Old West, Travelogue, Amateur Journalism, etc. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association. This little magazine is published as a hobby and to promote and encourage the work of amateur writers in prose and poetry.

O. W. HINRICH, P. O. Box 36, MORRILL, NEBR., (U. S. A.)

THE OLD MILL

By MARGARET NICKERSON MARTIN

FOR OVER 90 years those sheltering walls and timbers have stood and listened to the changing tide of empire as generation followed generation. How much those walls could tell, no man may guess.

Built by an uncle of the Updike family whose descendants still reside on a nearby hill, the old mill raised hand-hewn timbers to the sky when the land it graced was young. Settlers came from miles around to view the raising, and give unheeded advice. Built in the little German settlement, known aptly enough, as Calf Town; although this was later changed to Trist which was considered more dignified, the former sobriquet still clings.

Time has done little to the inner beams which support the four story structure although the outside is beginning to show the effect of the elements. Hewn in one piece, from massive trees, the great supporting timbers give one the feeling of invincible strength. The marks of the broad-axe are still plain to the eye and wooden machinery, still usable, stands in quiet peace on every floor. Handles and bins, carved with painstaking care and worn to the hands that controlled them. Those hands, long dead, outlived by the wood they carved.

Half hidden by wooden parts and boxing, the ancient mill stones stand ready to turn, as in days gone by. Worn

cial sterilization of the race", and the rotting away, with infant mortality, of those in the slums. When that is accomplished, to use Nietzsche's phrase, "then shall the Superman live!"

This Superman—this whole man—can be brot forth in the next generation. That is the desire of the coward. He can find great enjoyment in the anticipation of molding his son into "the man he'd like to have been;" but he forgets that the boy may have a will toward degeneracy too. Or you may build this Man, misnamed the Superman, right here and now, using such materials as you possess.

"They were all out of step but Jim," at least, so he thot. Maybe he could not make the pace, or maybe he just delighted in plain cussedness—in being different. Being different for difference's sake is simply the adoption of innumerable huns. Be different for a purpose! Otherwise, one is but a waster.

Miss Duffy, my 8B teacher, used to counsel, "An idle mind is the Devil's workshop." Others put it, "the Devil always finds work for idle hands to do." The one who is up and doing can hardly find time in which to do wrong; and certainly he cannot divide his attention with a lot of "Don'ts."

Frame your slogans so they will be objective, not subjectiv. Speak positively, not negatively. Do! Be forceful! It means little to say, "I shal not waste any mor time." That is like the usual type of New Year resolution. Instead, say "I shal begin, on —, a course of studies at — School;" "I shal do this

on —;" etc.

Don't refuse to do evil, simply do the good action. Let that be your only don't, that you don't "Don't!" While in the performance of intelligent (good) works, we are not cognizant of evil temptations.

Don't "Don't!"

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GEMS

Medical Hygiene

The first bathtub in the United States was built in Cincinnati, and installed in a home there in 1842. It was made of mahogany, lined with sheet metal lead, and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. The very next day it was denounced in the newspapers of that city as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Then came the medical men, who declared it a menace to health. In 1843, one year later, the city of Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1 and March 15, by Ordinance. (Imagine going without a bath for four months and a half!) In 1845, Boston, the city of culture, then the hub of the universe, made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician. The State of Virginia taxt bathtubs \$30 a year.

(Quoted)

Every father knows in his heart that his son is a rival.

Viereck & Eldridge

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Gemini

Vol. I No. 3
Sept. 1944

Published by EARLE CORNWALL
827 West Colden Ave.
Los Angeles, 44, Calif.

Gemini

*"By medicine Life may be prolonged; but Death will seize
the Doctor too . . . in the end." Lignum Vitae*



THE FLYING SCROLL

America at war. (on a post card; dead letter dept.)
"Dear Mom: Got here OK. The Navy wants smart men
so they turned me down. I've joined a suicide squad and
am on my way to San Diego with a redhead and 2 blondes.
Sun & salt air puts a curl in your hair out here. Tell
Dad he better stay in Sioux City.—Dick"

To our Departed Members:

"Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage preat,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.
Oh, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past Regrets and Fears
Tomorrow? -- Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand years!"

Anatole France once observed

After meditating on "the majesty of the Law" —
"The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the *rich* as
well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the
streets, and to steal bread."

Clemenceau in "Grandeur and Misery of Victory"

"Perhaps man's history is a simpler thing than we think.
It is summed up in proclaiming the *right* thing but
doing the wrong."

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Gemini

"Castor and Pollux . . . Messrs. Pro and Con . . . Sign of the Times;
'twas ever thus and 't will always be" Lignum Vitae



THE FLYING SCROLL

From the Legends of Israel . . . the priestly Code;
"Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the Earth,"
in the mind's eye:
"Blessed are the Meek" . . . for they shall be easily
Regimented.

Omar Khayyam, prcphet to the Sons of Men:

"'tis all a checker-board of nights and days
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays."

George Bernard Shaw, in *American Freeman*;

"Hitler hanged? Nonsense! I think he will go to Ireland
--hire a magnificent lodge--and live happily ever after."

Custer's *Last Flight* . . . the Scroll reveals:

there was no Gallant Circle; and no "Last Stand" . . .
260 officers and men lying scattered as they fell many
hundred of yards apart.

Custer's press agent for the *New York Times* died on
the field. . . Vainglorious Custer!

"Better to blinkle in a dull fog," says Scorpio,
"than never to twinkle at all."



GATOR GROWL



VOL. 4 MARCH, 1945 NO. 2

COLLECTOMANIA • MISSING FROM OUR FILES

On a recent Sunday I decided to sort my collection of amateur papers which before then had remained in respective bundles.

Soon our living room floor was swamped. If you don't think many papers have been published by AAPans in the past few years, try sorting them on your living room floor! Whenever other members of the family tried to make their way through the room they looked as if they were trying to balance themselves on slippery, far-apart stepping-stones.

After five or six hours of bending, squirming, and trying to squeeze a few more papers into the meager remaining space, the task was accomplished. Then I started the job of putting them back into the large box that serves as my "file". Notations were made of missing numbers of papers from our collection, and they are listed at the right.

If some kind Amateur Collector who has duplicate copies of some of the following papers and doesn't mind parting with them, will he contact me? Postage and whatever sum you ask will be sent promptly.

CHIMES: Vol. 1, Numbers 1, 3, 4, & 6.
AMERICAN BANNER: all except no. 1 of Vol. 1, all of Volumes 2 & 3, all except 1 & 3 of Vol. 4, and all of Volume 5.

AMERICAN EAGLE: All of Vol. One except No. 7; all volumes up to 6
KAYNOTES: Number one

THE JOURNAL: Vol. 1 except Numbers 1 & 3; Vol. 2, Numbers 3, 4, & 5; all of Vol. 3; all of Vol. 4 except number 5.

TOPIX: Numbers 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, & 15.

AMERICAN AMATEUR JOURNALIST: All of Vol. 2; all of Vol. 3 except no. 6; Vol. 4, Numbers 1, 5, & 6.

JUST RAYS: Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, & 6.

THE RIP: No. 1 and all issues after no. 5.

KATYDID: All issues except no. 7.

PIED TYPE: Numbers 1-5 inclusive

TEXAS STAR: Volume 1, Number 2.

AMATEUR OF DIXIE: Numbers 4 & 5

NUTMEGGER: Vol. 1, Numbers 1, 2, & 3. Vol. 2, Numbers 1, 2, & 4.

AJR: all of vol. 1, all of Vol. 2 except no. 5.

SCRIBBLES: Volumes 1, 2, & 3.

Also any old Gator Growls you may have on hand.

THE GATOR GROWL

is published, edited, and mimeographed by Leland M. Hawes, Jr., Thonotosassa, Florida, for the American Amateur Press Association. This is the 19th number.



GATOR GROWL



VOL. 4

MARCH, 1945

NO. 2

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KAYNOTES: Number one

THE JOURNAL: Vol. 1 except Numbers 1 & 3; Vol. 2, Numbers 3, 4, & 5; all of Vol. 3; all of Vol. 4, except number 5.

TOPIX: Numbers 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, & 15.

AMERICAN AMATEUR JOURNALIST: All of Vol. 2; all of Vol. 3 except no. 6; Vol. 4, Numbers 1, 5, & 6.

JUST RAYS: Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, & 6.

THE RIP: No. 1 and all issues after no. 5.

KATYDID: All issues except no. 7.

PIED TYPE: Numbers 1-5 inclusive

TEXAS STAR: Volume 1, Number 2.

AMATEUR OF DIXIE: Numbers 4 & 5

NUTMEGGER: Vol. 1, Numbers 1, 2, & 3. Vol. 2, Numbers 1, 2, & 4.

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GALLAGHER'S CLEANINGS

JUN 29 1945

Springfield, Ohio

GIFT June, 1945.
GIFT

I'VE HAD MY SAY.

I grasp my pen and try to write
A ditty, soft and sweet;
My thoughts take wings, and upward fly
My words are incomplete.

No inspiration comes to me
Of grand and noble things;
And so I think I'll have to write
Of, "cabbages and kings."

My brain's a-whirl, my ideas dense
I don't know what to say;
Then suddenly a thought appears
And I am on my way.

To gild the lily, shine the stars,
Improve the new-mown hay;
Though others may condemn my work
I know I've had my say.

THE GRIDDLE

PACIFIC EDITION

Okegawa, Japan — March 1946

Of All Places, Okegawa

The fortunes of Army life have transported the editorial office of *The Griddle* to remote parts of the World (including Mississippi), but this is the limit. I am batting out this copy in my room, which was formerly the office of a director of the Mitsui Machine Tool Company, here on the outskirts of a small Japanese country town.

To the North and West lie damp, nose-offending rice paddies. To the East lies our thriving metropolis, which boasts of a street, a bank and a horde of very small children, whose numbers lead to the belief that there is more of the rabbit than of the sun-goddess in the ancestry of these people.

To the South lies Tokyo — with only seventeen miles of more rice paddies and hordes of small children intervening. In Tokyo the old meets the new — sometimes romantically and sometimes disastously. Kimono-clad girls shuffle past their slack-suited sisters. Ox-carts snarl traffic on the main drag in front of General MacArthur's headquarters. Teen-age boys who attend the universities and technical schools pass in front of MacArthur's Hq, turn their backs on it, and solemnly bow low in the direction of the Imperial Palace, across the moat.

Okegawa, a typical small town, contains the same elements that comprise a small town in the States. After six months we are beginning to unscramble the town. At first every flimsy building on main street — which has no name other than Route 11 — looked the same as the others; and

THE GREAT LAKES COASTLINER

Volume 1

NOVEMBER 1946

Number 1

WE LAUNCH OUT

This "maiden voyage," as it were, of "*The Great Lakes Coastliner*," which is the official mouthpiece of the Great Lakes Press Club to those outside the realm of its membership, is a result of the combined efforts of its president, William K. Smith; and Norman Quillman, who was chosen as its official editor. . . set sail on the somewhat dreary day of November 3rd, during the meeting held at the home of the president and secretary-treasurer in Flat Rock.

OUR NOVEMBER MEETING

The November meeting of the Great Lakes Press Club was held at the Hugh Smith home in Flat Rock, Michigan, Sunday, the third, and called to order by the president, William K. Smith. After secretary-treasurer reports by Mrs. Smith, a. j. affairs were discussed and it was voted to contribute the cost of one page in the National Amateur for the Press Clubs page.

Mrs. Smith was also made librarian of the club.

The next meeting will be with the Matheisons at

GINZA GAZETTE

Weighty Words of the New Tokyo-wan Amateur Press Club, Published at Tokyo, Japan, for All Amateur Journalists Everywhere. This Issue is Dated February, 1946, and Bears That Significant Number. . . . One

We Report Progress

It's been fun but it wasn't what we intended. We wanted a club for all the amateur journalists of Japan. It didn't work out. Although, to our knowledge, there have been as many as seven amateurs in Japan at one time, never more than three have been mustered at any one meeting.

October 20. Lt. Sheldon C. Wesson met Ens. Felix Moitoret aboard the USS New Jersey at Yokosuka and organized the Tokyo Bay Amateur Press Club.

November 4. Moitoret visited Wesson at Okegawa.

November 18. W/C Burton Crane, Wesson and Moitoret met on the New Jersey.

December 2. Crane spent three hours touring in a jeep and never found the Wesson-Moitoret meeting at Okegawa.

December 16. Crane made it to Okegawa and spent the night, but Moitoret was missing.

December 30. S/Sgt. Robie Macauley invited to a Tokyo meeting of the Original Three but only Wesson showed up to spend the day with Crane. Name changed to Tokyo-wan APC.

January 13. Macauley spent two evenings with Crane in the preceding week but both he and Sgt. Carl Halvarson missed the meeting.

SOUNDINGS On July 4, 1946, the 71st Convention met at the Hotel Robert Treat in Newark, N.J. After three days of official business, many members enjoyed the lighter features of the program arranged under the able direction of Edna Hyde McDonald. The official family for the coming year is quite formidable and a great deal is expected.

Lack of pre-election ballyhoo permeated the halls of the Robert Treat for there was general agreement on most matters of interest. As usual, the Constitution was tossed into the waste basket at the start but an ardent member promptly retrieved it. And he continued to quote from it during the rest of the session.

A note of confusion was struck by the **ELECTIONEER**, a tidbit created by the Branch boys and intended to influence the voting. It advocated Optional ? for official editor. Intensive search failed to disclose the candidate though Alf Babcock was the recipient of many curious glances.

TOPSIDE Salvo #2 carried over the target, Commander.
BREEZE Down 200! A handy target is no excuse for firing; aiming the gun is good, too. The Cheerio 4 calls attention to the fact that Feather Duster fails to send the desired letters of acknowledgment. Proves again that every writer thinks he alone merits this special consideration.

On the other hand, there is the Gig which threatens to go to everyone despite honeyed letters. It is nice to learn that Dr. King is human after all (never had any doubt) and that he finds it difficult to write all the letters expected.

Anyway, he can count on every Gig that comes along. And it's his own fault because he failed to write that it be discontinued.

THE GIG * * * * December 1946 * * * * No. 7

SOUNDINGS With all a-jay members getting out the vote, September and October bundles were rather thin. Now that elections are over, we can look forward to bigger mailings.

Recently, I spent some time writing what I believed to be a most conciliatory letter. Imagine my surprise when it came back to me with the reply written in the margins. Across the top, in large letters, were the words, "Come on - I'll fight if you want to fight!" Shades of UN!

Hurt to the quick and still dazed by the misunderstanding, I have been like a plane in a fog, like a ship without its anchor, like a shirt without its tail. Life just isn't the same anymore.

As in every sorrow, however, there is a bit of recompense. At the bottom of the letter, for all to plainly see, was written, "Whoever you are - and I'm sorry I don't know - you are doubtless very young, eh?"

Can I be blamed if someone turns back the years so quickly? Is it wrong to dream of days these words recall? And should I not forgive the careless opening when the close does so much to my ego?

I believe Kingsley said it. "Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day."

TOPSIDE Recruiting duties have been made pleasant
BREEZE by the willing help of a number of members. This assistance is appreciated because it is a job that no one can do alone. Included among those who have given so unselfishly of time and effort are Willametta, Rusty, Harler, Babcock, Miller and some others. My sincere thanks to all!

The holiday season rushes on and there will be no other issue of the Gig this year. Therefore, to all members of N.A.P.A. and to a-jay enthusiasts everywhere, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Jack Malarek - 446 Chestnut St., - Arlington, N. J.

SOUNDINGS It may be said that the Gig will not weather the storms that come up at sea. The Gig will sail into waters that are dangerous for sturdier craft. It is admitted by men of the sea that variations from the charted course result because it is hard to predict the weather far in advance. And yet the thrill is in the anticipation, each voyage is different. So it is with the Gig. Hidden reefs are a constant threat and shallow waters are not clearly marked. And the skipper, as often as not, casts caution to the winds because he can't resist the adventure. This is not true of the skipper who is responsible for lives of others. On the Gig, the skipper and the crew are one. So, the boat, the contents, everything is risked to sail the great ocean, which is Ajay. After each trip, repairs are made and with a new paint job, the Gig is ready to sail again!

* * * * *

TOPSIDE December VIGILANTES had an item "THERE IS NO
BREEZE SANTA CLAUS!" Can it be true after all the years? And why haven't I been told?
H. Dean Aubry has a right to think what he pleases but he shouldn't ask for help. The Germans have been blamed for lots of things. For myths, I would blame the Greeks. They did it. As for fooling the kids, no progressive parent would do that. My little boy, at six, told me he knew I was Santa Claus all the time. You see, he used to read my mail.

As for the real spirit, why wait till Christmas. Treat me right and do it today. Santa Claus reminds us what we have forgotten all year. Don't deprive the kids of some fun. Rather, let's all try to keep the Golden Rule working through the year. And if we forget, Santa Claus will come along and give us a fresh start next year! THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

THE GRIDDLE

Tokyo, Japan

FEBRUARY 1947

NUMBER 18

We Want Peace, See!

Once again, peace bubbles through the AAPA. Peace. That's Virginia slang for "let's beat everyone over the head who won't play our way."

A self-appointed triumvirate consisting of President Paxton, Director Castleman and Ray Albert (in his official capacity as Ex-Acting President) have gotten together to censure Jeanne Sullivan for her piece "Linton Clark Murdered at Ajay Banquet." This whimsical bit is termed "slanderous, libelous—with the intent to desecrate the character..." and so on at great length.

This, Castleman continues, forces him to initiate legislation to ban such literature from future bundles.

Are we to infer that the triumvirate will constitute themselves a censorship committee? Or will they trust so sacred a job to others—necessarily less capable?

Peace, let us have peace, they cry. Suppress anyone who sticks his head out from among the milling sheep and dares to baa too loudly. Don't bother to consult the other four members of the Board. As long as a President, a Director and an Ex-Acting President agree, so be it.

But above all, let us have peace. Let us bleat about peace in our papers. Let us tut-tut about dissension in print. But by all means, let us clique up and send quasi-official letters to people.

Let us be satisfied that we have caused the resignation from AAPA of the President of the New Jersey Chapter—AAPA's most active local group.

GINZA GAZETTE



No. 3

TOKYO, JAPAN

June 1946-March 1947

Twapc and Uwepekere

(The following scientific paper was delivered recently to the Imperial Association of Stupid Stonecutters, Hairy Ainu Chapter. It aroused much discussion, possibly because it was written in an extinct Sanskrit dialect which, as it happens, is difficult to translate into Japanese. Of course, everybody knows the Hairy Ainus cannot understand Japanese anyway.)

By MORRIE LANDSBERG

Now the trouble with printing, as we know it today, is that it has not kept up with the times. We have moved into a swift, dynamic new age—the Atomic Age. But where is the art of movable type?

(There was a stir as the audience went out to look for it).

After all, is it progress merely to sit before a typesetting machine or (what do you call it, Burt?) and select the (you know) to put in that thing by manual means? Or even otherwise, if you are going to be effete about it.

("It has not been found yet," gasped a messenger, and fell unconscious on the floor).

I say, let us have the Atomic Agate for the Atomic Age. What is the Atomic Agate? Frankly, I do not know.

Then there is the three-way radar-controlled typesetter which works three ways and is, as best as I can understand it, controlled by radar. However, its use is restricted entirely to Bogeys.

(Offstage could be heard a high, wild shriek, "Anyone seen the art of moveable type?" Two *geisha* appeared, did three somersaults and left quietly).

X-PN 4827

#100

THE GOOD BRAHMIN
VOLTAIRE

GOSH!

#101

Echoing from 4723-Ellis Avenue

Chicago, 15, Illinois

THIRD EXCLAMATION

!!!

JULY, 1949

Uttered by one James F. Dolin who has accepted the nomination for President of the United Amateur Press Association on a platform which would be as follows:

(I)

The United Amateur Press Association first and foremost. No consolidations; no disappearing into the name and membership of any older or younger organization. No taking over bodily into the United any other group or association. We stay the United, and take in only those individuals who want to be U. A. P. A. members and join its activities.

(II)

No adoption of policy, rules or practice of any other association leading to a gradual change of the United into a substitute or new edition of such organization.

(III)

Closer filtering of members joining the U. A. P. A. from other groups. The Secretary to judge such applicants on character of activity and attitude toward the United while members of other association. No objection to multiple group membership so long as partiality is not shown to other group.

(IV)

Boost United activity by stressing importance of writing rather than mere getting into print. Include all unpublished MSS in Manuscript Bureau, as well as all published pieces, in consideration for laureate or Merit Awards. Make such award mean something by certificates, inexpensive medals, or by printing them together, even in mimeo form. (Such minor cost could be met by donations in some way.)

(V)

Increase acquaintance among members by urging correspondence. Make letter writing a recognized form of A. J. activity.

(VI)

Make the Official Organ a bulletin of the United affairs --> not a Digest of A. J., nor semi-personal paper; Editor's personal asides to go in his own publication-- not meaning legitimate editorials.

"If this be Treason---," or Reason, "make the most of it"

for the United,

Jim Dolin

PN 4827

EDITOR---DANNY MILLER
MEMBER U.A.P.A.
9429 DARNELL AVE.

GLADIATOR

#102

HELLO! I'm a new member of the U.A.P.A. My name is Vaughn Dan Miller and I will be twelve (12) years old the 13th. of this month. My mother edits "INSPIRATION".

PLUFFY THE CAT

Once upon a time there was a little kitten name Pluffy. She did not have any home. One morning she saw a fish market. She went over and looked in. Then she went in and looked around. Over in one corner she saw three mice who had just finished making a hole in the wall.

She darted for the mice. After a wild chase she them all and chewed them up. The storekeeper saw the chase. He potted Pluffy and took her home with him. After they got home he gave her some milk. He liked Pluffy very much.

Every day the storekeeper gave Pluffy milk. Each day when the storekeeper went to his store, Pluffy would go with him and keep the mice out of the store.

The storekeeper and Pluffy lived together happily for many years.

--- By The Editor ---

HALLOWE'EN

On Hallowe'en of forty-nine

The witches ride again
Their broom-sticks flash
across the sky

From out their fearsome den.

The tick-tacks on my window pane

Give just the ghostly hint
That cookies are the price of peace--
Or--maybe peppermint.

And so we play the ghostly rules

Of things beyond our ken
That keep the world in merriment
For children and for men.

By Belle S. Mooney

HOW IS YOUR ALGEBRA TODAY?

A litter of rabbits were guessed
to number 100. They could be twice,
plus $\frac{1}{2}$, plus $\frac{1}{4}$ and I of their real num-
ber. How many rabbits were there?

Get out your paper and pencil now.

NOTES

Please send poems, riddles,
short stories or jokes to be pub-
lished in the GLADIATOR.

Thanks to Belle S. Mooney,
P.O. Box 2174, Kansas City 13, Mo.
for the things she sent me for
this paper.

Thanks to Mr. Boehme for sug-
gesting the name GLADIATOR.

One of my hobbies is collect-
ing dog statues. I have nine of
them. My sister collects horse
statues. We vote on them to see
which is the most popular. My
real pet is a dog named "Novie."

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is so wonderful
It's a day of fun and play.
That day is never, never dull
Because it's always gay.

---By Dan

X-7N 4827

#103

THE GEORGIA AMATEUR

APRIL

1949



Easter Edition.

Vol. 1 No. 14
November 1949

Gemini

*THE WORLD HAS BECOME SO CIVILIZED IT
PROHIBITS CRUELTY TO ANY ANIMAL BUT MAN*

Spearhead for 1949

"Notice my new letter-head? Like Harry Truman
all of a sudden I find myself living in a style to
which I am unaccustomed."

President Harold Ellis

Vol. 1 No. 13
June 1949

Gemini

THE COYOTES YIPPING AT MY HEELS
BOTHER ME NOT; I BUILD WITH A PICK-AXE,
THEY SABOTAGE WITH A TOOTH-PICK.

Best Ajay Quote:

"It is memorable, too, that the Fossils went on record
as dedicated to maintaining the fraternal spirit of
amateur journalism..."

—Edward Cole in *Interlud*

4827

4826

Vol. 1 No. 12
April 1949

ORDER DIVISION
RECOMMENDATIONS

Gemini

JUN 8 1949

OF _____

FILE COPY _____

THE ONLY DISTINCTION THAT DEMOCRACIES
REWARD IS A HIGH DEGREE OF
CONFORMITY

Science Note of the Season

The Japanese, by crossing rubber trees with a species of oats, have achieved a shrub which bears toy balloons filled with a substitute breakfast food, resembling ersatz rubber oat hulls.

---W. Mildew Danner in *Stefantasy*

1949

Merry Christmas!



For many months past a Christmas edition of *Gemini* has been on the dough board.

But a hundred and one reasons, including minor stretches of sickness, ennui, reading, studying, and constant attempts to develop my small talent in creative art have prevented *Gemini's* scheduled appearance.

I forget who first said;

Flowers spring unsown

And die ungathered

A world of meaning this... like
Good Deeds which spring voluntarily from our Inner Selves...
and often pass unnoticed, unappreciated, or just taken for granted.

Last Leaves
December 1949

Editor's Swan Song

GEMINI, Vol *One*, comes to a close. Then plus reprints of my miscellany contributed to other journals—and I'm off to the book binder's shoppe. After thirty years a promise has been fulfilled. Old Jiminy and crew have five admirers, my four children and my Gloria.

Volume *One* represents six years of experimenting with type faces and a printer 2,000 miles distant. Fate and my printer willing, Volume *Two* may be expected soon, featuring only my own work. I have been generous enough to writer friends, I think. Hereafter no contributions wanted.

Nearly every day these past six years I have spent high in my Ivory Tower training the big telescope over the horizon of this little NAPA world. One day a month ago *Perfect Toleration* settled on my weary mind. Today I have decided my future deportment. Never again will my printer be required to labor over 350 copies of *Gemini*. It is not that valuable. Future editions will be 100 copies, privately mailed. At least a few members must be aware that "publishing a journal" is an expression of vanity. Every publication reflects the character of its publisher. Ego *imprime*.

The GRIDDLE

NO. 19 EAST ROCKAWAY, L.I., N.Y. JUNE 30, 1950

COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL!

Amateur printers of all sexes and association affiliations are invited to a monster APC meeting at Yakamashi Yashiki, the Wesson estate, Aug. 26. I will even mow the lawn. Maybe.

Them as come distances, check in Saturday evening and sleep over. Family parties welcome. If a mob responds, be prepared to bunk in, on, under, around and leaning against beds, chairs, tables, floors or such other accommodations as we can muster.

The record APC meet had 34; let's make this 50. RSVP quick. We'll send travel instructions.

Each printer is requested to bring up to a page of type, anent the NAPA convention, if he attended, or some other appropriate a-jay topic. Make it 18 picas wide by a maximum 25 deep. We'll print a super *APC News*.

This invitation is being circulated through the NAPA, AAPA and UAPA bundles.

X-PN 4827

#110

GRACE

I

**January-February
1950**

NAPA Edition

GOSH!

#111

FOURTH EXCLAMATION

MARCH 1950

Uttered by one James F. Dolin, in open-faced Admiration of the Activities of Amateur Journalism in this Day and Age of the United Amateur Press Association - whenever he feels that such a remark is called for by current Goings-On in Amateur circles.

Echoing from 7452 North Hermitage Avenue,

Chicago 26, Illinois

(MORE NOISE FROM THE CHEERING SECTION)

Since that "Look at the record" in February GOSH!, along came the latest United Bundle containing that paper and 19 other enclosures -- bringing the U.A.P.A. mailings for six months to a total of 92 pieces; and representing over 40 members active as publishers in the current year.

Most of this remarkable showing in the United follows the example of all-consuming devotion to the U.A.P.A. set by our Official Mailer, George A. Boehme - and is directly the result of his ceaseless effort, and actual labor, in encouraging and producing new, and even established, papers among the members. All this in addition to his monthly chore of assembling and mailing those well-filled Bundles.

This does not discount nor discredit the tireless and monumental work of Secretary Edward F. Daas, whose lifetime of interest and activity in and for the U.A.P.A. is as much an "institution" in A.J. as is the United itself. "Eddie's" disadvantage in any round-of-applause occasion is that of the expert juggler in old-time Vaudeville, keeping a stream of hats, plates, and balls circling in the air all at once. So smoothly and effortlessly does he keep the many tasks of detailed records; correspondence with members; enlistment of recruits; directing the Milwaukee club; encouraging new writers; publishing THE MAN SAYS; and giving Mailer Boehme a hand -- all moving at the same time, that we come to admire but listlessly applaud such long-witnessed proficiency.

Too briefly mentioned last month was the work of John Quigley's new Publicity Bureau for the U.A.P.A. Already in preparation for exhibit at the Milwaukee Convention is a fast-growing file of clippings of actual, bona fide news items from newspapers and other press as accepted and printed from "releases" about people and activities of the United, issued by the U.A.P.A. News Bureau. Young Mr. Quigley's training as a news writer for Lynn, Mass., newspapers, is standing us in good stead in putting out acceptable newspaper "copy" for our publicity. Aiding him in the work is his Publicity Committee: Mrs. Marge Miller, Calif.; Mrs. Iva May King, Ill.; Lawrence Nelson, Mass.; Butte Tipton, Wash.

ENTER THE UNITED'S LAUREATE CONTESTS

X-PN 4821

G O S H !

#112

THIRD EXPLANATION

FEBRUARY, 1950

Uttered by one James F. Dolin, in open-faced Admiration of the Activities of Amateur Journalism in this Day and Age of the United Amateur Press Association - whenever he feels that such a remark is called for by current Goings-On in Amateur circles.

Echoing from 7452 North Hermitage Avenue, Chicago 25 Illinois

Some Prosaic Thoughts on Poetry

by Jim Dolin

Why do not more people like and read and recite poetry in these days of anxiety and unreprieve? Why do we not see riders on street cars and sitters on park benches relaxing in a moment's absorption in a magazine of verse instead of lost in the latest Book Club issue of Cutlass Empire, the Kinsey Report or News Week's "digestion" of the latest hash made from our great new One World?

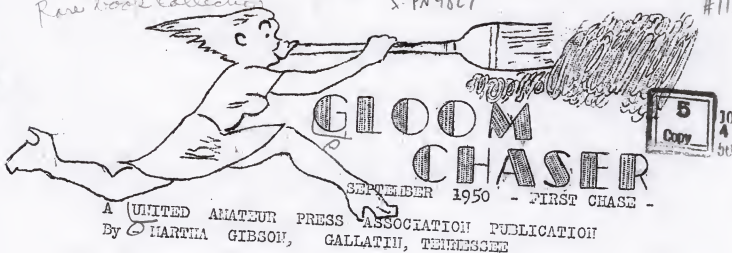
Certainly enough "poetry" is written, and much gets into print -- as witness the many magazines of verse to be found on newsstands. Month after month the presses roll off brave little copies of poetry publications, some new, not dry behind their "Vol. I, No. I" earmarks; others yawningly pointing to their "Iv, V, or VI" vaccination marks. Who buys and reads them? Subscribers, maybe -- maybe other poets who want to study the work of those who here got into print.

Take, too, the freshet of verse that runs like a Spring thaw through the meandering, quiet channels of our own Amateur Journalism. Here surely is no dearth of Poetry. Why, then, is there no greater market or "reader acceptance" and demand for thoughts in blank verse or in rhyme?

Is it because the field is not cultivated -- with poets scattering their seed to the wind to fall on foul or fallow ground and blossom thick and wayward as the weeds? Indeed, the myriad of rhymes in print today all but hides the few wild flowers of real beauty to be found in all this tangled growth.

Or is it that the Botany of poetry is too specialized a Science -- too highly cultivated? Must Poetry, to be accepted by the Knowing Few, be a hothouse plant, a grotesquely clipped yew hedge, or vine trained close upon a trellis of precisely

788 N3X



*** **

Hello there! May I ask you a personal question? Does Old Man Gloom hang around your room? If so, then let me outta this MAIL POUCH, NEWSHONGER, and pull up your chairs all you little CHATTERBOXES and start making SHOE RINGS and listening - to my BLOOMING CREATIONS because I'm bringin' you great TIDINGS of WOODWOOD minus NECTAR. But hope you'll find RIPPLES - of laughter that'll chase the GLOOM from your room

How many of you have read the works of John Gunther? -- "INSIDE U.S.A.", "ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT", etc. I ask because the latter title has a lot to do with the joke I'm about to tell:

I was visiting recently WAX DOWN SOUTH where Mammy had a lot of HAIRY but don't tell Phil Harris-because I may want to go back next summer. Anyway, Mammy also had a son who topped the height of six feet and whom she called JUNIOR.

Now, JUNIOR, had served many, many months with the armed forces in World War II. So, there just wasn't many FAR AWAY PLACES that Junior didn't know about, since they kept him on the march. Finally, Junior reached New Guinea Islands -- and dug his fox-hole much deeper--for Junior had read an awful lot about the "cannibals" on some of the islands who in their savage delight liked their meat WHITE and boiled in a pot. Junior looked up at the stars and counted over all the cities and villages he had seen, trying to forget his aching legs until he finally dropped off to sleep, whispering: "The last time I saw Paris...."

Now the war was over and Junior arrived home without even a scratch. Deciding he'd take up his old hobby of collecting books, he flattered his UNDERSTANDING of high fiction by going out and buying for himself a copy of "ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT"--by John Gunther.-- So, Junior comes home with the book under his arm and a couple of stiff drinks under his belt.

Slapping the book down rather hard on a table, Junior looked at me rather puzzled and disgusted like, saying: "I bought 'ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT'... but WHERE in the hell is RETROSPECT?"

(turn this page for further chase)

MARTHA
GIBSON

GALLATIN,
TENNESSEE



*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

Hi, GO GETTERS--- I wrote you a lot of cards and letters. Got the hunch you were a swell bunch, sendin' all the GLOOM to little ole ME. I told some of you you'd have to sweep your own GLOOM in November---but just changed my mind and bot myself a NEW BROOM. This all happened in a jiffy when "Smokey"--Smoke Rings--got sniffy one night and was gonna steal my "Spotlight". No jokey nothin' doin' Smokey!

I'll bet Smokey--Smoke Rings, doesn't know that I was born on a HALL-OWEEN night, at about twelve o'clock, BLACK CAT. And marked behind left ear with an X by an old WITCH who later fell into a DITCH when struck DEAD over the HEAD by a GOOD FAIRY so light and AIRY with a WAND in her HAND. When the old witch fell I was cast under a spell and by whence I've been makin' DREAMS come true ever since. So, sharpen your WITS, little children!

Aint this ole world full o' bewitchin' things? Like GLOOM CHASERS and SMOKE RINGS, Like MOONIN' and SPOONIN' and LOVIN' and DOVIN'--FUEDIN', FIGHTIN' and LAUGHTER and old COB PIPES and RABBIT TOBACCO. . .

When I make my LITERARY WILL---I don't know if I will leave my GLOOM CHASER title to Edwin Brooks, Smokey, Wm. Ellis or to Larry Morcross down in Sleepy Hollow with his Black Cats. Now, there's a fellow- jus' full of MONKEY BUSINESS! But I want his next poem to be done in negro dialect and black cats.

Well, I just took in my LEMONADE STAND from out front. Sure did sell those 10¢ glasses--on account of a meat shortage. My sign read like this--LEMONADE -5¢ a glass-- with GRASSHOPPER-10¢.

Here's a "cutie pie" poem from Mary Frame of Waco, Texas--and I just LOVE her "THIS MONTE".

..... GONE GLOOM
Give me a broom and a hammer and gong, Give me a fork
With a sharp hooked prong; And I'll make a promise---
It won't take me long -- To help Martha Gibson turn
Gloom into song! Wouldn't this world be a happy place,
If all the people gave Old Gloom a chase?
And caused merry smiles on each human face;
I'll tell you Old Gloom would soon be a disgrace!
- MARY FRAME

(Let's declare Gloom Chasin' Week)

X-PN 4827

CLADATOR

DANNY MILLER, EDITOR

9429 DARNELL AVE.

BELLFLOWER, CALIFORNIA

 This is a little story by my 8 year old sister. She is in the third grade. I have another story which I hope to publish soon and it is a mystery story. Watch for it! The author is Jane Hazlet who is 9 years old. Besides that, there is a good dog story coming up - written by Paul Steffens. It is a true story.

SCHOOL - By Sally Miller

"School is fun. It is time to go to school," said mother. "I like school," said Sally. Judy said, "I like school, too." Mother walked to the door. She said, "Are you ready?" Sally and Judy both said yes and added as they left, "Goodbye, mother." "Goodbye," said mother.

And so they started to school. After a while they came to a stop-light. The light is red," said Judy. They waited. "The light is green, now," said Sally, "We can go now."

"Here we are at school," said Sally. Judy said, "We can play with the girls and boys." The girls said, "Come and play with us."

Soon the teacher, Mrs. Brown said, "It is time to come into the room." The children walked into the room with Mrs. Brown. They did not run into the room. The boys and girls looked at some pictures and then Mrs. Brown said, "It is time for a story. The name of the story is Bill and Susan. The story told that they have fun playing together. They go to school. Susan is in the third grade and Bill is in the second grade. Susan writes in school. Bill prints in school.

Pretty soon the story was over. The children studied and worked and then the bell rang out and school was over.

The End.

ANIMAL QUIZ

By Robert H. Woodward

This is a little animal
 That scurries 'round the house;
 He has gray hair and a big black nose,
 And his name is Mr.....

Now this little creature lives in the trees
 And chatters away like a girl
 There are red ones, gray ones, and brown ones, too;
 You guessed it, he's called Mr.

When you're out on the farm, you can't miss this fellow,
 For he often grows terribly big;
 He rolls in the mud and says, "Oink, Oink."
 Now what could he be but a

Here's an old lady whom you surely know;
 You've heard her again and again.
 She goes "Cackle, cackle" when she lays an egg--
 Say hello to old Mrs.

X-PN 4827

GRACE

'Only pursue at offender to show
him the way.'--*Laotzu, tr. Bynner*

2

April 1950



GRASS ROOTS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BETTY K. DYCKMAN, EDITOR,
16 Lexington Ave., Cranston, R.I.

Vol. 1. August No. 1

Greetings to all Members attending the U.A.P.A. Convention in Los Angeles!

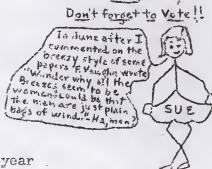
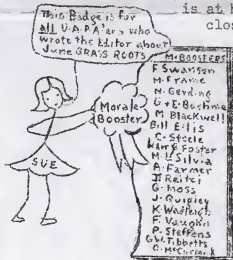
A very drippy "howdy" to all you fellow-sufferers from this hot, humid weather. This is the 33rd. day of the drought here in R. I. It's good that vacation time is at hand, for many terrors are close to the flaring-up point. (Ahem, not mine though, even if I am a red-head!)

We're planning to spend part of our vacation in Dennisport on Cape Cod. Wonder what kind of weather we'll have the second and third weeks of August?

This second edition is written with the boys in Korea especially in mind. Of course, we're not forgetting all the other boys also. We, like you, have many

relatives and friends in the service throughout the world. Last night we had a party for a Warrant Officer friend of ours who will leave in a few days for a three-year stint in Japan.

"Sue" and I were delighted with your response to our first edition of GRASS ROOTS.





GRASS ROOTS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BETTY K. DYCKMAN, EDITOR, 16 LEXINGTON AVENUE, CRAWSTON 10, R. I.
 Vol. 1 June 1952 No. 1

Greetings and Salutations from little old Rhody to all you grand U.A.P.A. members!

So far I haven't met any of you in person but if I can judge from the many nice cards and letters I've received since I became one of you last November, I certainly have a treat in store for me when I attend my first U. A. P. A. Convention. Sorry, it won't be this year, much as I'd like to go---La.---too far with only two weeks vacation. Too bad I didn't know about U. A. P. A. last year when it was held in Boston, my home town. Perhaps I might have visited some of those places of historical interest that G. W. Tibbetts quite truthfully said our home folk never view. Here I've been considering myself a "Proper Bostonian" all these years but have never included the "Old Howard" in my annual visit. Guess I'll have to substitute it for one of my Red Sox games. Now! I'd sure crash the headlines even if our Red Sox don't seem to be doing that at present---Now I bet I've stuck my neck out good and "proper"---And by the way, G. W. T., that old custom of the Pilgrim Fathers was one I never included when I was teaching history. Hope somebody doesn't start investigating me for my omission. But seriously, I hope sometime everybody will be able to visit Peacock Hill on Christmas eve. It's one of the most unforgettable experiences I've ever had. Wish somebody would write something as beautiful about it as Frances Swanson has done for the Boston Flower Show. This year is the first time I've missed the Show---two jobs is just too much! But enough reminiscing and now to the work at hand:

Since my Mother and Dad are celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary this year on June 4th., I'm dedicating this, the first edition of the first paper I've ever edited and published, to them. I hope it will be of interest to all U. A. P. A. members, and especially to those who have reached the Sunset Side of Life. I'm especially indebted to G. Wallace Tibbetts and Clarence Steele and Frances Swanson for promptly answering my request for a contribution to this paper...and upon such short notice. I wish to thank all other contributors, also.

At this time I would also like to thank those folks who so kindly remembered my birthday: included among my well-wishers were: The Ellises, Clarence Steele, Anthony Cama, Betty Tousch, M. Kathleen Haley, Mary L. Sylvia, Amana Peacock, the Bochma's, E. Daas and all those wonderful Milwaukee Club members.

Garden Symphony

#119

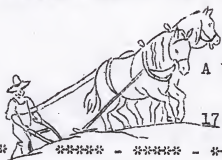
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A P R I L 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR

17 HILLSBORO ROAD MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.



**** - **** - **** - **** - **** - **** - **** - ****

SPRING

Spring - and God reflects Himself
In every singing stream,
The sun-light on the meadow grass
Portrays His color scheme.

Spring - and in the clear sweet notes
Of every silver throated bird,
God speaks!
And His dear voice is heard.

Spring - the time of joy and love,
And birth, -
When God bends just a little nearer
To this earth.

Frances L. Swanson

-

DESIRE

A slant roof snuggled against
a quiet hill
The scent of apple blossoms
in the spring,
Then Summer's red geraniums
on the window sill,
The Maple's flame, -
of Autumn then I sing;
Because each season's change
my soul inspires,
These are the changes
that my heart desires.

Red berried hedges
wreathed in funneled snow,
The fantasies
of frost-ferned window panes,
The pungent smell
of wood smoke, and I know
The cheery warmth
of fire light's eager flames,
Old books, well loved,
upon a shelf or two,
And near me in the flame-lit dusk -
just you.

Frances L. Swanson

RUSSIAN BOOTS

Human rights are outraged,
dictatorship holds sway,
Democracy is trampled
in the mud;
Gestapos are in order,
for those who disobey,
Oh, Russian Boots have waded
deep in blood.

The "hammer" and the "sickle"
is the symbol they display,
The red flag of the tyrants
is unfurled,
And Russian Boots are marching
on devastation's way
For they intend
to bolshevize the world.

Conspiracy's their motto,
intolerance their creed,
False promises, deceit,
duplicity!
"Religion is the opium
of the people," yes, indeed!
For Russian Boots
have crushed democracy.

Their people live in terror,
they are born and bred in hate,
Starvation is their portion,
as they plod
In Russian Boots, or barefoot,
to labor for the State,
This is the country
where there is, no God.

Frances L. Swanson.

-

Our most important heritage is
Freedom - freedom to speak our
thoughts publicly, and freedom
to put those thoughts and
words to action.



GARDEN SYMPHONY

12 3 62
NOVEMBER
1952

#120

—A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION—

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR 17 HILLSBORO RD., BEDFORD 55, MASS.

"SO MANY GOOD COPS"

by
Frances L. Swanson

He stood there dejectedly holding a shaggy bedraggled little white dog in his arms, tears streaming down his sad, boyish face.

Captain Callahan leaned over his large mahogany desk to get a better look at the little tyke, and inquired, "What's the trouble, Son, did your dog have an accident?"

"No, Sir," he answered between sobs, "he isn't really my dog; he just came to us last Saturday, and he was hungry, and we fed him."

"Well, what do you propose to do with him?" the kindly Police Captain inquired, smiling understandingly.

"My Mother says I must leave him here at the Police Station, 'cause it's so far to the Animal League, and I don't know the way, and Mother won't let us keep him, because she says she can't afford to buy him a license, and she says the dog catchers will pick him up, and kill him if he hasn't a license, so I guess I gotta leave him here."

"Come back to my office and sit down, and tell me the whole story," the Captain replied, opening the little gate, and pulling up a chair.

"Now, Son, do you really want to keep this dog?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, my brother Jimmie and me, we never had a dog, and now we've had him three whole days and we love him, and he loves us; I'm eight and Jimmie's ten."

"I see, and where does your father work?" the Captain inquired.

"My Dad's in the hospital," he said, sadly. "He's just back from Korea; he was wounded in his arm, and lost two fingers, but he's getting better, and I know he would help us to keep Skippy, if he was here, 'cause he loves dogs, too." Then with tears starting afresh, he stooped over, and kissed that dirty, but lovable little pup.

It was too much for Captain Callahan, as he wiped a few tears from his kindly blue eyes. "Well, now," he explained, "I'll see what can be done," as he rang a bell, and four stalwart policemen marched out from a room in the rear.

"Follow Officers," he said sternly, "how many of you have a dog in your home?"

"Guess we all have," they answered, as they looked from one to the other, knowingly.

"Well, in that case, I'm sure we won't mind passing the hat for a contribution to procure a license for this fine little dog, eh?"

"You see, boys," he continued, (with a sly wink) "he has a fine master, here, but he's out of a job, and he can't keep the dog unless he has a license, so I guess we'll have to help him out a bit, eh?"

(over)

OCTOBER
1952



GARDEN SYMPHONY

***-A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -**

Dedicated to
Mr. George A. Boehme

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR - 17 HILLSBORO RD., MEDFORD 55, MASS., U.S.A.

WHERE GOD ABIDES

God's home is not in some far Paradise
Where mortal eyes can never see His face,
Each human heart is His abiding place.

We know that all our needs will be supplied,
That nothing we may ask will be denied
If we have faith in His Son, crucified.

For God is all, - and we are close to Him,
He is our Light, that never grows dim,
He is the Way all saintly feet have trod,
He is the Truth, - whose other name is God.

) * (

THE FAITH TO PRAY

It matters not how far we stray,
The Father's arms are there,
We only need the faith to pray
For His unceasing care.

We only need to call His name
Above the closing night,
To catch again the inner flame
That leads to ways of light.

We only need to trust Him more,
And place our hand in His,
If we would find the open door,
And know where Heaven is.

It matters not how steep the way
Since His dear love empowers,
We only need the faith to pray,
And lo! the goal is ours.

) * (

JUNE
1952



GARDEN SYMPHONY

DEDICATED TO MARY L. SILVIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCIS L. SWANSON, EDITOR 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

THE ANSWER

Is there a God? How else can one explain
The message whispered in the passing breeze,
The miracle of sunshine turned to rain,
The Autumn tints on all the woodland trees?
What human ever taught the stars to shine,
Or showed the thrush or robin how to sing?
Is there a God? I need no other sign—
For God exists in every worthy thing.
What though the skeptic shouts aloud his doubt,
What though the fool asks better proof than this,
I have my eyes, and I can gaze about,
And see a thousand truths their blind eyes miss;
Is there a God? The brooklet murmurs, "yes,"
Is there a God? The flowers nod their heads,
All nature rises up, glad to confess
The truth that doubting fools would tear to shreds.

I WONDER

I wonder if Christ had a little brown dog	And, oh, I am sure that this little brown dog
All curly and wooly like mine,	With a heart so tender and warm
With two silky ears and a nose round and wet,	Would never have left Him to suffer alone,
And two eyes bright and tender that shine	But creeping right under His arm
I'm sure if He had, that His little brown dog	Would have licked those dear fingers in agony clasped,
Knew right from the start He was God,	And counting all favors but loss,
That he needed no proofs that Christ was divine,	When they took Him away,
But just worshipped the ground that He trod.	would have trotted behind,
I'm afraid that He hadn't, because I have read	And followed Him right to the Cross.
How He prayed in the Garden, alone,	
For all of His friends and disciples had fled,	
Even Peter—(the one called "A Stone").	

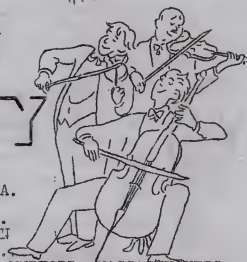
—(Author Unknown)

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GARDEN SYMPHONY

JULY
1952

DEDICATED TO EDYTHE M. CAMPBELL
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.



.....
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR, 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

JEWELS (In our Treasure Chest)

"The Travelling Shrine" had come and gone, but the Memories lingered on.

It was such a glorious day when "Freedom Train" rolled into our cherished, historic City of Boston and rested in the shadow of Bunker Hill. The crowds began to assemble early for they realized they were to see treasures that money would never purchase.

The Youth of our Nation were there in vast numbers, eager to renew their pledge to Americanism; seriously and with reverence they studied the precious original documents on display - "The Constitution" - "Bill of Rights" - "Declaration of Independence".

Mr. and Mrs. America were there, with all the little Americans, and we could not fail to note the pride in their eager faces, as they explained the blessings of Liberty.

A spirit of reverence prevailed. The aged folks were right at home. How many times had they repeated the "Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all?"

How many times had they referred to the Constitution as the most remarkable document ever conceived by the brain of man? "Freedom Train" seemed like an impressive sermon to them, - long to be remembered.

One weather-beaten old Sea Captain spoke of the Chart and Compass by which the "Ship of State" had been guided through tempestuous seas, when Vultures hovered threateningly around.

His companion studied Lincoln's famous Gettysburg Address:

"All men are created equal".

"Our Nation, under God shall have a new birth of Freedom".

"Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth".

"What treasured words"! he said.

As we returned home breathing a fervent prayer for Peace for our Beloved America, our hearts overflowed with gratitude to God for the blessings of Liberty, and for the privilege of examining the priceless "Jewels" in our Treasure Chest.

Frances L. Swanson

X-PN 4827

#124

The Georgia Amateur

EUGENE HAYWOOD EDITION

THANKSGIVING

DAY



LET US ALL BE
THANKFUL.

MAY WE NOT FORGET THE
KINDNESS SHOWN US BY
OUR FELLOWMAN.



X-PN 4827

#125

*Graveyard
Bunny*

—OFFSPRING OF THE CEMETERY RABBIT—

Daddy says that he put out his first amateur paper when he was only one month old and that since I'm now three and a half times that age it is high time I made my debut editorially. Daddy is going to print this issue for me because I can't reach up high enough to feed the press yet—and Mommy will have to do the folding, because my hand is only about half the size of this page. But I shall be watching them carefully and I'll make myself heard (I'm an expert already at *that*)!

THE GEORGIA AMATEUR

Published now and then in the interests of Amateur Journalism.

Eugene F. Haywood, Editor and Publisher

Member of United Amateur Press Association.

P. O. Box 482

Thomaston, Ga.

The Ajay's Honor

Men and women yearn for greatness
From the cradle to the grave,
Just to have their name in headlines
Is a honor they all crave.
Some are sculptors, some are artists,
Using chisels, paints and oils,
Others write some songs and poems
Through their work and sturdy toil.
Making statues of our heroes
Which we like to read and sing
Though they be among the lowly.
They are honored as a King.
Of the unsung men and women
Who no headlines ever made
Are the Amateur Journalists.
Who are experts at their trade.
Their pictures are not in extras
Or last editions on the street
They are good and humble people
Who you always want too meet.

-E.F.H.

GINZA GAZETTE

The Tokyo-wan Amateur Printers' Club, Which Changes Its Name Every Month and Its Mind With Its Socks (You Guess!), Publishes This Magazine in Tokyo, Japan, for the Annoyance It Invariably Causes Its Thousands of Dissatisfied Readers - - - - - *Number Four*

Newark Rump Convention Elects William Haywood

By Our Own Political Correspondent

NEWARK, N. J., July 5 (By Radio).—Spurning democratic processes, the rump convention of the National Amateur Press Association today chose William Haywood of the reactionary Haywoods to lead it through another year of imbecilic futility.

"Riding the crest of this wave of mountain-topping activity," declared Haywood as he acknowledged the plaudits of 33 persons and his wife, "the good old NAPA, a knight in shining armor, shall permeate every crevice of the national consciousness, a rushing torrent of enthusiasm, brushing aside the cobwebs of traditional disinterest." During the applause which followed, Grammarians Clifford Laube and Edward H. Cole retired to the men's room and quietly vomited.

Told that the true NAPA was holding a simultaneous convention in Tokyo, other officers elected—Rowena Moitoret, Meyer Perlgrut, Sesta Mathieson, W. K. Smith, Willametta Turnepseed and Ralph Babcock—expressed cynical disregard. Their spokesman, Vice President Rowena Autry Moitoret, said: "Horses . . . Texas . . . more horses!"

GINZA GAZETTE

*Officious Organ of the Tokyo-wan Amateur Press Club,
Published to Please Its Members and to Hell With You.
Collectors and Other Bores Will Note That This April,
1946, Spasm is Number Two*

We Want Blood (Young)!

Although he is a former president of the AAPA, we feel sure that Bill Haywood can overcome tendencies toward thumb-sucking, diaper-dampening, tempestuous tantrums, reasonless resignations and juvenile jitters in general and become a worthy president of the National Amateur Press Association.

Bill has been a good! official editor and has manfully withstood the undermining influences of the pink-tea poets of the Blue Pencil Club. Vote for Bill!

Grace Phillips should be official editor. She has shown talent for organization and detail (and just between ourselves half the secret of putting out a good official organ is planning and asking for copy well in advance of deadlines). She knows something about printing. She writes well. She is a real amateur. In this year of Grace vote for Grace!

The choice of the Trans-Pacific Bloc of the NAPA—Wesson, Stone, Guinane, Holton and Crane—for vice president is Rowena Moitoret, as charming a babe as we've never met. She is interested, interesting, literate and (we hope) dependable.

Meyer Perlmut, new (unless Helen has lied to us) president of the APC, is our choice for secretary-treasurer. He was our choice in 1942 but Uncle Sam beat us to him. He's back in the old amateur journalistic swing.

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#179

May Issue

GRANDMASTER FOOLSOFT



FREEDOM EQUALITY

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI - EDITOR & PUBLISHER

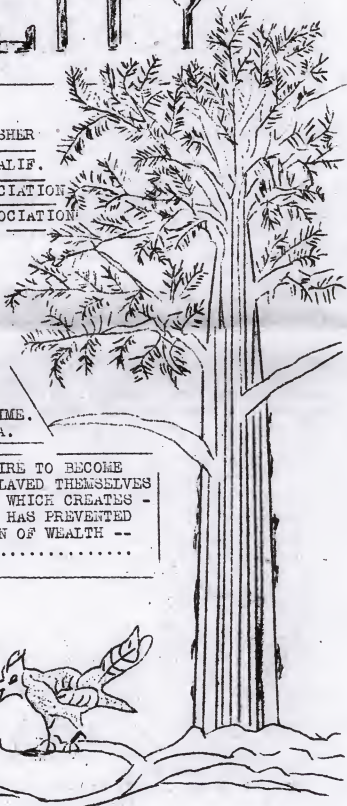
867 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, 3, CALIF.

MEMBER of UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE MAIL BAG -----
THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS -----
ON and SECURITY! RA and DISTRESS!
HAS THE WORLD BEEN CIVILIZED? ----

"LIBERTY AND EQUALITY ARE MORE
THAN NATURAL RIGHTS WHICH MUST
BE FOUGHT FOR UNTIL THE END OF TIME.
ROBERT H. WOODWARD, UAPA.

THE PRODUCERS IN THEIR DESIRE TO BECOME
CAPITALISTS' HAVE ONLY ENSLAVED THEMSELVES
TO AN ORGANIZED SOCIETY -- WHICH CREATES --
WARS -- ALLOWS POVERTY AND HAS PREVENTED
SCIENCE FROM THE PRODUCTION OF WEALTH --
FOR THE COMFORT OF LIVING
EDITOR.



the second number

The GHOST

*Issued for his own amusement and that of his friends
by W. Paul Cook*

July, 1944

THE GRAVEYARD BUNNY

—OFFSPRING OF THE CEMETERY RABBIT—

NUMBER TWO

DECEMBER 1951

¶ This poem was composed on October 16, 1951, when the editor was six years and four days old. She then proceeded to set it into type herself and did so with only oral assistance from Daddy after he had set the stick to the proper width and pulled out the type case. (No, it wasn't perfect—but there were only five typos to correct.)

The Butterfly

When Orange spreads his wings in the morning
He gives a delightful doubt
He knows what kind of suit to wear
And he thinks he shall wear it out.

For if he does he shall say
"I must buy another one."
And this is the one he thinks he shall buy—
Another orange one.

He goes to the store to see what to seek
And finds they're all out of orange
And he doesn't know where to look.
So he has to wear his black one.

And when he wears his black one,
That means it is night.

And the flowers, thinking it was morning,
Shed their tears, their leaves

Down, down, down, over the open seas.

When it isn't morning, it surely must be night.

—CAROLYN FRANCES MOITORET

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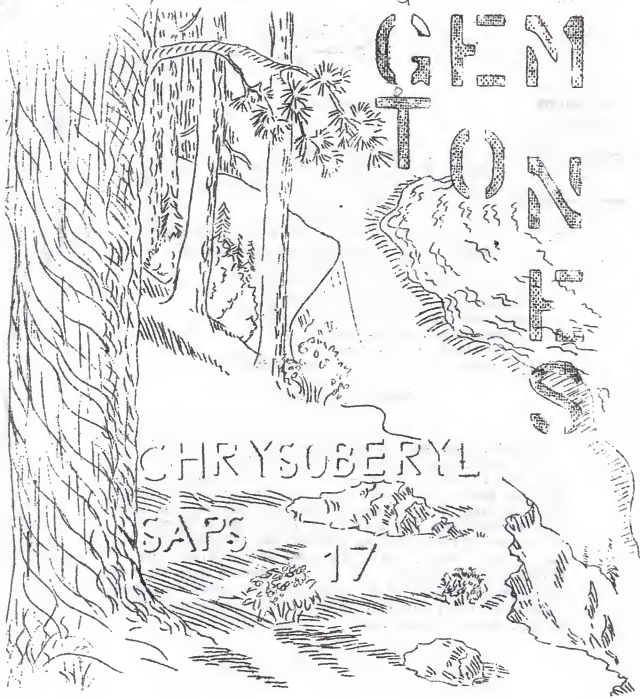
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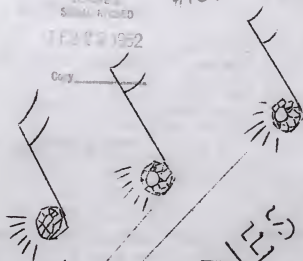
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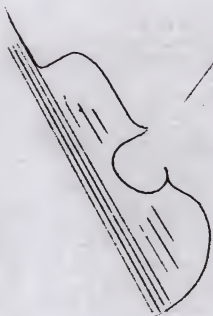
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GEM TONES
BY
CARR



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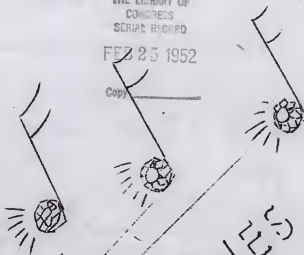
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BY
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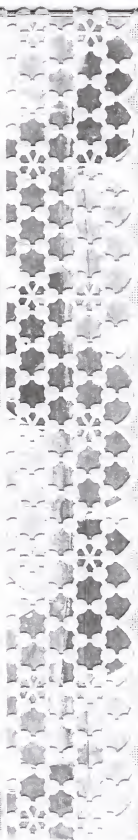
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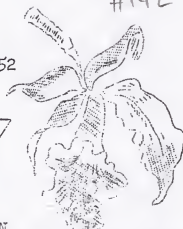
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GARDEN SYMPHONY

MAY 1952



DEDICATED TO MARIE HAND

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

 FRANCIS L. SWANSON, EDITOR 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
 (At the Boston Flower Show)

'Twas a little bit of Heaven, sure the Roses were in bloom,
 Ere we saw, we could detect them, by their fragrant sweet perfume,
 Then we gazed at them in rapture, bursting from the fresh rich sod,
 And we marvelled how some creatures could deny there was a God.

Once again - a bit of Heaven, in the Orchids blooming there,
 With their pastel shades of beauty, so alluring, - debonair;
 Violets, Jonquils and Azalias, Primroses, and Tulips, sweet,
 Gave us such a cheery welcome, sure, it made our joy complete.

And there standing at attention were the fringed Acacia trees,
 Whose in all the world was beauty that could be compared to these?
 Glory of the summer sun-set, - nor the dawn could quite compare
 With Acacia's golden branches, bending, - whispering a Prayer.

Yes, a little bit of Heaven is the way we would express
 Tender Memories of the Garden of God's flowers, - of loveliness,
 From a war-torn world of sadness, caused by sin, and greed and vice,
 For a little bit of Heaven, - that was next to - Paradise.

*** - *** - ***

FAITH, - HOPE, - CHARITY

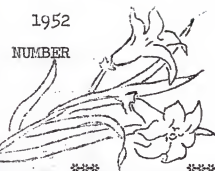
If we lack "Faith" in God
 We shut the sun-shine out,
 For lack of faith leaves us in
 Darkness, fear and doubt.

If we lack "Hope" we lose
 All that makes life worth while
 But having hope, we choose
 To banish frowns, and smile.

If we lack "Charity" we run
 A losing race, upon life's track
 For charity means giving, - with a smile, -
 And God smiles back.

GARDEN SYMPHONY

MARCH 1952
EASTER NUMBER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

*** *****
FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR-17 HILLSBORO ROAD MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

EASTER PARADE (Of the Flowers)

I dedicate this little story to Mrs. Ethel Boehme. (Frances L. Swanson)

.....
The little white Country Church, nestling among the Pines and Firs, looked more beautiful than ever on Easter Sunday. The Altar was radiant with fragrant Easter Lilies, Potted Ferns and the glow of tiny white candles. The strains of the organ prelude floated on the breeze.

The simple Country Folks walked slowly along the narrow road to the Easter Service. They had grown up together, and had shared sunshine and rain for many years.

The golden Forsythias, and the pink and white Dogwoods swayed and nodded in the breeze, and the perfume of the Lilacs foretold Spring in all her glory.

Violet, shy and sweet, looked charming in her dainty Orchid gown, with tiny petaled hat to match.

Daisy had chosen white dainty, with a quaint ruffle, and just a touch of Daffodil yellow.

Prim little Miss Phlox peeped over her garden wall, and decided to join the parade. She wore a simple lavender gown, with lace sequins.

Then the Rev. William came along. He was affectionately known as "Sweet William", because of his genuine happy smile and pleasing personality.

Tall, stately Mr. Delphinium looked smart in his natty blue suit, and as usual wore a Bachelor Button.

His wife, Iris, in her sweet little Alice Blue Gown, was a picture. Such simple charm!

Mrs. Narcissus, slender and graceful and all in white, was accompanied by her beautiful daughter Rose, in a delicate pink creation and wearing a corsage of tiny blue Forget-me-nots.

As they approached the little white Church the stately Tulips and Hyacinths nodded a welcome, and the Pansies smiled shyly from the border that encircled the velvety green lawn.

The Blue-bells rang out like vesper chimos over the verdant fields of the peaceful Countryside, proclaiming the most beautiful Easter Story of the ages, -

"He is risen."

G

Have faith in God's words and the ability He gave you to achieve

#144

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume I

December 1952

Number I

Martha Loomis Williams

Editor

West Winds Farm
Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! Dear Friends:



to you all. Seldom a day passes in this gorgeous Vermont countryside, without message of real friendship from U. A. P. A. members. The greatest excitement is a new Bundle. To say which publications I like best, is difficult. Each presents a different angle of thought, but one point I would like to stress first in August, told unconsciously, that Christian character predominated in each editor.

Here we are, approaching another holiday season. Uppermost in all hearts, with elections over, our new President is a man each can understand; simple, honest, courageous and loves his country. A great American! We who are inveterate radio fans, feel a bit let down. The thrill is over. Or is it just beginning? Freedom! Peace! The biggest thrill to work for is ahead. May we as members of UAPA do our bit to spread the thrill with determined effort to make those words ring true and real.

Our President, George Boehme, has presented a high aim. May we take it as a personal challenge and responsibility. Better members. Better publications. Took the wind out of my sails to even try to build one worthy of the name. So please be patient until I learn. Sent in deep humility.

New members response to welcome cards has been wonderful.

This is an opportunity to point a finger to August KLYS Number Twelve reference to American. Now in my scrap-book. Also appealed to a twelve-year old "boy friend".

Do we fortunate members realize what it means to our unselfish Officers and Mailer (my hat off to him!) sending Bundles every month? It's a wonderful accomplishment. The big thought, no one is paid. How many would do their job just for love of 350 members?

THE AMBASSADOR ranks as one of the many firsts. All are that in my estimation. Meeting an editor with whom one heartily agrees, that is tops. Haven't found words strong enough to tell him of my agreement.

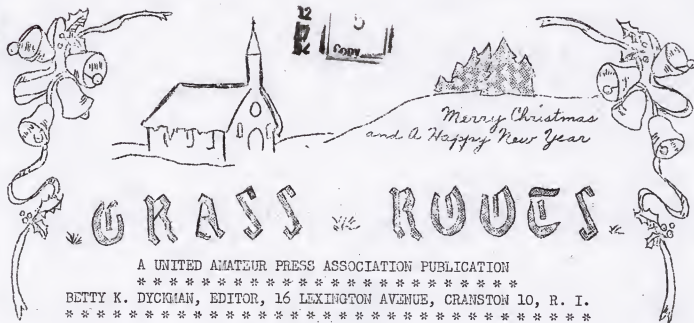
CLIFF CHAMLOW and its description charmed a friend here in town. member of The Bird Study Group. Using it on her program. In fact, many of your publications are passed on to appreciative readers.

WORDS is read by officers in our Writers Group, asking when will the next one come?

As a new member: CHATTERBOX painted a splendid picture of the Los Angeles Convention. As did WHO AND WHAT. and bring deep pride to their readers.

FLORIDIEN, most interesting reading. Carries a flaming torch for Tallulah! I asked her if she heard over the radio that Tallulah once said "No!" to the immortal John

Then the news from THE NEW SAYS. His beautiful poems. Who does not like to receive birthday greetings?



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BETTY K. DYCKMAN, EDITOR, 16 LEXINGTON AVENUE, CRANSTON 10, R. I.

Vol. 1

December 1952

No. 3

THE WORLD LIFTS UP ITS SOUL TODAY

Elizabeth Mae Crosby

Tune: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"

The world lifts up its soul today,
 Dear Lord, in prayer to Thee
 For Christian harmony on earth;
 Lord, grant its earnest plea;
 May ev'ry nation know the joy
 That flows through Christian love,
 And fellowship that comes when we
 Commune with Him above.

The world lifts up its soul today,
 Dear God, in ardent prayer,
 That sweet and everlasting peace,
 Its nations may declare;
 Lord, may we live a life of prayer,
 We need Thy help each day;
 Thy love divine will ever shine,
 If faithfully we pray.

Suggestion for a Christmas Gift

Have you ordered copies of PHILOSOPHIC FANTASIES by William Wallace Ellis? This is a delightful new book of poems just published by our past president. Just send \$1.25 plus 10¢ postage to Ellisionia, 315 Clinton Street, Findlay, Ohio. This 65 page book of poetry will not only make a wonderful Christmas gift but the sale of it will also help Bill in his effort to regain his sight.

DECEMBER

1952

Garden Symphony

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR

17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD 55, MASS.

IT HAPPENED IN BETHLEHEM
(A Christmas Story)

Tall Shepherds followed the star-lit path past the blue shadowed hills into the little town of Bethlehem.

Running ahead was a tawny brown-haired lad, cradling in his arms a tiny white lamb.

At the fireside of his humble home, early that evening, he had heard a strange story, and now, as he gazed at the sky, glowing with a peculiar vivid brightness, he chanted the words of the Angel's song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, - peace."

It seemed then, that a strange mantle of peace enfolded him.

His sandals tapped the minutes that seemed ages long, 'till he reached a rude stable, with latched door ajar.

There, he paused, as he gazed up at the light of a wonderfully bright star.

Opening the door very gently, he peered in, to find a precious babe cradled in His Mother's arms.

The light of the brilliant Star he had seen previously, seemed to send its golden ray directly where the little child lay.

Mary, the sweet Mother, whispered, "Draw closer, John, that you may see the Christ Child, (the Prince of Peace)". As she smiled tenderly it seemed the stable glowed with a truly wondrous light, and little John could now detect the Shepherds and Wise Men kneeling, and offering their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to the little King.

The lamb gently stirred in his arms and it seemed to the boy that the sweet infant smiled up at him.

Then he knelt in the hay at Mary's kind nod,

And gave his white lamb to the Dear Lamb of God.

Frances L. Swanson

THANKSGIVING 1952

This year we're truly thankful for
This blessing, - Heaven sent,
Our Nation realized the need
For change in Government.

Frances L. Swanson

JANUARY 1953

#147

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Garden Symphony

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

FRANCES L. SWANSON, 17 HILLSBORO ROAD,
(EDITOR) NEEDFORD 55, MASS.

Dedicated to G. Wallace Tibbetts

RESOLVED (1953)

by
Frances L. Swanson

Even if you are on the right
track, you will get run over
if you just sit there.

Nothing cooks your goose quicker
than a boiling temper.

There is no better EXERCISE for
strengthening the heart than
reaching down and lifting people
up.

Counting your blessings may lead
you into higher mathematics.

Today, -I'll say,
The kindly, helpful things
That peace and comfort brings.

Tomorrow, -No sorrow
Shall cloud another's sun
Because of deeds I've done.

In months to come
I'll pray "Thy will be done,"
Place in each hand a Bible, Lord,
Destroy each gun.

HIS MOTHER

Today, she watched those thinned out ranks march by,
To honor, with a bugle's haunting cry
Comrades, whose unreturning feet
Once proudly trod this gay old City's street.
To-night, she sits at home, - alone!
Tears flow, - a sigh, - a stifled moan,
As from Son's little desk, she takes
His toys. Oh how her sad heart aches!
A whittled boat, - a cart, with one wheel gone, -
She holds them to her heart, and murmurs "John!"
And then, across the miles there speeds a prayer;
"If I might have been with him, - overthere."
Dear Lord, when will the Nations ever learn
That wars are all in vain? When will they turn
To Thee? For envy turns to hate, and our Son's blood
Is spilled, dear God, in combat's crimson flood;
Must we again endure the throbbing summons of the drums?
Thou knowest our anguished hungering for lost loved ones;
Stretch forth Thine arm, oh Lord, and save
For better destiny, - this generation's sons.

*Frances L. Swanson.



F E B R U A R Y

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GARDEN SYMPHONY

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

 FRANCIS L. SWANSON, EDITOR - 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD 55, MASS. --

LINCOLN.

by

Frances L. Swanson



Not from a home of high and honored name,
 Nor from a mansion barred with pride and gold,
 But from a hut our Master Statesman came,
 Just a rude cabin, open to winter's cold;
 Stark lonely hills were silent all around,
 When in that shack a simple Mother wept,
 As she thanked God in prayer and joy profound,
 For her new son, who in her weak arms slept.
 No lordly acres heralded his birth,
 Only bleak fields that mocked the humble poor,
 But God was good, - He planted there true worth,
 Warm suns looked kindly through that open door;
 As this child grew in wisdom and in fame, -
 A Nation knew that Lincoln was his name.

* - *

LENT.

by

~~Frances L. Swanson~~

Let us keep Lent, by fasting from our thinking
 Of unforgiving thoughts, - from doubt and fear,
 Let us think "Faith" and "Love" and thus be linking
 Our hearts to Heavenly blessings through the year.

Let us abstain from bitterness and malice
 Through all the penitential Lenten days,
 Our souls uplifted like a Golden Chalice,
 For life to fill with gratitude and praise.

Then shall we go into our sweet garden,
 And kneeling there in reverential prayer,
 Our sins we'll ask our Blessed Lord to pardon,
 And in sincere repentance, - leave them there.

* - *

*

A small deed, well done is far better than the most sincere wish
 never carried out.

APRIL 1953

GARDEN SYMPHONY

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR - 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

SON'S VACATION

by
Frances L. Swanson.

He started off at dawn, for summer camp, -
How long he had been waiting for this day!
Our little lad, whose face still bears the stamp
Of baby-hood, - who has never been away
From home at night, - who flung a heavy pack
On boyish shoulders, sudden squared with pride,
Departed laughing, - not once looking back, -
I'm glad he didn't know his Mother cried.

Dear Father God, take special care of him, -
He's very trusting, and he is so young,
Return him sun-bronzed, sturdy, sound of limb,
With songs of wind and sunshine on his tongue;
With friends, adventure, campfire-dreams to prize,
With memories of Mountains in his eyes.

ooo
"TUMBLEWEED"

It was spring. Marilyn and Ronnie were seated on the bank of the winding Willamette River in the picturesque Champoege Park.

The trees were clothed in their new Easter ensembles, and their beauty reflected in the peaceful river. The dogwoods flaunted their creamy blossomed gowns against the jade and dark green of firs and hemlocks.

Tiny log cabins were dotted along the river bank, and a little white church nestled in a clump of pines at the end of the river road.

Wild canaries and meadow larks saluted the world with their song, and the warm spring sunshine made this a beauty spot, in which to dream.

Champoege had been an Indian village long before the white man had settled there. Then the name had been changed to "Tumbleweed."

It was an ideal spot for a honey-moon - the newlyweds agreed, as they discussed their last day's visit, and mapped out future years, hand in hand.

Ten years have passed, and as they had planned on that beautiful day when love was as young as the springtime, they were again strolling along the same entrancing river path in Tumbleweed - but this time Ronnie, Jr., age 8, and charming 5-year-old Mary Lou sailed their tiny boats at the river's edge, while little toddler, Teddy, held tightly to dad's and mother's hands, and blinked in the sunshine as he gazed up at little feathered friends, and listened to the chorus of the meadow larks in Tumbleweed.

-Frances L. Swanson.



GARDEN SYMPHONY

MAY 1953

FRANCES L. SWANSON
(EDITOR)

17 HILLSBORO ROAD
MEDFORD 55, MASS.



"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

'TO MOM - WITH LOVE'

by

Frances L. Swanson

Norman Carlyle opened the door of his beautiful "Flower Shoppe" one bright, sunny morning in May. He picked up the letters the postman had slipped through the door slot a few minutes earlier, and sat down behind his big mahogany desk to read his mail.

Several nice orders for Mother's Day, a few bills and then, a rather unusual letter, in a bold childish scrawl, which read:

"Dear Mister Carlyle:

My Mom loves flowers, so very much. She is always sick, and since last Mother's Day, she lost Dad, which makes her feel very sad. My oldest brother has infantile and is in a hospital. We do not mind doing without things, but when it comes to Mom we'd like to get her a flower, because Dad always bought one from you for Mother's Day when he lived. Now that he's gone, it's up to us, but we are all too small to work. Could you help us, Mister Carlyle? I promise to pay you from my first job, shoveling snow next winter; I'm 11, now. Please send Mom a rose.

Yours truly,

JOEL E. BATES,
16 Highland St."

Norman Carlyle's eyes grew misty, as he started to read the letter over again, when one of his best customers entered the store.

"Read this, Frank," he said, as he passed him the letter.

"We'll have to do something about this," Frank Ellis replied, understandingly.

"I intend to send a dozen American Beauties to Mrs. Bates, and sign the kid's name," Norman Carlyle said kindly, "after all, I happen to be a father, myself."

A florist's car stopped in front of the Bate's home on Mother's Day, and the driver carried a huge bouquet of American Beauty Roses to the widow of John Bates. The attached card said they were from her son, Joel, "WITH LOVE."

As Mrs. Bates carefully unwrapped them she smiled, through her tears. Joel grinned, too, but there was a trace of mist in his thoughtful blue eyes.

"After all, there are some awfully kind men in the world, Mom," he whispered.

"Yes, dear, and I think I'm looking at one now," she replied with love-light glowing in her understanding eyes.



GARDEN SYMPHONY

JUNE 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

 FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR 17 HILLSBORO ROAD MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS.

LAW OF COMPENSATION

by
 Thoda L. Pobst

This year I'll suit my garden to my needs:
 I'll grow at least as many plants as woods.

THE HERO

"I'm afraid we are to have undesirable neighbors," exclaimed the haughty Mrs. Stephen Bainbridge, contemptuously. "They look like foreigners, to be sure", answered her friend, Mrs. Oliver Wolcott.

"Their names are 'Laetzch,' I understand, whatever nationality that may be; at least, they are not Yankees. Well, we are not compelled to mix with the tribe, and we shall warn the children; perhaps, if they see that we do not consider them our social equals, they will decide to move; at least, they have only rented the cottage next door, for the summer, I've heard, with the option of buying, later, if they like it here."

The Wolcotts and Bainbridges had been neighbors and friends for the past nine years; their attractive summer cottages stood side by side, facing the ocean.

The Wolcott children, Oliver, Jr., Leo, and Jean had been the playmates of Mary Lou and Carol Ann Bainbridge, through the years.

From the screened porch of ALETHIA, the Wolcott's cottage, the two women watched the Laetzch family move into the small inferior cottage next door, and noticed that their children were rather poorly clothed, although they seemed like quiet youngsters. There were three boys in the family.

The Wolcotts and Bainbridges had kept their pledge to ignore the Laetzch's. Then, one day there was a great commotion on the beach, as Leo Wolcott ran toward the cottage screaming that Carol Ann Bainbridge had drowned.

Both Mothers ran to the water's edge where they saw Mr. Laetzch and one of his boys swimming toward them with little Carol Ann in Mr. Laetzch's arms. Then he applied first aid, which restored the terrified child to consciousness.

As they stood there, tears streaming down their guilty faces, they ventured to offer their thanks, and shake the hand of the foreigner they had refused to acknowledge as a neighbor, who had now proved to be such a worthy friend.

"Don't tank me, ladies," he said in his broken English. "It was my son, Douglas, who hold your little girl's head above water, 'till I reached them. You see, I was in the war, and I admire General MacArthur and General Wainwright, so my wife and me, we decide to name two of our boys for these great heroes," and taking them by the hand

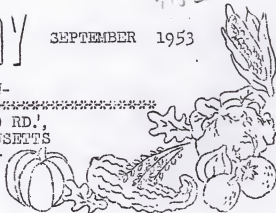
GARDEN SYMPHONY

SEPTEMBER 1953

-A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION-

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR 17 HILLSBORO RD.,
BEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

JIM



He was a strange sort of fellow, so likable, always wanting to be accommodating, always generous, - a kindly sort.

Yet, here he was in Prison for a major offense. He had been one of a gang of bank robbers and faced a stiff sentence. The warden couldn't seem to fathom Jim, at all; he had watched him closely, and studied him, day after day, as he read and re-read, the little verse Jim had printed, and hung on the wall of his cell:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

The day came when blood plasma was needed badly for the boys wounded in battle, and the Warden's offer of three to six months off the sentence of any prisoner who would volunteer to give their blood. Most of the prisoners stood around, looking surly, - saying nothing; three to six months didn't mean much to those serving sentences of fifteen to twenty-five years, but Jim came forward, smiling in his usually good natured way.

"Come on, fellas," he said, "we're not doing much here to make the world safe for Democracy, - these poor kids need our help, what have we to lose?" Then, addressing the Warden, he said, "take me, first, Warden, even if I never get an hour off my sentence, perhaps I can do one good (boy scout) deed, before I kick in!" That was Jim!

The others came forward, sheepishly, and as Jim returned to his cell, he gave each fellow a pat on the back, which really meant something.

Several weeks passed. Then one day, Jim took suddenly ill and was rushed to the operating room of the prison hospital, suffering intense pain. The doctor diagnosed his case as acute appendicitis, recommending an emergency operation.

Jim asked to see the Warden, and whispered, "If I don't come back, Warden, thanks for everything, and please see that they take my eyes to help some poor soldier who has been blinded."

But Jim did come back. His recovery was complete, and his release from prison followed soon on the heels of his recovery.

"Yes", the Warden remarked as he bade Jim 'good-bye', "There is much good in the worst of us; I've discovered that, since meeting you, Jim. Good luck, now, and if you ever need a friend, look me up."

*** - ***

*

If you think you are useless, it is pretty good evidence that you are.
If you think you are indispensable, it is pretty good evidence you are not.

No matter how startling a bit of news may be, it rarely leaves a woman speechless.



GARDEN - NOVEMBER 1953 -

SYMPHONY

DEDICATED
TO
EDWARD F. DAAS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR - 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD 55, MASS. - 0-

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

by
FRANCES L. SWANSON.

"Oh, here he comes now. Imagine him taking that girl into his own home, and his wife still in the hospital! He isn't even thinking about Mary or that darling baby, - not a week old, yet.

Look at them laughing and talking, -- I told you so, Margie; you can't trust a handsome man; the lights are burning in his windows until all hours, and I don't know what time she leaves there; it must be very late, if at all."

Liz, the renowned village gossip never gives any one the benefit of the doubt. Her four-party line is her deadliest weapon. She was now relating the latest developments of her next door neighbors, to her friend, Margie Thompson.

The next week literally flew. Then one day Liz's door-bell rang. She rushed eagerly to answer it, hoping it would be the laundry-man or the baker to tell her whether Mary Atcheson had returned home from the hospital yet, or not.

"Ay, - hello, Mary! How you surprised me! You look fine; come in and sit down and tell me all about the baby. How is he? And Bill, your poor husband, - how he must have missed you!

He looked so lonesome and forlorn, trudging up the stairs all alone every night."

"Ay, Mrs. Hopkins, Bill wasn't alone at all. His sister, Grace, and her little girl from New Jersey came here to keep house for him, while I was in the hospital. They painted and papered every night, after they had visited me, and they re-modeled our den into the sweetest nursery for Bill, Jr. I certainly have a wonderful husband and sister-in-law."

"I know, Mary. How well I know! Why only yesterday I was telling Mrs. Thompson how devoted he is to you. Oh, yes I'm a real judge of people; I can always say, 'I told you so'."

*** - ***

DOONIE AND HIS NEW PUPPY

Honest Mom, I didn't coax him,
He just sort of tagged behind,
Really, Mom, I'm sure he likes me,
Can't I keep him? You won't mind!

You know, Mom, he'd be so useful, -
He could help me with chores,
I'd just bet he'd pull a wagon
With our groceries from the store!

Look, his little tail keeps waggin'
See how cute he cooks his ear,
Honest, Mom, don't think I'm braggin',
But he seems to like it here.

See, he's lookin' in your eyes, Mom
Hoping you will let him stay, -
Gee! you mean that I can have him,
Pal, - this is our lucky day.

By GARDEN SYMPHONY.

GARDEN

DECEMBER 1953

A

UNITED

AMATEUR

PRESS

ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR
17 HILLSBORO RD., MEDFORD 55, MASS.

THE HOUSE WITH A SMILE

by

Frances L. Swanson



There's a little white house with shutters of green
 Nestled down among Hemlock and Pine,
 It's an etching in color, - a gay Christmas scene,
 When at night all the windows all shine
 With soft lamps from within, and a welcoming glow
 Frames the door with its bright sprig of Holly,
 Curling smoke from the chimney, - a path in the snow
 Lend an air that is friendly and jolly;
 That passers-by slacken their hurrying pace,
 To gaze at the picturesque sight
 Of a little white house, with a smile on its face
 Bringing cheer to a cold winter night.

OO - OO

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

by

Frances L. Swanson

Because a Child was born one winter night
 In a small town beyond the East's far rim,
 All children of the earth should claim our care,
 Remembering Him.

Because we cannot take our gifts of love
 Down the long road to where our Saviour lay,
 Let us seek out some lonely, wistful child
 On earth, today.

Let us bring light and gladness to those hearts
 Too young to know why suffering should be,
 Let us take cheer to some abiding place
 Of bitter poverty.

Let us not miss one lonely, needy child,
 Because the Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 For all the gifts that we would bring to Him,
 He bids us take - to them.

THE GOLDEN GATE

AMATEUR LOG

Entries by A. P. Sontum, 12 Tenth Street, Petaluma, California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Second Entry

May 1953

II

Now if you'll take a map of California and find the 40th latitude which is about 236 miles north of San Francisco, you will discover the most westerly point on California's 1000 miles coast line, there you will notice the town of Ferndale which is situated about 16 miles south-east of Eureka in Humboldt County. It is watered by the Eel River which has two forks, the north and the south, both having their source in Mendocino County. Highway No. 101 follows the south fork and the Northwestern Pacific R. R. runs along the north fork of the river. It is near the town of Scotia where the two streams join and emerges out of the Sonoma Mountains on the easterly boundary of California. Here is located the Eel River Valley which is something like 14 miles broad and from 28 to 30 miles long. It contains some of the most fertile soil in the state of California.

It was in this territory that I spent the first fifteen years of my youthful life in America. At this period the land was surveyed into 20, 40 and up to 100 acre dairy ranches. When cleared every acre was sufficient to feed one cow through an entire year. It was therefore expedient to get such valuable soil cleared from brush and large spruce trees and put into production. When such task was finished the value per acre would go as high as \$750. However, if it was not safe from being flooded by the freshet waters of the rushing Eel River it became much less in value. At this point I wish to remind the reader of the song, "Old Man River, it just keeps rolling along." This the Eel River has done for more than centuries; the turbulent stream should have been straightened so as to keep a direct course. The State authorities offered to do so but the settlers thought it too expensive an undertaking because it would have involved the outlay of \$1.25 extra per acre. Today however, the younger generation lament the folly of their fathers because hundreds of these valuable acres are now nothing but gravel and sand bars. Various methods have been employed to stop the river from its destructive force but without avail. Whenever a large amount of snow in the mountains comes down through a heavy, warm rainfall because the tide waters from the Pacific Ocean backs it up and when the river gets about level full it washes something awful.

Occasionally I take a trip up to my former home town and I scarcely recognize some of the ranches on which I used to work and I say to myself: "What folly of men when they stand in their own light." I have noticed such in various states where I have lived later on in my years. Though I must return to the period of my youth when I labored

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THE GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

#156

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Entries by A. P. Sontum, 12 Tenth Street, Petaluma, California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Third Entry

June 1953

III

It so happened that my wife had an uncle up in the Red River territory and we decided to turn over the grocery business to her father in the Fall of 1905. We then bought a few head of cattle together with some farming implements and in November we arrived in the little village of Innisfail situated on the Edmonton Calgary R.R. Though I shall not at this period of my life relate the trials and tribulations we conquered by the end of 1909 when we disposed of our estate because we realized that my wife's health had been undermined during our four years of occupation. The best we could do was to pull stakes and return to the U. S. where she could be put into the care of a competent physician.

In the Spring of the following year her condition was much improved. We had taken into our care a little adopted daughter before we left Canada which had helped to cheer her. Next we decided to take an excursion tour out here to the coast of California to give my wife an opportunity to meet our relatives. We found the city of San Francisco still bearing the scars from the catastrophic fire of 1906. The tour gave us another chance to sail through the Golden Gate. Our ticket allowed us a stay of six months but this was cut short by a special incident and we stayed but half the time. The reason was that I received a letter from a friend, formerly of Alberta, who had traded his homestead in Canada for a farm near Bruce, Rusk County, Wisconsin. The letter stated that a neighbor had recently lost his wife and was anxious to dispose of his forty acre farm at once for the very reasonable sum of \$1,200. which was actually worth \$2,000. It struck me as a bargain and we decided to investigate the proposition and after a little more than two weeks I had purchased the property and moved up there in October 1909.

Luck seemed to have found us because the following Spring I could have realized a profit of \$800. by selling it. The chance caught me by surprise as I hadn't even plowed a furrow the previous Fall when potatoes had been at an all time high value. So I remained standing in my own light by desiring to double my money but it turned out as a dismal loss when I asked the sum of \$2,500. to move off the place. I received my punishment four years later when in the Summer of 1912 I lost my potato crop through an extremely wet Fall and early frost. The Spring of 1913 showed a milder appearance and my crop that season encouraged me to put our home on the market because we had decided to move to Luck, Polk County, Wisconsin, on account of more favorable church facilities.

GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

5 OCT 1953

#157

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - FOURTH ENTRY
 ***** SEPTEMBER 1953 *****
 Entries by A.P.SONTUM, 12 TENNH ST., PETALUMA, CALIF. *****

As my health has at this period become quite a bit improved I shall endeavor to keep my promises loyally by mailing another bud saved off from my Amateur Log. I have determined to name this entry in my Golden Gate Amateur Log, 'Life's Aspect', for the reason that my previous entries dealt with episodes of my personal life, but this will pertain to life in general. Supposing that I should at one time or another venture out into the multitude of mankind and submit to various passerbys this most important query: What are you living for? Or what does life mean to you? I should perchance not receive any two similar answers to my question.

Presumably a business man would reply: "I am living in order to get ahead." The tradesman would answer: "For something worth while." - the capitalist: "To gain national fame." The laborer: "To provide for my family." And the sick would respond: (with his only desire) "To get well. And so forth according to each individual's aim in their walk of life.

Now, if I, should put my query directly before each amateur member of our association, what would your answer be? I shall not be able to conclude. Perhaps you would say: "I do not know, life is such a mystery after all!" Oh, yes, your opinion is commendable. We must admit numerous definitions have been submitted and perhaps no accurate answer has been arrived at.

There is an old legend that states, 'a meadow lark, taking flight, whistled: "What is life? What is life?" A little canary bird, singing, responded: "Life is joy! Life is joy!" But the ant answered: "Life is work, work, work, duty, duty!" The mole exclaimed: "Life is a groping in the dark." The dropping rain announced: "Life is tears!" At last a big eagle, stretching out its wings, and soaring into space screamed: "Life is freedom, freedom!" As the sun enveloped everything in its golden rays it revealed a beautiful and fascinating picture and yet how deceiving.

Alas! -- As yet we have not arrived at life's definite reality. I imagine I hear you protestingly exclaim: "What then is life's realization?" Here permit me to use my personal conception: "Life is Purpose!" By Purpose I mean some inspired ideal built upon a sound unshakable foundation, - a foundation which is not put together of materialistic, personal views and opinions, but molten together of tried, and found to be true facts; such facts which we find wrapped up between the sacred leaves of holy scripture. Let us investigate to become convinced by looking up, John 6:63-our Lord and Master states: "The words That I have spoken unto you are spirit, and they are life!"

My fellow amateurs, did you get it? Do you comprehend this Divine Master came to live among men in all walks and activities of life. He had a real purpose and definite goal, such we are assured of by reading John 6:33-44. He did not come only to show us the purpose of life, but also to give us that which sustains life, bread (or in other words, Strength.) Now, I do not mean to preach to you, but are you at this instant realizing what the phrase of life means? And are you being nourished by the Word of God, also drinking of that refreshing and overflowing fountain by which the thirst of all your noble and honest desires,



GOLDEN GATE

#158

SIXTH ENTRY - DECEMBER 1953

AMATEUR LOG

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Entries by A. P. SOINTUM, 12 TENTH STREET, PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA

By the encouragement of my several friends and appreciative members of the Association to keep up the good works, I shall be pleased to do so. Hoping, however, that this my topic which I have chosen shall not displease anyone in too great a measure, because each individual will have his or her different idea about my thesis of, TIME.

First we may ask what is Time? A certain poet writes: "Time is the warp of life; oh tell the young, the fair, to weave it well." It is likely that he has observed the passage by the apostle in his letters to the Ephesians 5; 15-16: "Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise: redeeming the time, because the days are evil." In other words: **MAKE THE MOST OF TIME, WISELY.**

The generation of our day have the opinion that time is money. The nothing can be further from the truth, because time is not any material substance, for the reason that it is unlimited and goes on forever. In reference to this let us consult the book of "Books". In its first chapter it states in the beginning or in other words, at a definite period. May we not then conclude that time is a space of moments? Prior to these moments all was darkness, because the Creator said: "Let there be light!" And there was light! Therefore I wish to state: "Time is a period between two intervals viz: the space between darkness and light. During this interval a revolution takes place. According to this we know that time is not moments of leisure or inactivity, but moments filled with precious actions and achievements."

In the third chapter of Ecclesiastes we read thus: "For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven; yea even down to the simplest task as that of gathering stones, and also a time to cast them away. But before the author closes with his explanation, he expresses the wish that men in time may see their own situation before God. On account of such permit me to ask you, my associate member, are you using the precious moments of time to actively live with thy God? This is very important, because in every word of understanding He should be the first; if not then thou dost not know the value of time, or the precious moments in which we live.

I have worked with so many individuals who declared that time was their own, and so they endeavored to "kill time" even in their useful employment, and still expected to receive their due wages. Though God has commanded that thou shalt not steal, and to receive something we have not earned, in the way of our duty, can come in under that category. We must not forget that God created the light that we may be able to look through the darkness.

I stated at the beginning that time was not money, but I do not deny that it has a relation to economical value. But its real value is the precious moments in which we live and serve our God.

GREEN MOUNTAIN

CHEER

A UNITED
AMATEUR

PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Volume 1

January 1953

Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams
Editor

West Winds Farm
Woodstock, Vermont

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Cheerio! Dear Friends:

Thank you all, for letters and kind greetings. Response from Birthday and Welcome cards, still prove a little act of heart-warming friendship creates happiness in an unhappy world. Sign of relief swept over the Nation when radio first told us of General Eisenhower's safety. Let us hope and pray, the heads of two great U. S. Generals will find a solution to Korean suffering.

With strongest praise, may I say that the Christmas Bundle is a masterpiece of color and beauty. Individual expression, that real Christian spirit shines in every heart and written word, instead of Santa Claus. Singling out one or two poems, already in the "pet" scrap book. Story of Bethlehem from Frances Swan and her complete Symphony. Then God's Christmas Cards from Frances Vaughn in The Man sa ys. As always, again in complete agreement with Ambassador's human appraisal of present conditions. Very wonderful is Soldier's Night Before Christmas in The Mail Pouch. What does it say to us? I climax our enjoyment with picture of Ellisonian's beloved editor. His beautiful greeting, words of endearing love and friendship: "May God love you for your gifts to us." Also Dr. Thompson's golden inspiration. Both passed on to invalid friends.

Supreme in our thought is Norbert, our Mailer. Just figure how many BRAIN CHILDREN he pushes into envelopes each month, for you and me. Thank you Norbert, for your fine work. Hope you have a "patient" New Year.

DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

"Yes, I know darling. I'll take the shirts back today. You left a mess after measuring every sleeve." Putting his arm around his smiling wife. "Honey, I must have that dress shirt for the banquet tonight." Venturing to remark, "Those purple, orange socks your mother gave me, will stop a clock." Hiding her smile behind the crumpled shirts. Probably left over from afghans. "Dad, I'll take over, not to hurt her feelings. Wish Uncle Jim had given me a ball club instead of this"....."Never mind my dears, everything will go back. But Jim, did you ever see a red-head wear a deep pink blouse?" She waited. "And it's size 40 and I wear 14. So that will go back too!" Conversation lagged as she said to herself, "Macy's will be packed today." When she arrived at the store, two lines of returns reached the elevator. A man's voice called, "Ladies you MUST stand in line!" She was due at the dentist's in half an hour.

Skiers are flocking to Vermont's popular winter sport. Mt. Mansfield is the best and highest point in the state.

"Our trials are the branches by which we catch on, and try!"

GREEN MOUNTAIN

A UNITED
AMATEUR

CHEER

PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

MARCH 1953

VOLUME 1-NUMBER 4

MARTHA LOONIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

Cheerio! Every One!

Chirp of the first robin in the Spring,
Never fails it's yearly thrill to bring!
The second feathered harbinger we hear,
Just another bird back again this year. (H.L.W.)

How proud was every American, when President Eisenhower read his own composed Prayer, at the beginning of his Inaugural. Televised, Radioed, Printed for all the world to see, hear and read. Has that ever happened before? We can well exclaim, "What a man!"

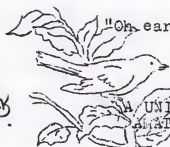
Four new Publications in the January Bundle were most welcome. EDITORIAL GUIDANCE BUREAU BULLETIN, HI THERE, THE ASSEMBLY LINE and OH LOOK. Each with an individual, helpful message. THE MAIL POUCH introduced eleven new members. Do not fail to welcome them to our friendly family. The pleasant response proves their friendly appreciation.

March is the sugaring season in Vermont. May I tell you a little about it? We still have snow on the hills. Do not let anyone believe it is easy work. Vermont people like it; and are those outside this state glad? Tapping the maples with brace and bit, hanging covered buckets are the first steps. Depending on warm sunshine during the day, with a night freeze. The season at best, is short, demanding strict attention to business. Collecting the sap and hauled to the sugarhouse, on a sleigh by old Bess and Man in full force. Proving their superiority for once, where a tractor cannot adapt itself among the close growing maples. I wonder if they don't shake their manes victoriously, on their way past their rival, back to the barn? Or it may be a yoke of oxen playing their part in the sugar game. They tell me, cold maple sap is a good thirst quencher, taken in moderation. This farm enterprise requires skill throughout the harvest; especially the right time to stop boiling, at 219 degrees. The hot, frosh syrup is carefully strained through felt filters. Run into cans, sealed and labeled it is ready for the market. State laws enforce quality and strict labeling. Vermont farm women use maple sugar for cooking and are proud to give you many recipes.

Snow still clings to the hills
While March sugr season fulfills
Yearly promise with sweet maple
sap
Quietly waiting southern sun to
unwrap
And thaw, after cold freezing night.
Vermonters' tender soul-warming
sight.
From bucket to steaming iron kettle

(H.L.W.)

One friendly, best way will settle
Old social debts, with pan-filled
snow
And boiled-down syrup dropping
slow,
Making waxy, toothsome sugaring-off
Never, Green Mountain Tradition
scoff,
With gram's raised doughnuts-cof-
fee-pickle.
Even city bred tongues will sure-
ly tickle.



"On earth, you're too wonderful for any one to realize you."
Thornton Wilder

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

UNITED
ARTIST

PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Volume I

APRIL 1953

Number 5

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

Cheerio! To all:

I realize this will be too late for Easter, but the octave continues through the month of April.

EASTER VICTORY

CHRIST risen is hope, power, victory today.

This truth will help to wipe away

All doubt, while we proclaim the story,

CHRIST came to earth in all HIS GLORY.

ALLELUIA! Praise HIS name. M.L.W.

* * *

At this serious time the nations must make decisions on the recent attacks to our planes. Still more recent, the Soviet offer to settle tensions by peaceful means is believed that only deeds will prove its truth.

And we turn to April giving us the Divine Truth and the Blessed Truth in which we celebrate the Resurrection of the Risen Christ.

Resurrection dwells in all nature; the earth is aglow with birthing its hidden growth. God's protection from frost and cold, resting as it were, until He sends soft winds and warm sun bringing forth the glorious rupture of the first bud and leaf.

The revert to April in all hearts, to revivify action, with new strength, faith and hope.

Closer communion with God in His Church. The garden, the office and the home. One of the most important functions of Religion is to keep before us the perpetual memory of the Risen, living Christ.

George Herbert says, "Who takes Thee by the hand, that thou likewise with Him arise." La Farge tells us, "There are things that nothing but poetry can tell. And the following is the very poor and feeble attempt to portray what is the real picture here in West Winds Farm."

IT'S SPRING

It's Spring! Say robins and bluebirds;

With velvet pussywillows too.

All singing the same joyful words..

Awake! We're here to tell you.

And understand the touch of Spring:

Start a garden, dig, plant, sing.

Watch the sacrament of love and life

Drive away each strain and strife.

Suddenly behold from its earthy bed

Violets, tulip lifts a crimson head.

Warm showers touch and balmy winds bring,

Greeting! With the glorious name Spring. M.L.W.



"I saw God passing by at the opening of a flower in Spring."

GREEN MOUNTAIN

VOL. 1 - NO. 6

A UNITED
AMATEUR

Lay CHEER

1953

PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

Cheerio! Spring Greetings.

Warm breezes scent the atmosphere.
Singing apple blossoms must be near.
Nature's vision of pure delight,
Satisfies a man's love and sight
To devour under the rolling blue,
Apple blossoms pink, ravishing hue
His lady loves to buy and wear
Under her crown of shining hair.

L.L.W.

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN VERMONT

Washington has its cherry blossoms, Bermuda its lilies, Florida its orange blossoms, California its calla lily, Vermont in May, millions of apple blossoms against a background of green mountains, or sparkling lakes.

With about one hundred commercial apple growers, as well as many farmers with small orchards, bringing the average income of two million and fifty thousand dollars to the state each year.

When you admire the fragile beauty of apple blossoms, you should know the story of what has happened and what is going to happen to make them into apples. Apple buds are formed in June, the year before they bloom; on the tree a whole year before they burst into pink or white flowers. Each bud opens into five or six individual blossoms. The center is the largest and known as the king flower. Recent methods for a good crop, is spraying or applying hormones. Grwers prefer pink flowers because bees are more likely to visit them and collect particles of the pollen in pockets on their legs carrying it from tree to tree and saving some to carry back to the hive for their young to feed on. Artificial pollination is becoming popular throughout the nation and Vermont orchardists are interested in this process. There is always a gamble in the apple business. Cool, wet weather, cloudy and strong winds mean the honey bees stay home and the blooms are not pollinated. How prone we are to take every thing for granted, even the apples we eat with great satisfaction, as we do a perfect day in May.

M.L.W.

A LONELY ROAD

I walked along a lonely road
That knew the care of years.
Tried in vain to see a smile
To help take away the tears.
Said to myself, is it worth while?
Does any one seem to care
If the road goes up or down,
Or if it leads anywhere.

A voice to my soul did cry
Don't falter, carry on.
Many have travelled this road
And a victory they have won.
Rays of hope shone through the gloom.
For a new day dawned for me.
Some one cared, some one knew
Rich blessings, I would see.
Henry G. Williams

27
G "If Prayer means something to you, say so, tell some one!"

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

#163

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -

VOLUME 1

JUNE 1953

NUMBER 7

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

Cheerio! Dear Friends:

Here we are again waiting to talk things over together. Most significant, the stirring problems our President Eisenhower is bravely facing with eloquent words, seldom, if ever given and accepted by the eager world as a great Masterpiece. Ringing with Faith, Truth and noble Manhood.

"I am only one, but I am one;
I cannot do every thing,
But I can do some thing.

What I can do, I ought to do
And what I ought to do,
By the Grace of God I will do."
Canon Farrar.

FERNS FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Am bringing this June story, which may not be a surprise, but was to me when I recently came to Vermont. Am curious to see men emerge from woods with wooden racks strapped to their backs. As one whose curiosity knows no bounds, was amazed when told.

Back in the green hills of Vermont, is a small flourishing industry. Giving income to considerable people, about which few ever know. These men are trained pickers of the Nephrodium Spinulosum Intermedium Lace Fern. They cover our woodlands and bring the days pick back, where trucks wait to rush to storage plants from which they eventually go by fast railway express or plane to the principle cities of the United States. This thriving business was founded over forty years ago and has grown from horse-and-wagon matter to an industry employing over a hundred workers.

The fern is mature enough for immediate shipment the last of June. But for storage and winter shipment, picking begins the first of August. Season ends in October with enough ferns to supply florists the year round. Some thirty million must be gathered, sorted and stored in ten weeks. A tense business while it lasts.

The Fancy Fern is a beautiful and lacy one, with color the finest green for blending with gorgeous blooms in the florist shops. They endure being handled three times and stored for months, but must be kept in an unvarying temperature, but never frozen. Unlike many beautiful things in our woods, picking does not kill out its growth. Gathering is a rugged job. It loves moisture and rough country. The picker must grasp the stem and break off near the ground. Twenty-five fronds are carefully placed one upon another, tied and left on the ground; when an area has been covered, the picker gathers up the bunches placing tip to stem and transfers them to his rack. By working from sunrise to sunset the picker can bring out ten thousand ferns in a day. One feature, no bugs feed upon it. Its method of propagation is without seeds; small spores on the back of the mature fronds contain both eggs and sperm. These blow to new locations where under favorable conditions of moisture, the new plant grows. A dyed-in-wool Vermonter said he liked the thought, "Nature must like green she made so much of it."

M.L.W.

-We give thanks for the blessings in this free land.



GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME 1 NOVEMBER 1963 NUMBER 12

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

CHEERIO! The Season's Greetings to you!

November opens with All Saints Day:
Those blessed souls for whom we pray.
And who left their examples of life
For us here on earth's daily strife. M.L.W.

That first Thanksgiving on Plymouth's rugged shore,
Had no glistening, turkey laden table, but far more
Understanding of values, their food was prayer and love
The Holy Spirit's unction sent down from Him above. L.L.W.

WINTER TREES

Out walking today in the invigorating air, as intoxicating as old rare wine. Trudging along, I was again thrilled with the beauty of bark on our most common trees. The poplar has a soft grey-green bark with a rich stain sheen. And the wild cherry with dark red in its browns, suggests an old Rembrandt painting. Grey may not be a real color, but when winter sunshine falls on the light grey bark of maples or beeches, with a leaping squirrel from each limb, the picture is complete.

I came upon a clump of white birches with bark that has tissue paper, revealing off revealing tints of cream, tan and even orange, pink, green. I view many from my favorite window, a veritable winter sunset in miniature. Winter trees are fascinating in masses from a distance.

Along a brook or roadside ditch pussy willows rest for the first spring budding, a long, cold wait. On the way home, I planned to pick up a nice pile of butternuts by the stone wall and to my surprise only three were left; in wonderment soon discovered a tall beech, grown old, but a sheltering round hole on its side high up from the wall, told the story of my butternuts. Then to make it true, a brown head with one in its mouth and two beady eyes peered from the hole, seeming to smile and say, "I beat you to it this time!" M.L.W.

To live here with nature, is a wonderful respite after years of walking along Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Central Park a recompense.

THE FAMILY FEAST

With October Indian Summer gone for another year:
Comes chilly November and its family feast to cheer.
Home coming again for glad Thanksgiving Day;
Together, in America's good, old fashioned way.
Grandma, grandpa, our dear father and mother;
Perhaps aunts, uncles, always sister and brother.
Who is there, without once in each loving heart
Such a picture rests deep, never to depart?
A dearly loved father reverently bows his head,
Asking God's blessing on all, will be shed.
And thanking the Giver, each life for being spared
To mingle again with affection deeply shared. M.L.W.

GREEN MOUNTAIN



#165

VOL. 2 - NO. 1

DECEMBER 1953

CHEER

"Glory to God in the highest, and
-on earth peace and good will!"



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

DECEMBER! Most honored month to proudly say
I always bring the Christ-Child's Holy Day.
Wrapping a mantle of ice and white snow:
But warm, loving hearts spread it's glow.

For be it clime of warmth, or wintry cold,
The Christmas Star shines where all behold.
With scintillating welcome and beaming light
Proclaims the Blessed Saviour's Love and Might.

That Holy Night dipped in centuries of time
Repeats His Story, with it's Truth sublime.
While Merry Christmas with Greetings we bring
To honor CHRIST THE LORD OUR KING! (M.L.W.)

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM

A sunny, white Christmas. Trees mantled in glistening snow, the whole earth seemed bathed in fairyland. Night descended with a round old moon smiling down, surrounded with a galaxy of glittering stars. One majestic roof fretted with shooting diamonds, spread an aura of splendor around the Eve of Christmas. The perfect shaped spruce had been cut from the woods beyond the pasture: chosen because nature had hung her pine cone tassels on the upper branches. Candles and tinsel with colored balls and from the top a shining star pointed to the heaven's above:-all handed down from each generation; beginning with grandmother.

Stockings hung in a row along the old oaken fireplace with a message above crackling logs. After a day of busy preparation, not a soul was ready for sleep. Certain wonder and excitement permeated the family.... guessing what waited, until the morn, in the irresistible many-colored, carefully labeled packages-all hung, or rested their enticing contents under the sparkling tree-to match or outdo those outside in the moonlight. Then cries for the usual Christmas stories. But first, favorite. Carols accompanied my dear, sweet grandmother seated at her mellow-toned rosewood melodian-her father's own gift on her twelfth birthday. All felt sure the Herald Angels were hovering over the peaceful little home nestled high on the hillside. And if far up on the mountain they could touch the sky. Our proud father read the familiar "Night Before Christmas!" And grandfather read the Nativity from St. Luke's Gospel, as no one else could read, his deep rich voice emphasized each word. Our darling mother's beautiful soprano brought tears to each face, as she sang "Holy Night". Grandmother seemed lost in deep thought; closed her eyes and looked up as in deep prayer. Finally she almost whispered, "Would any-

GUIDANCE BUREAU



EXCLUSIVELY A
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BULLETIN

#166

HELEN E. MIDDLETON, EDITOR
317 EXMOUTH ST., SARNIA, ONT., CANADA

MARIE HAND, CO-EDITOR
AKRON, INDIANA, U.S.A.

ACTS MAKE HABITS - HABITS MAKE CHARACTER - CHARACTER MAKES DESTINY!!
Try to remember that as you tackle this New Year with high hopes of more success in your writing! Perform the act of sitting yourself down at your desk and producing a certain amount of copy each day, be it delightful or drivel. This repeated act becomes a habit, so that without conscious thought you do your stint of writing daily. Gradually this habit becomes a part of your character, so that it may be said of you, "He's a quiet, thoughtful sort. Kind-hearted; likes to drive a fast car and talk till midnight." As much a part of you as the way you walk. That, in turn, may alter your entire future. Need I say more?

RESPONSE to my request for markets has been very gratifying. I list some of these below. Please continue to send in names and addresses of any you've discovered that are reasonably kind to those of us who are still struggling in the writing field.
MONTANA POETRY QUARTERLY, Jessie L. Ferro, Ed., Seeley Lake, Mont.
(25¢ per copy...\$1.00 per year)
CALALUS, Sophie S. Walbert, Editor, Box 250, Kulpville, Penna.
POESY BOOK, Helen L. Linham, Editor, 51 Ausdale Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.
THE ARCHER, Box 3857, Victory Center Sta., No. Hollywood, Cal. -\$1.00 year.

Of course you know about typing one poem only, double-spaced, to a page; put your name and address in top left-hand corner, number of lines (not words) in upper right-hand corner, and always enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Many editors are extremely helpful; and the least we can do is show ordinary courtesy.

CONTEST - CONTEST - CONTEST -- A book prize will be given for the best poem, twenty lines or less, sent to me (please note new address) within the next month, on your conception of the Hereafter. Please put your new resolution into effect by consolidating your thoughts on this vital subject, and expressing them on paper. If return of poem is desired, addressed envelope with loose U.S. stamps will be appreciated. I'll use these later, and mail your envelope with Canadian postage.

ON THE PERSONAL SIDE may I take a little space here to say thank you a thousand times to all the kind souls who made my December birthday brighter by their thoughtful greetings, and to those who sent me such gay and pretty Yuletide messages? I never in my life received so many lovely birthday cards! It was a thoroughly delightful experience. Please consider this a personal thank you to each of you! We moved into our new home only twelve days before Christmas, so you can imagine how busy I've been. In addition to that, my only brother, 22 years old, is seriously ill in hospital with heart disease that only surgery can cure, and the results at this time very uncertain; so I've been deeply troubled. At such a spot in one's life, messages from friends carry more than their usual meaning. Bless you all!

--Helen E. Middleton

GARDEN A HAPPY NEW YEAR SYMPHONY TO ALL!

JANUARY
1954



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON, EDITOR-17 HILLSBORO RD., MEDFORD 55 MASS.

IN HIS MEMORY
by
Frances L. SWANSON

The pupils in the little country school-house were agog with curiosity when Walter Seymour was called to the teacher's desk. Walter had excelled in his studies, and had earned the highest marks in every subject for the past year, so his classmates felt assured that no reprimand was forthcoming, yet the teacher looked stern as she peered over her horn-rimmed glasses.

It was the closing day of school, before Christmas vacation. "Walter," she smiled, "I have just had a letter from a lady by the name of 'Emory', who has asked me to have you meet her at Warner's Clothing Store at the 'Four Corners', at eleven o'clock. You are to go to the main office of the store and introduce yourself, as she claims she has never met you."

"I don't know her, either," Walter answered in his quiet, manly way. "Do you really think I should go, Miss MacArthur?" "I'll send Johnnie Andrews along with you, and he can return immediately after you have met Mrs. Emory."

Sure enough, when the boys reached their destination, Mrs. Emory was waiting, and Johnnie left hurriedly, as he had been instructed to do.

"So this is Walter?" Mrs. Emory inquired, placing her plump jewelled hands on his slight shoulders.

"Yes, Ma'am, - but I haven't met you before, and I am wondering how you know me?"

"I have heard a lot about you, Walter," she answered smiling; "come with me to the Boy's Department, - I want you to try on a coat."

Walter's eyes sparkled as he tried on several leather coats with fur collars, then a suit of fine texture, gloves, cap and shoes. Never had he worn such expensive clothing.

"I had heard a lot about you, Walter; I have heard that you are the oldest of eight children, isn't that correct?" Walter nodded. He was speechless with surprise.

"And I have heard that in spite of many handicaps, you stand ace high in your class," she continued.

"Now dear, during the past year, I have lost my oldest son, in Korea. He was only five years older than you, so in his memory, this Christmas, I am remembering you. You see, I also have eight children, but my name is not Emory: that is my sister's name. I am Mrs. A. C. Warner, - my husband is Proprietor of this store: now you understand, dear."

(over)

FEBRUARY #68
1954

GARDEN SYMPHONY



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

 FRANCIS L. SWANSON, EDITOR - 17 HILLSBORO ROAD, MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

FIVE MINUTES TOO SOON (A True Story)

It was at the end of World War I. After the hectic months spent in the trenches my Buddie and I decided that we owed ourselves a little vacation, -a complete change, -a different type of excitement from that which we had just been through, -War!

We tossed a coin to determine our destination, -which brought us to Paris and Monte Carlo. We lost no time, and on November 16th. at 11.55 PM the Calais Night Express rolled into the depot of the French Capitol. As we alighted, several French Soldiers from the same train were being greeted by waiting friends and sweethearts. We were attracted by one jovial Frenchman, in particular, as he stepped from a first class carriage, and was carried on the shoulders of his pals, and greeted with wild, enthusiastic cheers from the crowd.

"Some popular guy!" remarked my Buddie.

"Popular or Notorious!" I answered.

Just then, two agents of the Surete pushed through the welcoming throng and grabbed the smiling passenger; with a leer they commanded him to look up at the great clock that decorated the concourse of the Gare du Nord. It was 11.55 PM.

The crowd surged around, eager to know the meaning of it all.

As he was marched away to a waiting cab, we overheard one of the agents say, "Five minutes more, Monsieur, and you would have been a free man."

To which his former cheering friends replied, "A tragedy! A tragedy!" The following day his story was translated for us, from the daily paper, as follows:

"Armand Guthreau, a gay blade of the Boulevards of Paris, some years ago, captured."

During a quarrel with a rival for the favor of the beautiful Madame Helene Fontaine, Guthreau killed his rival. Within a few hours he was arrested by an Agent of the Surete Generale, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years on Cayenne, (Devil's Island.) He was committed to Prison, awaiting transportation to the tropical Hades.

Two days before he was to be dispatched to Marseilles, for shipment with the other convicts, to the penal colony, he managed to escape. Despite the most extensive search of the lynx-eyed police of France, the fugitive dropped from sight completely, and with the passing of the years, was given up as dead. But he was very much alive, and only waiting for ten years to elapse, from the very hour of his get-away.

(In France, we learned that if a Prison Fugitive is not apprehended within ten years, he automatically becomes a free Agent, no matter what his crime may have been,) so, on Nov. 16th. at Midnight, Guthreau was to have been a free man. (Over)

#169



GARDEN MARCH 1954 SYMPHONY

5-MAR 29
1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCIS L.

SWANSON, EDITOR-17 HILLSBORO RD., MEDFORD 55, MASS.

LY CALVARY

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Dear Lord, how trivial seems my Calvary,
 When I consider Thine!
 For only Simon helped Thee bear Thy cross,
 But, many carry mine!
 I am not scourged, or scorned or ridiculed,
 And all along the way
 Are many sweet, unnamed Veronicas
 To wipe my tears away;
 There are no cruel nail wounds in my hands,
 No thorns upon my brow,
 And ministering Angels walk with me
 To smooth my path,- but Thou!
 How dare I think, or call it Calvary
 This sheltered life of mine?
 Oh, broken, beaten, bleeding Lamb of God,
 When I consider Thine!

By GARDEN SYMPHONY.

THE GOLD IN GOD'S SUNSHINE

Edward Mansfield rode up the driveway to his stately mansion, in his long, low car, with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel.

His face was tense, and the deep lines under his piercing eyes showed care and worry.

As he sat down to his evening meal, his butler standing at attention, offered him dishes rich and rare, but impatiently, he waved them aside. Even his usually good appetite had failed him. He was a sad and lonely man.

"The market was off, today, Hugh," he confided to the man who had served him faithfully, for the past twenty years. "Life's scarcely worth living; to-night, I feel like a pauper."

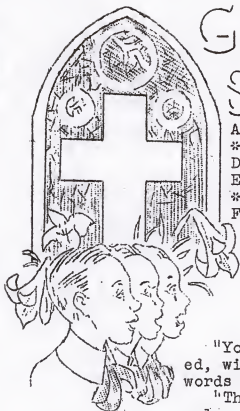
"There's a silver lining to every cloud, Sir," the butler replied. "Things have looked serious many times, but have always taken a turn for the better, seemingly when the tide was at it's lowest ebb,-so they will, this time, Sir," the butler replied, consolingly.

"I'm afraid not, Hugh" he said sadly. "This time, the bottom has fallen out of the market, completely."

Edward Mansfield retired early that night. He was tired, very tired.

That same evening, Jerry Thorp clung to a strap in a street-car, as he rode to his humble home in the tenement district. His smiling face had a ruddy glow from his out-door work in the fresh air.

As he opened the door of his little flat, he was met by a rush of



GARDEN SYMPHONY

#170

APRIL

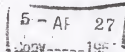
1954 827

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Dedicated to George A. Boehme with sincerest
Easter wishes for sight recovery.FRANCES L. SWANSON
(EDITOR)17 HILLSBORO ROAD,
MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

THE HAPPIEST EASTER

by
Frances L. Swanson

"Your case is far from hopeless," Dr. Colby announced, with a friendly smile. These had been the kindest words Rhoda Wilkins had ever heard.

"Then you will take my case, Doctor?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, providing you will follow my advice." "Oh, I will," she whispered, hope replacing despair in her patient blue eyes.

Rhoda had suffered from a spinal injury, and for the past four years had practically lived in a wheel chair. Many physicians had been consulted, with the usual result, - failure to find a cure.

The day Dr. Austin Colby arrived at the little New England village, Spring was in the air. The Forsythias were bursting forth in all their glory, and the crocus were forcing their purple buds through the damp earth.

Rhoda's garden had been beautiful, until that day when she was unable to attend to it, any longer.

"If I could only get well enough to work in my garden, again," she said, plaintively. "Let's take a short ride," he answered, ignoring her remark and wheeling his patient through the little white gate, along the garden path. "Yes, it is a neglected garden, I'll admit, but you can improve it, even now, from where you sit."

"How?" she asked, looking at the doctor doubtfully.

"Just wheel yourself along between the rows, take a long handled hoe, and try your luck. Yes, it's going to take courage, but I'm convinced you have it. I shall return in a week, to see what progress you have made. That will be the test. Goodbye, and God bless you, my dear," he said, as he clasped her hand.

Rhoda gazed after the doctor's car until it was out of sight, along the winding road. Then she folded her hands, and gazing up at the cloudless blue sky, murmured, "Yes, dear Lord, bless me, and give me courage, that I may be able to attend the Easter Service, this year." Then, wheeling her chair to the end of the path, she wielded the hoe, lifting out a few stubborn weeds, here and there.

Dry after day the task was repeated, and at last, the day arrived for Dr. Colby's second visit, and as his car approached, he called, "My! It looks splendid! And now, Rhoda, you are going over to the hospital in my car, to have a complete rest, for a few days, - then, you, too, will look splendid!"

MAY 1954



Garden Symphony

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FRANCES L. SWANSON

-EDITOR-

17 HILLSBORO ROAD,
MEDFORD 55, MASS.

MOTHER'S HANDS

(For Mother's Day.)

by

- Frances L. Swanson

No Sculptor's craft could ever undertake
Of Mother's hands a work of art to make,
And yet, their beauty shines forth like the sun,
If only for the lovely things they've done;
For the Thanksgiving Dinners they've prepared,
No work for others' pleasure ever spared;
And for the ginger-bread and pies and cake,
And golden cookies they so loved to make;
For pig-tails they have braided - tied with bows,
For darning - and for mending little clothes;
Pillows for restless little heads they smoothed,
And feverish little brows they often soothed;
As faded roses treasure summer's gold,
So Mother's hands a wealth of memories hold.

*****-*****

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THE FORTUNE TELLER

by

Frances L. Swanson.

Two prosperous looking men entered the cluttered, dingy abode of Madame Antoinette. She surveyed them with skepticism, but, -they seemed to be likely prospects.

The first was shown to a shabby room in the rear, where the fortune-teller studied the crystal ball.

"You will marry the lady you have been taking out, for the past few months," the Gypsy told him.

Alexander Simpson smiled and nodded, understandingly.

Encouraged, Madame continued, "I see a large amount of money for you, - about \$10,000.00," she ventured, gazing into the crystal ball earnestly, "but you cannot receive this amount of money until a curse has been removed."

Alexander Simpson looked at her sharply.

"How would I go about having this curse removed?" he enquired.
"I'm interested!"

Madame waved her hand, dramatically. "It's simple," she said.
"For ten dollars, I could break that curse."

October

1954

GARDEN SYMPHONY

#172



X-PN 4827

16

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Frances L. Swanson, Editor, 17 Hillsboro Road, Medford, Massachusetts

A story from my "Memory Lane" booklet:

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AN HOUR AND 20 MINUTES LATE

"You're fired!"

James Bradford looked up from his desk at the tall, nervous young man standing before him.

"This is the third time you were 15 minutes late--overslept--sick baby kept you awake most of the night. I overlooked that. Your second excuse (20 minutes late), you stopped to help a poor girl change a flat tire, bah! I advised you then that this company would not tolerate a third offense and here you are--an hour and 20 minutes late! What's your excuse this time? Oh, never mind--just report to the office and get your pay check."

Philip Spencer was visibly shaken.

"Yes, sir," he stammered and started for the door. He turned abruptly and handed James Bradford a piece of card-board, on which was written the number 188275. Keep this, sir. You'll need it," he said.

One year previously Philip had returned from Japan, where he had been through the ravages of war and twice decorated for bravery under fire. He had taken the first job offered, as truck driver for the cracker company of which James Bradford was manager.

This particular morning, as he drove along Countryside Drive a car, going at a high rate of speed, whizzed past him. He noticed several children ahead, on bicycles, presumably on their way to school; he couldn't see how this speed maniac could avoid an accident. Hastily he scribbled the license number on the cover of a cracker box.

As he watched breathlessly, the children scattered; one little girl, however, was struck by the speed demon and tossed against a white fence before Phil's horrified eyes.

He picked her up tenderly, and, wrapping his coat around her, placed her on the seat beside him, assuring the frightened children he was taking her to the Allison Memorial Hospital.

The child seemed to be in a critical condition as she lay in a coma. What if she should die before he could reach the hospital, he thought, but--there it stood, a tall, white building on a hill a few hundred yards ahead.

The little girl was rushed to the "emergency" and examined by the doctors, while Phil paced anxiously up and down the corridor. "It could have been one of my own kiddies," he kept thinking.

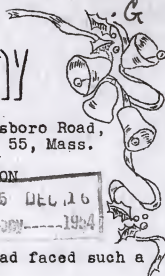
The minutes which seemed like hours to him, dragged by. At last the door opened and a pretty nurse appeared.

"You may see her now," she said gently, thinking she was his little daughter. "She is all right, just a few bruises. She wants to see you."



GARDEN

SYMPHONY

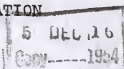


Frances L. Swanson
December 1954

17 Hillsboro Road,
Medford 55, Mass.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"THE CORNER GROCERY STORE"



Martha Stetson could never remember when she had faced such a desolate Christmas before.

With her husband ill in the hospital, and her three small children looking forward to Santa, with great expectations, she had been forced to accept a position as hostess in one of the Cities' finest Cafes, but last evening, on her way home, she had somehow lost her wallet, containing sixty-seven dollars, along with her Christmas gift list for Charlotte, Marie and four year old Billy. The list included the things the children wanted most, sweaters for each, skates for Charlotte, a doll for Marie, and building blocks for Billy, Jr. There was also a pair of slippers for Daddy; Mother-like, she hadn't thought of herself.

Riding home in the street car, she glanced half-heartedly at the evening paper.

There at the top of the second page was the familiar add of the Corner Grocery Store. Len Payson had been the proprietor for many years: he was a neighborhood fixture, and was known to all his customers as a man with an understanding heart, overflowing with generosity.

"I couldn't bring myself to confide my troubles to him in person" Mrs. Stetson thought, "but perhaps if I wrote him a letter, and explained the situation in detail, he might help me find a way to solve my problem."

That night, in a last chance move, she addressed an important letter to Leonard Payson.

"It wouldn't do to tell my husband about the loss of the money," she wrote, "because the doctors say he must not be upset in any way."

"It is not money I want, Mr. Payson," she continued, "but just a few gifts for the children; I hate so, to see them disappointed on Christmas Day."

"If you help me, you will be taking a chance, as I really cannot say when I will be able to repay you, but be assured, I will do my best," the letter concluded.

Two days later there was a large glass jar in a prominent place, on the counter of the Corner Grocery Store.

5 - MAR 29
COPY 1954

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#174



GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

MARCH 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - SEVENTH ENTRY -

ENTRIES BY A. P. SONTUM, 12 TENTH STREET, PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Again I'm in the mood to add another bud to my G.G.A. LOG, so let us ask, what is a mood? Some think it is a state of mind. If so, than it is perhaps what is referred to in the poet's stanza: "When oft upon my couch I lie in vacant or in pensive mood." According to such I consider it to be a disturbance of the mental faculties which may overtake an individual at different stages in life, but must be controlled by our will. Because if in some vacant moment one is seized by an angry or disharmonious thought that things in this world are unequally distributed. For instance, a couple of years hence, I passed by a rich man's flower garden and was unable to comprehend why he should be entitled to such a beautiful variety of flowers, when he didn't even plant nor cultivate them personally; and to make things worse, he had erected a high fence prohibiting anyone else to smell their fragrance, although they grew within my immediate reach. Though I viewed them in all their profuse and colorful splendor, I was overcome by a more harmonious mood which made my anger change into a smile. For the reason that my eyes could enjoy them in an equal degree to his. I walked by convinced of the fact that I had a like chance to raise beautiful flowers for some passerby to admire. Therefore, if I can help anyone to master their angry moods I shall be much pleased to assist one who might appreciate reading this; my advice, in cultivating a smiling mood. You will admit that a smile costs nothing, but creates much, it happens in a flash, yet its memories sometimes lasts forever. It is something which cannot be borrowed, begged nor stolen, still doesn't do any earthly good to anyone unless it is given away. Therefore if in your hurry and rush you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile leave him one of yours. Because no one is quite so much in need of one as the one who has none to give.

This may help you to see that even if things in life are unequally distributed you still possess something to share with your fellow neighbor, and it may put him into a better and more pleasant mood. For, as Horace Walpole puts it, "The world is a comedy to those that think; a tragedy to those who feel."

Now, someone might interrupt, 'what has mood to do with family life?'

Let me relate to you an instance where it disturbed the tranquility of an entire household. The mother of the family was a retired school teacher, and somewhat advanced in years, which perhaps caused her to be whimsical; she wanted the members of the family to wait and be at her service the first thing in the morning. On account of such deportment she had difficulty in obtaining the service of any hired maid servant. Her youngest daughter had the father's humorous disposition, and whenever her mother became too impatient, to soothe her whims, she would start to laugh joyfully, call her father thus: "Papa, come kiss mama quickly, I can't!"

GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

#175

JUNE - 1954



ENTRIES BY A. P. SONTUM,
12 TENTH STREET,
PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA

Eighth Entry
JUNE, 1954

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

I just came to think how many of my G. G. A. LOG readers ever have thought what number constitutes a few? And as this entry designates that number I am going to answer your expected guess, for the reason that I have often heard people say - two are company, but three is a crowd. However, the truth is that the number eight consists of a few. Now, you might ask how I know? Well, if you'll please look up the history of Noah and observe how many entered the Ark, then you'll find my statement is correct, but read carefully, please. Yet this once, my topic may make you sad of heart, because it will penetrate the innermost chamber of your being, still its concern affects each one of us. It was our companion from birth. We call it tears. They made themselves known as soon as we saw daylight. I doubt God intended it should be so when He created men, there is no evidence of such when Adam and Eve were joined together in the garden of Eden. However, when the entrance to that blessed environment was closed behind them; and when the awful tragedy that their first-born had left the slain body of his brother, Abel, in the field of his grazing flock, was brought to their attention; then I think tears of remorse streamed down their cheeks. And ever since that day it is doubtful whether any mother has been spared from shedding tears on account of a willful child which perhaps made a serious mistake in life. Yes, it is even possible that the mother of Jesus, who came to save us from the cause of tears (sin), also shed tears beneath the cross of her beloved Son.

I have before me an account of a twenty-eight year old boy, who was a successful bootlegger at Detroit. He was collecting the generous living he considered the world owed him, rather easily. Nevertheless, one morning about eight o'clock he was awakened by a sharp pounding on his bedroom door. When he opened the entrance, a snappy, Western Union messenger boy asked him to sign a telegram which read: - "Mother is dying and wants you. Please come home. Father" He arrived home in time to receive his mother's forgiveness and loving good-bye kiss, and through tears that filled his eyes, he saw for the first time in his life, the compelling beauty of his mother's life of faith and sacrifice and the stern, ugly truth about his own selfish mode of living.

Tears had washed clear the eyes and soul of Henry Brown. "IT was in tearful sadness of heart that the apostly Peter's love towards his Lord and Master was restored.

Jesus shed tears of love and sympathy when he stood at the gates of Jerusalem.



Grady ~~logue~~

SEVENTH PERFORMANCE—OCTOBER, 1954

#176

Grasping at Brass Rings . . .

*M*Y FRIEND wrote me, "I gather MRG will be taking off for Newark over the Labour Day weekend. Except . . . Newark! . . . honestly, Mac!" He was in high pique. His question demonstrates a typical lack of understanding. Amateur journalists could meet in a car barn—and still enjoy the friendly spirit attendant at printer-writer get-togethers. However, make no connection in this illustration between car barn and the AAPA Convention at the Robert Treat.

Amateur meets are a curious blending of happiness and sadness. There is so much going on that you can't possibly watch all three rings of the big show at the same time. You are spread out pretty thinly as you try to participate in little snatches of this and samplings of that activity. You wonder about the superficial impression you may be creating. To a sentimentalist like myself I find this all highly frustrating. The happy moments have the annoying habit of slipping rapidly through your fingers

1954-?

JANUARY 1954 - A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION -

VOLUME
NUMBER 2

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

Choerilo! And a Happy New Year to all!

NEW YEAR 1954

So here you are, all spic and span!
 Prepared to stand up as man to man.
 Carrying leftovers, tiresome load,
 Determined to stay on a straight road.

Resolutions will flow from eager friends:
 Heavily drawn, until human weakness bonds,
 Quickly snapping, first one, then another;
 Your January resolutions finally smother.

But a few brave souls weather the storm
 With feet down on the cankering worm
 And come through with their banners waving:
 To win a battle your aims worth saving. (M.L.W.)

With the Great Drama of Christmas over for another year, radio, papers, magazines and TV left the impression, (in spite of being called a irreligious, confused world) that a real Spirit of Christmas prevailed- apart from a commercial orgy. Not that I disparage gift giving. For Christ Himself was God's Own Gift to you and me. The main thought, our gifts with that meaning. I read in a popular newspaper, the demand for cards with Christian sentiments predominated. Does that suggest thought for greeting card writers to keep in mind for 1954? Also, October is the welcome date for manufacturers. May I suggest shorts, on single 3x 5 1/2" sheets, lumbered in left corner, name, address in right in groups of 6 or 12. Author Journalist prints a complete list.

Not since my arrival from the city, have so many pine cone tassels hung on the trees and longed to send them to you for wreaths. At last we have a ground covered with snow. Always marvel how any nature loving soul can dislike Winter. We sing and write of the charm of Spring and gorgeous Autumn. But Winter with its birth, pregnant underneath the snow handling the mother, would have us know her bulb and flower babies will be born according to Nature's warm Spring morn. (M.L.W.)

Can any scene be more resturous? For here in Vermont, health giving skiing depends on the snow season and a snow

year means their rich year. Just as Spring provides yearly income from sugar maples. While hotels and guest cabins reach out for Summer tourists, inviting with its cool nights. Then the Trail Riders come in Autumn, all providing a livelihood, not listed on the Wall St. Market, but as helpful to pay Uncle Sam's tax to carry on his vast business.

Am more than ever impressed with a desire to let the following carry helpful suggestions. If Vermont ever slips, it will be when it becomes standardized. It thrives on being proud to be different. Their way

BECAUSE YOU PRAYED:

476

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume 11 February 1954 Number 3

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vt.

CHEERIO! Winter's Greetings to all:

4-MAR 3 1954

WHITE VELVET

Nature's vast loom of white velvet
Mantles trees and earth with sof carpet.
Fairer than costly ermine, or satin sheen:
Bowling before her smiling sun queen.
To sprinkle sparkling diamonds over all;
Splendor! Dancing at the midnight ball. M.L.V.

A SNOWFLAKE GENIUS

The year 1865, in a small Vermont town, a sixteen year old farmer boy true to his ancestry, accomplished much with little; but won lasting fame as a member of learned scientific societies all over the world. Ever unknown by his neighbors, Wilson Bentley of Jericho, Vermont, became the world's authority on snowflakes.

His environment a small world of his own, through a life of experience and quiet study, he revealed a new world to others. His only school, tutored at home by his school-teacher mother. But with acute eyes through a small crude microscope, discovered snowflakes as even-ly crystal in perfect form.

After much persuasion, his farmer parents, by careful scrimping, gratified their son's what they called childish whim, with a camera and microscope costing a hundred dollars. However, until his death in 1932, the old three foot bellows camera of 1880 build was his favorite toy.

This boy's laboratory, a stone-cold shed with curtained window, snapped his pictures in below freezing temperature. His hands inside heavy mittens. Operating with selfmade pulleys and cords, intuitively conscious that snow flakes must be examined in the temperature in which they are formed.

Unlimited devotion soon told him that millions, even trillions from Heaven's Artist, fall to earth each winter; with no duplicate of the same crystal form. And he was loath to miss a single snowstorm.

Mostly hexagonal in shape, some with three sides but equal design. The rarest were medium, or even small flakes in preference to larger and more easily handled. Under close scrutiny, his camera plate told him that flakes are drawn with affinity to each other and less photographic. Also they do not flower into rare beauty at once but from a tiny nucleus into full perfect sized patterns of singular beauty. After snow crystals were exposed to the old fashioned camera plate, with firm sensitive fingers he etched each minute line with just a small sharp penknife; unconsciously giving a perfect pattern of unknown crystal design to fields of science, art and photography. Hardly a University that does not use a collection of his snowflake pictures.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II MARCH 1954 NUMBER 4

This is the month for preparation for Blessed Easter Day!
MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VT.

CHEERIO! SPRING IS COMING.

6 - MAR 29
1954

King Winter has moved away
Into another distant sphere;
"Down under", as they say
While timid Spring draws near.

March with all its gust Then the Child's sunny friend
Insists to introduce the child Calls "Hi! Burst forth, come along
Just around the corner: Must I'll warm your heart and send
Spring await more breezes mild? Budding trees and throats with song."
All will be singing!
Birds will be winging!
SPRING is at hand. M.L.W

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CONQUEST OF SPACE

The twentieth century has opened conquest of the air and presented a challenge supreme. Even control of atom energy may soon be eclipsed: Just a prelude to an almost unbelievable drama. Does it cause remarks about the speeding time? "I just don't know where the year has gone, do you?"

Vagueness hides the clouded mind
Looking through dreamer's eyes.
Searching new worlds to find
In distant space filled skies.

Over radios, in newspapers and magazines, head lines blaze with, "Soon atomic batteries will supplant electricity." Does that say goodbye to our light bills and frigidairs? Mind can conjure up a fantastic existence.

More thrilling still, will we vacation to the Moon, Mercury, Mars or Venus? Not you and I, but youth looking forward for generations unborn.

These are a few facts I have been reading in books labeled EXPLORER OF SPACE AND ROCKET AWAY. Worth reading.

The planet Earth was believed to be the whole of Creation until the curtain began to arise on the discovery that Earth is only one of many worlds: And the rocket brings an end to a million years of isolation. With landing of the first space ship our infant race is over and history begins in the sky.

Mercury closest to the sun: While planets are not alike, all move in the same direction: all shine reflected light; most have atmospheres. With the fact that solar system is empty space, with light traveling at a velocity of 186,000 miles a second. Speed brings Earth to the Moon in a little more than a second. In future a lunar body may carry on telephone conversations with Earth over a light beam; with pause of only two and a half second between question and answer.

In spite of space distances and emptiness of the solar system, space travel is possible. With Earth moving in its orbit at 18.5 miles a second, imagine what a braking system means to rocket motors.

EASTER



1954

All join in Alleluias to OUR RISEN KING!

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#180

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
 Volume II April 1954 Number 5

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! HAPPY EASTER TO ALL!

EASTER

5-4 27

HIS head once crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now.
 A royal diadem adorns
 THE MIGHTY VICTOR'S BROW! M.L.W.

They were there and told how it was to see and know their tragic fear and desolation. What were they like those men and women and would we have done the same in their places? And think, what would we do were the Son of God OUR SAVIOUR to walk again on earth, on our streets, would we also receive Him? It brings us to this 1954 Easter Day. Will we meet Him to partake of the Bread Of Life, do we know Him, love Him, are we sorry for disappointing Him so many times? M.L.W.

May all the joy of EASTER
 Be yours this Easter Day!
 And faith of Resurrection
 Light you on your way:
 With Hope of Life Eternal
 Like a star with guiding ray
 And love for the Risen Saviour
 Abide with you alway. M.L.W.

With Blesses Easter and its refreshing joys and blessings with us for another year, we welcome Spring and the birth of God's gifts thru the wealth of Nature for all to grasp: made more real for us from G. Wallace Tibbetts' searching CONTEST, which no member will want to miss regardless of the prize awards. A splendid lesson in thought and real effort will be its greatest recompense.

Unofficially, Spring comes in Vermont on the first Tuesday in March. There may be two feet of snow on the ground, the first robin shivering on a limb, but Spring is really here because Town Meeting Day arrives, the event in the town's new year's business is at hand. Like sap beginning to stir in roots of the maples, so the "know how" of town meeting as well as "sugar off" comes naturally to Vermonters with their special flavor. All business closed here in Woodstock; the voters knew why they went to that meeting. Independence is an American word; also a typical Vermont word, nowhere else does a way of life inject such meaning and valifity into the word as the way folks live in this Green Mountain State. W.L.W.

Was surprised to read Vermont has more cows than human beings and annually produces enough milk to fill a river 80 miles long, 20 ft. wide, 33 ft. deep. Am told a man living in New Hampshire wanted to live here in Vermont. He looked the state over thoroughly; loved it all except one thing, income tax, and reluctantly went back to his state without a tax. To which a Vermonter countered with his reply,

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it



GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume II

May 1954

Number 6

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! HAPPY MAYTIME TO ALL:

MONTH OF MAY

O merry month of May:
Scattering sunshine on your way.
Saluting orchards in their pink,
Beaming laughter on summer's brink.

Nature dressed in flowering bliss,
Touched with May's sweetest kiss
Of fragrance and brilliant caress,
With joy, spreading her happiness. M.L.W.

VERMONT'S STONEWALLS

Have long wanted to tell you about Vermont's stonewalls. Perhaps the appeal is overlooked, to me they tell a silent, but inspiring story. Some one has said stonewalls are the crosswork stitching on the landscape quilt. I will say they cut the pieces to be stitched. And when man first settled down to fixed homes in this locality, they were compelled to use material at hand to fix their boundaries. As you know, stones abound on the hills and valleys of Vermont. When the last glacialier disintegrated thousands of years ago, it left countless granite stones from marbles to springhouse size, scattered over the land above and under the surface. To building stonewalls became a major matter between 1700 and 1850. Weather furrowed lichen edged walls ramble along each side of quiet alluring country roads. Run along edges of valleys, dip down from shadowy ravines where plank bridges span pebble bottomed brooks. They circle meadows, enclose pastures where patient cattle graze and gracefully wind around low mountains. Three points decided pioneers when making land decisions; Must be a dependable spring for a brook, meadow land for hay, side hill fields for grain and uplands for pasture; all needing stonewall boundaries. Old walls know the blizzard of winter and heat of summer. They hold a message for all who look to the countryside for respite from a fevered world.

Here at West Winds Farm we have outlined gardens and lawns with our own hands. Building steps and choosing each stone to fit a niche, according to tradition using large ones for foundations. Winding to my front door, carefully selected stepping stones mark the path in my pride blue grass lawn. Each side bordered with blooming crocuses as I write. My doorstep a broad eight foot stone, in perfect keeping with the adorable white Cape Cod farmhouse built 1800. I was allowed to build a four room addition with all modern equipment, on the southern end. M.L.W.

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"There are things that nothing but poetry can tell." LaFarge



GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II JUNE 1954 Number 7



MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! Happy June-time to all especially
TO OUR SHUT-IN-FRIENDS

We send love and appreciation
To you all who so freely give
Friendly help and inspiration
A priceless pattern how to live.

5 JUN 29
1954

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Our unknown, silent saints today
Heavy crosses with love they wear.
Crowned, patiently they daily pray
For faith and more strength to bear.

In His Name and ever for His Sake
Who gave His willing All for them.
Each solitary shut-in life make
Loving gifts, thereby touch His Hem.

M.L.W.

Was an unexpected pleasure recently to hear Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg over the radio; at a meeting from the Waldorf. Speaking of and to celebrated literary talent. Defeating their years with strong voices of courage. Robert Frost's beautiful poem is a living picture of his devotion to the WHITE BIRCHES OF VERMONT; too long to print on this page. With humility add my ardent appreciation of their beauty around us here.

WHITE BIRCHES

Within the forests deep caress,
Along quiet country roadsides,
White birches light the darkness
Glistening as immaculate brides.
Their crinkling bark snow-white
In early days used as parchment
For the lover's heart to write;
Thereon his urgent message sent.

M.L.W.

Along roadsides and over the landscape, Vermont's white birches spot the green canvas of pines and maples; always standing straight and tall as protecting sentinels. From my windows they edge woods beyond pastures like a fringe; in the moonlight dipping down stand as lanterns to lead admiring eyes and touch satin white bark thin as tissue when carefully peeled. Few know that a birch will provide fire in a water soaked wilderness. Its fire proof skin and live body is loaded with inflammable resin, which also saves many lives. No one in this state may build a fire without written permit. A heavy fine the result which I learned when first coming here and lighted a match to a pile of brambles from raspberry bushes.

M.L.W.

We refuse to grow when we refuse to co-operate. PN 4827



GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #183

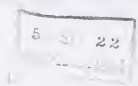
VOLUME 2
NUMBER 10

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS
(EDITOR)

WEST WINDS FARM
WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

CHEERIO TO ALL! AUTUMN GLORY

We revel in the sunrise
And gleaming golden skies.
Of sunset too, but when
Artist Nature paints again
Outdoing man's artistic touch
Fail to understand how much
Is found in Autumn's story
Born in God's Great Glory. (M.L.W.)



WELCOME! New Officers and New Members. We may all depend on our Irma Reitei to fill her new and highest office as President of THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION in her own cheerful, friendly way. May her Ship of State sail over smooth waters and her member-sailors give her their strength to pull the oars. The August Bundle came in good time, but was a disappointment in size. with many important Editors missing. Dear friends, let your strong, always inspiring voices come to us in the forth-coming Bundles. We need you!

Give of your best!
Is our strong behest.
Let poetry appeal
With words deep feel,
Spreading POETRY DAY
Along the crowded way. (M.L.W.)

VERMONT'S COVERED BRIDGES

To attempt a description of Vermont's traditional landmarks, without including Covered Bridges, would be forgetting these cherished old structures scattered over New England's landscape. About which much has been written. Want to add my tribute as a part of the picture, by saying they are mostly found in beautiful natural settings and located on the less traveled roads today. But are as much a part of valued State History and Heritage as are the lovely old white houses and churches with inviting steeple's nestling in the quiet, peaceful valleys. Not forgetting how much they all mean to Vermonters and many out-of-the-state yearly visitors.

The oldest covered bridge known is the Pulpmill, over Otter Creek, near Middlebury, was built in 1808; and one of the two left of the two-lane type, since the 1927 flood when about three hundred bridges existed. The Highway Commission reports only one hundred and sixty-nine as well maintained, are now spanning wild tumbling brooks, broad rivers and quiet streams, surrounded by gorgeous green mountain peaks, charming country villages and green meadows. Each locality had it's builder, carrying out his own ideas, with about six similar types. A few latticed sides, thatched roofs and some shingled roofs.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

VOL. 2 - NO. II
"Let your light so shine!"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

CHEERIO TO ALL!

LET OCTOBER IN
by Mary O'Connor



October is a time for thought,
for weighing luck against despair,
Sorting the silver from the sham
of insincerity's high glare,
Praying for this land of ours
to which no other can compare.

Fall is a time to put away
all prejudice and raise your chin
To the mellow glow of autumn air,
to let the stars, not shadows, win
To take old fashioned brotherhood
from moth balls, let October in.

With honor and privilege, this October GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER is
dedicated to our much loved friend and valued member,
MARY O'CONNOR

Who carries fragrant nosogays
Lovingly gathered at morning's dawn.
Tied with ribbons of prayer, always
Permeates like nature's grassy lawn
Spread over life's earthy pebbles.
No one forgotten, forever sharing,
While love and friendship' trebles
With her flowers of memory wearing. (M.L.W.)

Lighting "ONE TINY CANDLE", is no obscure flame; never flickers, but
sends the bright gleam on and on.
Unlike your light or mine, Mary's touch never dims. It's depth of light
burns deep in human hearts, shining on hospital beds, shut-in souls to
lift. While this month of October, she has planted the shining light of
POETRY where forty-six States will honor POETRY DAY and spread the ap-
pealing age old heart message. With sincere hope now inspiration will
scoop in new creative minds and broaden the span so deep and wide, that
future generations will carry Mary's life-giving torch of hope for
GREATER POETS and GREATER POETRY. (M.L.W.)

THAT GIFT MAY BE YOURS

Right where you are,
Yet to the world unspoken
No ill can dim or mar
Creative urge, that token
Deep within, longing to say
With words born in rhyme,
Unthrottled as the perfect day
But printed on pages of Time. (M.L.W.)



Light of Love shines through eyes who know God. X-PN 4827

GREEN

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MOUNTAIN CHEER

VOLUME 2

DECEMBER 1954

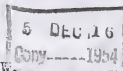
NUMBER 13

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHERIO to all! Wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS filled with CHRIST SPIRIT.

LOVE began for you and me
When JESUS in a manger lay.
Precious GIFT forever, HE
Your key to JOY each day. M.L.W.



WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS KIN

Tender memories stir hearts at Christmas Day, as no other in the year. Eve of Christmas seemed taken from a picture story book. But real, painted with moon-lit sky, sparkling with glistening diamonds. We watched Venus the evening star of love, among millions outdoing each other this CHRISTMAS NIGHT: Joining to celebrate God's everlasting Gift to all. M.L.W.

CHRISTMAS

Is never a worn out story
Because so vitally new.
PEACE! World's great Glory
And good-will all men's due. M.L.W.

THE FIR TREE'S CHRISTMAS STORY

I grew in our great forest. Always hoping to be chosen when old enough and go out into the wonderful world to learn about the thrilling word called CHRISTMAS. This year our tallest, most beautiful fragrant spruce was cut and carried away. I heard its bearers say, when they paid a generous check, "Your tree will bring joy to many and honor CHRIST OUR KING. Pointing a luminous star from the top, while standing in the wide open Rockefeller Center Plaza, thousands of colored beaming lights will spread cheer in the great city of New York. Carolers will sing the first Carol given the world by the angels that Holy Night. As they circle around the towering tree when all ages, creeds and colors will join to send their voices through the air."

Then I heard the owner say, "This check will be my gift to Korean children, which I send in the name of JESUS CHRIST KING OF THE WORLD."

Those new words were a mystery to me. They sounded wonderful to a little ten-year old fir. Then joy came to me. One of the men pointed in my direction. "That is a little beauty, let me take it home to my own children." But our father quickly said, "No, we have long waited to have it grow high enough to stand in our living-room on Christmas."



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

#184

994 Ocean Avenue,

Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fortyfour

November 1954

NOVEMBER

Official is our bleak November;
Experienced wealthy dowager
Haughty in her steady ways
To prepare for colder days.
A traffic cop for wind and rain,
The freezing tempests to train;
She strips the branches of the trees
And mops the streets of rotting leaves.
She frosts the earth and all it holds
Against December's wintry colds.
The humans too - she must guide and teach
Zero blasts to weather and beach,
Acclimate all to ice and snow,
Ready now for December's show,
Mary R. Nelson

* * * * *

X-PN4827
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Emanuel C. Schaffer, 3915 Shenandoah Avenue, St. Louis 10, Missouri. Born June 16, 1917 in Cleveland, Ohio. Single. Has been a bus driver the past seven years. Veteran of World War II. Formerly private secretary to Lockwood Thompson, former Judge Lower Court of Appeals, Ohio. Formerly a member of The Cleveland Poetry Society. He writes; "When arriving back at my St. Louis destination I found that large tangerine-colored envelope waiting. For you see I had been gone a week, up to Cleveland - to tie up some loose ends - regarding the forthcoming anthology of poetry, which I very luckily am having published. However, I hasten to say that in reading your letter in purple print...you used the words non-mercenary nature...and while to all intent this might cast a slant upon my motive - purely friendly - I want to tell you how the publication came about. Driving busses in St. Louis, I happen to be...well...a friendly kind of a guy. And in the course of a day's 'run' on the bus route...you know how you say hello to everyone...and everyone says hello to you. Day after day...you become better acquainted...though you must remember, we poets as we term ourselves...write for the most part AS A HOBBY. In the course of a friendly conversation I was asked what sort of a hobby a 'bus driver' like myself might have. If I had kidded around...I suppose my book THE CORDUROY PATCH might still be a pile of manuscript in the left-hand corner of the bottom of the bureau drawer. When I whispered...not too loudly, that I wrote poetry...that's when it happened. The passengers have subsidized a 200 page of poetry, containing over 275 poems, for me. As the Secretary for your organization...The United Amateur Press Association...I appeal to your judgment if the Good Lord blessed a poor poet with a magic rarely to be found in this modern age...Naturally I would want all lovers of poetry to know of this blessed event. It is a dream come

X. PW 4327

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#137

**the
GAGE PIN**



The Fourth in Point
September 1955

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DEC 1 1955

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*Ginza Gazette*Number Six
Yokohama
Oct. 15, '55

Copy.....

Sweetness--but No Light

Ever walk into a trap? I did today—twice. Wesson arranged with the telephone company so that my 4:30 a.m. call couldn't reach him until 6:30 because he was up late last night hogging most of the space available in this journal. I arrive, & he smiles, hisses Nippon style, and says I can have 175 words to stack against his three pages. The other trap involves the guest towels which were hung out for me here, but I *can* avoid that one by not taking the bait. Silence may, indeed, be golden.

So I walk in, and we're ready to go to press. "Feed 700 copies, double-ink each impression, and slip-sheet the works," says Wes, "cause I work for my living on Saturday." Turns out the virgin rollers have wet feet & won't take ink. Do we quit? Not while there's a chance to make a visitor work. Shep has his Japanese business assistant get on the phone with a super-priority demand for urgent action to recast the rollers—not next week, not even next Monday, but *today*, so we can print with them tomorrow. In a flash we're bowling down to the gotta-be-seen-to-be-believed roller casting corporation in one tiny shed, and the improbable deal is closed.

Biggest jolt any ajay guest will get *chez* Wesson will probably be to discover, as I did, a beautifully bound volume (one of 150 now on the shelves here) of ama-

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DEC 1

WATCH FOR THE BIG SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT!

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Copy

Ginza Gazette

Number 7
Yokohama
Oct. 17, '88

HIS

Salvage!

Being A Combination of
SALVo! and garbAGE

It is 9:35 of a sunny Sunday morning on the bluff overlooking the symmetrically staked seaweed farms in the inshore shallows of Negishi-ko. David & Sheldon & I have long since finished breakfast and completely exhausted each other's stocks of riddles. Mine host & hostess are still topside. The Sunday morning Tokyo newspapers come *sans* comic sections. But there's still type in the case, & while I may not use the gold-plated Fossil Award composing stick nor yet the silver-plated one that David tells me is his (gift of godfather Helm Spink), the Griddle Press fortunately boasts one plain ordinary old stick for use by itinerant Navy brass.

So why not set type?

The question of what happens to this after it is set need not concern us at the moment. Last night SCW observed that, with two printers present, the TWAPC had the problem of squeezing all the copy into the four pages of *Ginza Gazette*, whereas the poor Stateside APC usually has severe labor-pains with 20 printers trying to produce fillers. Here in Yokohama it was a case of the pages being tight instead of the printers.

(Papa Wesson reserved the right to create the title for this piece—but I get to title *his*.) —VAM

X-PN-82

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GARDEN
SYMPHONYFRANCES J. SWANSON
17 Hillsboro Road
MEDFORD 35, MASS.

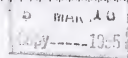
FEBRUARY

1955.

#170

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

AN HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES LATE



"You're fired!"

James Bradfield looked up from his desk at the tall nervous young man standing before him.

"This is the third time you've been late," he thundered. "The first time you were fifteen minutes late - overslept - sick baby kept you awake most of the night. I overlooked that! Your second excuse - twenty minutes late - you stopped to help a poor girl change a flat tire. Bah! I advised you then that this company would not tolerate a third offence, and here you are - an hour and twenty minutes late! What's your excuse this time? Oh, never mind - just report to the office and get your pay check."

Philip Spencer was visibly shaken. "Yes, sir," he stammered and started for the door. He turned abruptly and handed James Bradfield a piece of cardboard on which was written the number 188275. "Keep this, sir. You'll need it," he said.

One year previously Philip had returned from Japan, where he had been through the ravages of war and twice decorated for bravery under fire. He had taken the first job offered, as truck driver for the cracker company of which James Bradfield was manager.

This particular morning, as he drove along Countryside Drive, a car going at a high rate of speed whizzed past him. He noticed several children ahead on bicycles, presumably on their way to school. He could not see how this speed maniac could avoid an accident. Hastily he scribbled the license number on the cover of a cracker box.

As he watched breathlessly, the children scattered; one little girl, however, was struck by the speed demon and tossed against a white fence, before Phil's horrified eyes.

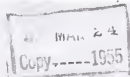
He picked her up tenderly and wrapping his coat around her, placed her on the seat beside him, assuring the frightened children that he was taking her to the Allison Memorial Hospital.

The child seemed to be in a critical condition as she lay in a coma. What if she should die before he could reach the hospital, he thought; but - there it stood, a tall white building on a hill, a few hundred yards ahead.

The little girl was rushed to the "emergency" and examined by the doctors, while Phil paced anxiously up and down the corridor.

"It could have been one of my own kiddies," he kept thinking.

The minutes which seemed like hours to him, dragged by. At



#191

GARDEN SYMPHONY



FRANCES L. SWANSON
17 Hillsboro Road
MEDFORD 55, MASS.

MARCH
X-PN4827
1955. , G

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

A TUG AT PETE'S HEART-STRINGS

Dad and mother had talked things over for some time before Michael and Patricia came to live with us, so I knew that their father and Dad had been together in the war, and that their father had not returned: I also knew that their mother had died just a week ago, and that they had no relatives to claim them; but, being an only child, I resented two other youngsters being added to our family, especially as I was supposed to look upon them as brother and sister. I was twelve, and Michael was just ten.

He was a skinny, freckled kid, but he had a cheerful grin which really made him good looking. Pat, as we called the girl, was seven, and really a little peach, with blue eyes and golden curls; but even SHE didn't impress me very much.

Mom seemed delighted to have a girl in the family, and spent all her spare time brushing her curls and dressing her up.

One day Dad said everything had been fixed legally, and now Mike and Pat would take the name "Pennington"; but I had made up my mind that Mike was no brother of mine, and I didn't like him, and never would.

"The first time I ever hear you calling my father and mother 'Dad' and 'Mom', there'll be trouble," I told him.

I had a pal, Stubby McGinnis, and we used to sneak off by ourselves to get away from Mike. One Saturday I had been over to Stubby's house all day, and when I got home, Mike was in the back yard, hammering nails in a board.

"What are you making?" I asked, rather tough.

"A dog-house," he answered.

"Where's the dog that's to live in it?" I asked, giving it a kick that shattered it and brought tears to his eyes. But he only said: "Perhaps I'll have one, someday."

I could see the kid was lonesome. Just then my father called me into the house:

"Sit down, Peter," he said, rather sternly. I knew I was in for something, because Dad seldom spoke that way. "I want to tell you a story, and it's not pleasant," Dad continued.

APR 11 1955

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#192



Garden Symphony

FRANCES L. SWANSON
17 Hillsboro Road
MEDFORD 55, MASS.

APRIL
1955.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

A REAL PROBLEM SOLVED

I have just chatted with Julie on the 'phone. She called me up, as she always does when she has a problem to solve.

This time I thought: surely she couldn't have another problem, because only last Tuesday she confided - "Oh, Janet, am I happy! What do you s'pose has happened? Well, Roger and I have just located the DEAREST apartment! Think of it, after all these months of searching! Yes, dear, you guessed it: it is on the handsome Motete - four rooms, bath, and a tiny porch - with just about space enough for a hammock and rocker, but oh, Janet, it's heaven, after all these months of tramping from one place to another."

Today Julie said in that rather plaintive voice: "Janet, I just HAD to call you; I do need your advice, dear. Couldn't you and Don run over for a little while this evening? I can't explain this over the 'phone-it's something you must SEE, before you can advise me. Please - Janet - "

"All right," I answered. "We'll be over about eight, OK?"

Then I hurried and prepared dinner for Don. As we dined I asked him if he would like to drive over to see Julie's new apartment; he agreed.

"What's on her mind now?" Don asked suspiciously knowing of Julie's continued perplexities.

I didn't dare say she had another problem which I must SEE, in order to solve, so I just said: "Oh, it's just to get a peep at the new apartment, dear."

Well, we had scarcely seated ourselves in Julie's attractive living room, when she burst out: "Now, Julie, don't you think this room should be redecorated?"

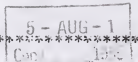
"Why, Julie, it looks fresh and spotless to me," I replied glancing around and grasping the "problem" at once.

"Of course, we simply couldn't afford to have it done right

THE GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

#193

Entries by



A. P. Sontum

511 Keokuk Street

Petaluma, California

X-PN 482 7

Ninth Entry

July 1955.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

YES, IT'S THE MONTH OF JUNE!!

The bards tell us that this is the lovers month and everything in nature manifests the truth of it, because everything of life is in its prime. Especially is it so with trees, beast, birds and flowers. Also the bees get into their highest activity as the bee-keeper says, "A swarm in May is worth a load of hay, and a swarm in June is worth a silver spoon, but one in July isn't worth a fly." Well, but how about young lovers that are out for an evening stroll on lovers lane? Some one has told me that their favorite lyric is about the moon viz: Oh, where is the man in the moon, we wish he'd come pretty soon! So while they gaze at the golden face visitor they become inspired to exchange kisses, because that is the shortest distance between two. And I should know as I have made love twice since the age of twenty-nine years. Yet, I do not contemplate to go into details as to young peoples secrets at this period of my advanced age. However, I shall endeavor to express my opinion about love in the following lines that I have had the pleasure to have published. They are as follows:

APPREHENSION

(Published in American Sonnets and Lyrics)
(1945)

I watched in Spring's bright morning
Through tree twigs buds pell-mell.
Some sap was from them oozing:
In the sun's rays to distill.
I heard the bees humming --
For nectar they could tell;
Their wing beats, somewhat stunning,
Pink blossoms didn't quell.
That fruition follows courtship --
Cock - robin knows full well;
'Cause I heard him sound his whistle --
'Ere he took a skipping spell.

THE GOLDEN GATE AMATEUR LOG

A. P. Sontum, Editor

511 Keokuk Street

Petaluma, California

2-OCT-5

Copy _____ 1955



Tenth Entry

September 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THE FEAR OF SOCIALISM

Some years ago I noticed a clipping in the June "Call Bulletin Washington Bureau" which stated that the peril of socialistic dictatorship in America is far more imminent than most alert citizens realize. However, it fails to make clear why that form of government should throw America into chaos. It states its first step would be to make America go hungry, and such an objective would inevitably put the fear of Socialism into the stomach (not to mention the mind) of any human individual. This kind of Socialism is not the ideal form. But it doesn't confirm that there might not be some form of Socialism which turns away from such malicious intent. Still it cannot be denied that some socialistic form of government hasn't proved workable for certain nations. Before the outbreak of the first world war or conflict, we must not forget that little Finland together with Sweden were prospering under a policy of Socialism. Was not Finland the only country which paid her installment of the war debt?

In beginning a discussion of a subject it is necessary to be thoroughly familiar with its entire objectives and what they mean. Unless we are clear about that we are wandering in a maze of uncertainty. What does an individual really understand by the word Capitalism and that of Socialism. By Capitalism, I think we may understand that form of industrial organization where the means of production - and by that I mean primarily under modern technological conditions, the machine and the forms required to operate the machine - are in control of private individuals. The difficulty in defining the subject of Socialism is that so far it is but a theory, while Capitalism is an organized institution. Unless we decide to accept the few sporadic examples of Socialism that we have had in the middle of the nineteenth century in this country and unless we also accept the gigantic enterprises that have been conducted in Russia. We should know that there are all manner of forms of Socialism and Socialistic theory, and all of them may not be condemnable by a just consideration.

President Lincoln once made the assertion that 'he thought the Creator loved the ordinary man the most because he had apparently made the largest number of them.' By that he did not include what some may call the mob. Therefore, if this Government is that for the people, by the people, and of the people, why is it not logical that the rule of government should be in their hands? It is an established fact that the opposers of Socialism are the Capitalists, and Henry Ford,

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#195

GRASS ROOTS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Betty K. Dyckman, Editor; 28 Mason Street, Glens Falls, New York

Vol. II

May & June, 1955

No.1.

--THANKS--

So many U. A. P. A. members have showered me with Get-Well cards and letters that I am using this means of expressing my appreciation for all your kindnesses, your prayers and your good wishes. Now that I am on the road to recovery from my second automobile accident in 16 months, I realize how important cards and letters are to hospitalized people and shut-ins. And since SHUT-IN DAY is the First Sunday in June PLEASE take a few minutes to write or visit those folks who are not able to be up and around. Those of you who have been blessed with all your faculties and with bodies which respond to all your needs, will never know the heroic courage of many shut-ins. They often subjugate their suffering and out of it rise above their handicaps.

-SUGGESTIONS TO CHEER SHUT-INS-

Perhaps if I list some of the special ways in which friends have brightened some of my darkest hours, you may find a practical suggestion to help cheer one of your shut-in friends:

-GIFTS-

Flowers and plants; money for long-distance calls and for magazine and newspaper subscriptions; phonograph records, autographed copies of books; postal cards and stamps and note paper; a bed jacket, cosmetics and bath powder might be welcome.

-SUNSHINE BOX-

A friend made up a sunshine box of daintily wrapped packages. Original humorous verses accompanied each gift---only one to be opened each day. They were inexpensive but useful articles such as thank-you cards, toilet soap, stencils, writing paper, comb, cross-word puzzle book, Kleenex, pencil, handkerchief, tooth paste, small notebook, carbon paper, home-made book of cartoons and one of jokes, photograph album, picture frame, a paper weight and some unusual pictures for my Madonna collection.

-SERVICES-

One newly-made friend came to the hospital every day while I was in Nashville, Tenn. and wrote letters for me. She also watered my plants and cared for my flowers regularly. Another one did my laundry and errands.

If your shut-in friend lives alone or is the handicapped wife or mother of a family, she will undoubtedly appreciate a home-cooked casserole, meat loaf, pudding or pastries. Or per-

#196

5 JAN 27
Copy-----1955

365 days stretch before us. What will we do with them?

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER



Volume III

January 1955

Number 1

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor - West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO TO YOU ALL! With best wishes for a HAPPY NEW YEAR!
1955

X-PN4827

Ring out the old,
Ring in the new.
Ring out the false,
Ring in the new! M.L.W.

G

Facing a NEW YEAR means deep searching our heart for the best in our fast changing world. We marvel at Greatness pointing the way for even more thrilling greatness. And no place for even the smallest among us to draw back refusing the opportunity to grasp our part to help make 1955 an outstanding year. Henry J. Taylor is again on each Monday night radio with his theme: "Your Country and Mine". He sets the pace for great unseen, unheralded and even nameless acts with the power of every human being. All constitute greatness in the sight of the ALL POWERFUL GOD; Who sees and understands the motive. Never forget, He uses you and little me, His only instruments and for which we were created. So isn't that a power too great to be thrown away?

OPPORTUNITY

That life is OPPORTUNITY none can deny.
Climbing summits higher and higher.
Wearied at time, strength asks why
Must I constantly be tried in fire?

Fire of emotion without struggle, fades.
Tasting greatness, then falling backward
Missing a day's gain, weak mind evades
The loss, also forgetting the award.

All depends on understanding the one
Illusive self; aspiration swept aside,
The weaker moments could have won
That lost golden moment left untried.

Nature's laws are just, but terrible.
No weak mercy, no soft rosy word
For a dangling conscience to dribble
When OPPORTUNITY screams to be heard! M.L.W.

The more the consciousness of this fellowship dawns upon us, more spontaneous will be our chant of praise to join in, For Thine is the Honor and the Power and the Glory.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume II

March 1955

Number 3

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont.

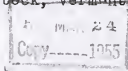
CHEERIO to all!

March winds blow

Away your snow,

Let maple sap flow

For all who know. M.L.W.



Sitting in my wing chair and looking through small paned windows of this cosy, sunny room. Clean white snow still covers pasture beyond. Stately white pines edge budding woods waiting for glad warm sun to let their sugar maples drop sweet sap in pails already hanging; and wait for the promise of knowing frosty nights with midday sun is the secret magic to cheer every Vermonter. On which they depend for many necessities.

Forgive, if I often feel sorry for the urban dweller who is missing this picture, perhaps has never had the great privilege to really see Nature at work keeping its promise in this GREEN MOUNTAIN wonderland.

Following conversations are pieced together, telling you what I hear all ages saying in Woodstock, these days of March.

CONVERSATION

Mornin' Seth! Good sugarin',
Come frost t'night, then sun
Will warm 'n' pour right in
Makin' us a right good run.

Come that anticipated night,
Old Seth with Tom and Jim,
Pretty girls, cheerful sight.
Gay laughter to the very brim.

On farther village corner,
Tom and Jim decide which one
Will be a dancing partner
In Saturday night's sugar fun.

While over pans of white snow
Their cherished Winter sweet
Is waxy maple syrup spread. Oh,
City cousins, FUN, hard to beat.

M.L.W.

To own a Morgan horse from JUSTIN MORGAN HORSE FARM, is owning an unmatched prize. The Farm offers to furnish horse, sleigh, driver, robes and their private mile track with "Jingle bells all along the way". Parties of three at a time. Let no one tell me there is a dull day, any season of the year in this intriguing countryside.

Hope my readers have seen the wonderful new monthly AMERICAN HERITAGE. Issued in book form with priceless colored reproductions, no advertising. Was invited to become charter subscriber and find handsomely bound books, treasures for future generations. Writers see page 20 of February AUTHOR JOURNALIST.

Following true story is results of one sugar party few years back.
VERMONT TO ME

Along winding country road in the spring of 1946, a tiny community an abandoned quarry. With population of only four permanent families. Its only business a country store. If you were fortunate to

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

#178

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME II

APRIL 1955

NUMBER 4

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

CHERRIO to all!

Sing the glad refrain,
CHRIST in all HIS Glory
Comes to us again.
Tell His wondrous Story! M.L.W.

Warm welcome goes to seven new UAPA members; to whom will be my
pleasure to send a welcome, friendly card if you care to send address.

SPRING

SPRING comes to the eager mind
Long before wafted on the air.
Dreams of glad April then unwind
Creative rhyme with utmost care.

Searching some new, fitting word Till' earth made warm with showers
Spring's glorious name to spell: Exuberance beams all living things;
As yet unborn and while unheard First robin, buds, fragrant flowers.
Waits hiding where secrets dwell. GOD is the WORD WHO lives and brings
M.L.W.

UAPA is more than proud to congratulate our President Irma Reitci
and thank her for the privilege to read her prize winning FISH ARE
LIKE PEOPLE. Also printed in THE UNITED ALUMNUS, Mrs. Grace Moss
Weitman, Pres. Acute understanding of her subject both fish and
people, prove what it takes to write a winning story.

Also tribute to UAPA is found in the AMERICAN POETRY LEAGUE anthol
ogy. With twenty-one members represented and honored with their lovely
outstanding poems. Our own Mary O'Connor, President. And my pleasure to
receive an example of fine writing from the Secretary, Margie Boswell.

THERE IS A TRAIL

There is a trail through weeds of worry
To petaled gardens of repose,
Which lies nearby the waste of hurry
That never lifts a thornless rose.

This Eden blooms, although in winter
May chant a requiem close by
Its blossoming will never splinter
Nor merge into a leaden sky.

This flowerage looms beyond the hurry
Latitudes where apathy flows.
There is a trail through weeds of worry
To petaled gardens of repose.

by Margie B. Boswell

Kindness is the oil that takes the friction out of life.

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II JUNE 1955 NUMBER 6



#179

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! June Greetings to all:

JUNE DAYS

Soft zepthers, rimmed with sun ray
Blessings shower on Loves June Bride.
For her, always that blissful day
Hugged in memory's picture to abide.

Summer's debut garlands her bower June days, much you give to all
Venus' shining eyes seal the troth, Fruits for the living sustenance,
Kisses from each fragrant flower Refreshed by Nature's knowing call
Blown on wings of fluttering moth. Faith in God's great powers enhance.

This is perhaps the nicest month of the year. Fragrance fills the air and lilac predominates. My pleasure today, would be to have you all see the resplendent bloom with green mountain background. Unsurpassed by all I have seen in other years.

It reminds me of my dear grandmother sitting by her open window, always busy with her needle, while smiling her appreciation of the perfume from the old lilac bush outside. Often saying "It would not be home without my lilacs."

A month for soft, pleasant days and evening on the porch with the restful rocking-chair. So hard to find these days; except at auctions; where I was recently fortunate to find a real Boston rocker. Come and share it with me, the latch string is always up!

June is a month designed for poets. Aside from the inner inspiration a poet may take from the sunshine and sweet air, June is a veritable gold mine of rhythm. A glance at your rhyming dictionary will be the answer.

Its only fault is that it is not long enough. M.L.W.

June time is lilac time
Showered with its fragrance
Sparks my lilting rhyme.
And lulled from daily care
While wind shadows dance,
Rocking in grandmother's chair.
Lilacs planted near your door
Sheds remembrance forever-more. M.L.W.

As my May Bundle has not arrived, I am at a loss to say a personal word of welcome to new members, which will be reserved for July.

The following story came to my notice some time back, but have wanted to put it in my own words to give to those, like myself did not know the secrets of our night noises; which are Nature's chorus.

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Tell me dear friend would this world be a better place if
it followed you?

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II JULY 1955 NUMBER 7

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHERRIO! HAPPY SUMMERTIME TO ALL:

X-PN 482 7

Summer slipped quietly in,
On a soft, rolling cloud.
Lovely, the story will spin
Of roses, sweet and proud.

While only once a year I say
Hello! And then a sad goodbye,
To be on my busy endless way
Letting no unseen foe belie.. M.L.W.

It would take many pages to say all the nice things about the July UNITED AMATEUR. Including a warm welcome to many new members. The winners of the PRIZE CONTESTS prove how very important in an Ajay organization, CONTESTS may become and add to its intended life. Feel sure this splendid strength to our program will continue and develop the talent that lies in our membership.

Then last, but not least, pictures of those we have longed to see and could not meet in person, because of life's hindrances. They all helped to make this member become better acquainted.

GRASS ROOTS again in the Bundle gave me a thrill and hope it will be this member's please to receive the Editor here during the summer.

The new publication, CHICAGO MINIATURES promises to bring interesting reading and plainly shows what can be done by those living near and having love and real interest in adding to our Bundle. Inactive will soon be a word not seen in UAPA membership. So many ways are provided. ODDS AND ENDS welcomes prose or poems.

All possible plans have been arranged for a pleasant Convention in Chicago, and all those not able to join the group, will wish a happy solution to any differences which may exist. A happy family is a united family.

Here in Vermont on July 10th, DANIEL WEBSTER DAY will be celebrated at the Daniel Webster Monument Grounds where a rock on the Arlington highway has a marker inscribed, "Daniel Webster spoke here July 7 - 1840 to 15,000 people." People come from miles around to keep alive his name.

June being DAIRY month in this state, brought a large crowd to Rutland to meet the President of the United States. With more cows than people in Vermont, the subject of milk, and its products, rests high in the minds of farmers. Often my quart bottle of milk will be all cream from top to bottom. Was hard to believe, especially after living on New York's thin variety.

The sudden death of Anne Batchelder, co-editor of the Ladies Home Journal, brought the Editors here by plane to attend her funeral last week. Have been privileged to enjoy many quiet chats in her home. A gallant soul, living in a wheel-chair, at rest in the better world.

Loisa M. Alcott said, "Life is my college."

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II SEPTEMBER 1955 Number 8

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! To all:

SEPTEMBER SONG

X-PN 48 27

Is entrancing...soft and gentle,
Wrapped in cloth of gold.
Touched by Autumn harvest moon
And oft-times strangely sentimental. M.L.W.

Time to harvest and garner in the luscious plums and apples, which are in abundance here this year, making us feel not one can be wasted; especially when knowing our neighbors are suffering untold losses from the devastating hurricane. Words of sympathy seem so trite and small when the stern reality of it all looms above even necessary financial aid.

We may turn with profit to St. Mark's Gospel and read Chapter 13. Profit, Preparation and Prayer will surely result.

In August a real pleasure came to West Winds Farm, when we welcomed Betty Dyckman and husband. It hardly seemed possible she could move with agility after two treacherous automobile accidents. However her warm, pleasant smile made me more than happy to welcome a charming UAPA member and personal friend. Not forgetting her husband who is a clergyman with a winning smile and voice.

Am sure all will be proud to know Betty has sold a very fine article on the TEACHER AND PUPIL to the magazine CHRISTIAN HOME. It is the best I have ever read about that important subject, and full of constructive ideas.

The following week, another unexpected surprise when Eileen Fields and husband, our UAPA member from Youngstown, Ohio, stopped by on their way to his father's Adirondack camp. Another member with much charm and deep appreciation of her four Winners in the CONTEST. A letter has been received telling of their trip after leaving Woodstock. They stopped at interesting places and her description of NORTH POLE and SANTA CLAUS land should be written up for publication.

And now let us turn to the August BUNDLE, where we find two new Editors, Maud Curtis and Geneva Davies, their first GEORGIA PEACH. TODAY is a lovely poem by our new Officer. And you may find another unusually well written, GEORGE VERNARD SHAW by Maud Curtis, in Summer UNITED ALUMNUS. Then we have a new, as yet un-named UAPA publication, edited by Evelyn Hamilton, who asks for a title for her sheet. The lovely, heartsearching poems, LOOK FIRST FOR GOD, HAPPINESS HILL and A BALANCED LIFE, tell plainly of this valuable acquisition to UAPA.

Another valuable acquisition to our ranks, is ably presented by WHEELING IN THE NEWS who gives an interesting PERSONALITY sketch of Helen C. Smith, who has already "gone places", before joining us. And so we march along on the highroad of success, not forgetting splendored, well written poems found always in ODDS AND ENDS.

THE KEYHOLE from our President, Lawrence Doucette, points the friendly way to tell our Editors how much we appreciate their contributions to make UAPA BUNDLE better and better.

"And always...time is rushing like a tram."

GREEN

MOUNTAIN

CHEER



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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume II October 1955 Number 9

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, Vermont

CHEERIO: And WELCOME to all NEW MEMBERS!

Today, under majestic dome of blue,
Fanned with lonesome October breeze
Dancing leaves of every hue
Wave good-by to mother trees.

X-PN 4827

. G

Still edging their brilliant sky
Red, brown --- all shades of gold,
With sunset's farewell they vie.
Sublime pictures for us unfold. M.L.W.

OUR BACKROADS

Backroads are treasures of investigating surprise. IF?? willing to walk, instead of dashing through on high speed.

Little things, which touch the heart and often sweeten tired minds never make valuable contributions under modern mode of traveling. Not to disparage autos and their magic aid to daily living, but take the edge off our hurried life, may pleasure through GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER tell what living really means on the backroads.

Here in Woodstock they are well kept by the County Road Commissioner. A necessity for Rural Mail Delivery, School Bus and Milk Truck. All most dread the muddy spring season more than winter snowbanks. But much gravel dumped into ruts cause Trail Riders to appreciate good gravel roads for the horses' feet and more comfortable riding. Trails are marked with red disks on trees along most alluring pathways past white farm homes and red barns. While Skiers find their haven of joy tucked back beneath LITTLE STONE, where Dutch Hill is famous for the modern rope tow.

One of the show places of New England is the famous home of Frederick Billings. Better known as the Billings Farm. In 1849 he sailed around Cape Horn on the second steam vessel to enter California through narrow Golden Gate, when San Francisco was a raw settlement sprawled over sand hills. In his baggage was a sign painted in far off Woodstock, which read Frederick Billings - Attorney at Law. The first law shingle to be hung in that city. Mayor of Burlington, Vermont, financed the trip with \$1,000. His only security, Billings' integrity, which his generosity never regretted. It was soon paid and when the Mayor's reverses came, was supported by his young friend until his death.

Each day was a short life, those days in the western town. Gold strikes created tensions beyond belief. Speculation was the order of the day.

"And always...time is rushing like a tram."

5-001 26

Copy 1955

GREEN

MOUNTAIN

CHEER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume II October 1955 Number 9

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, Vermont

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X-PN 48 27

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Each day was a short life, those days in the western town. Gold strikes created tensions beyond belief. Speculation was the order of the day.

"Now thank we all our God with heart, hands and voices.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5-DEC-2
1955



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II NOVEMBER 1955 NUMBER II

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! May you have a Happy THANKSGIVING:

X-PN 48 27

NOVEMBER

Years of time will never efface
American's honor for November,
With THANKSGIVING words of Grace,
Heart pictures, feasts to remember.

Gray skies, wind and often snow,
Our happy home coming, never delay
Loving family cheer with cheeks aglow.
Forever History's most treasured Day.. M.L.W.

As I write, friends and neighbors are shrouded in disaster and sorrow. Our prayers and deep sympathy go out to all, but with the thought..to them the joy of Thanksgiving will only be a memory.

To WELCOME many new members in UAPA is indeed a pleasant GREETING. And to the VICE PRESIDENT Eddie Schaffer we not only thank him for sending more than twenty-five new members, but the honor as President of SAINT LOUIS AMATEUR PRESS CLUB. Organized from his enthusiasm and friendly following. And even already have a mimeographer waiting to receive contributions. I very much like his suggestion that NATIONAL be added to our name.

Another WELCOME in large letters goes to Julia O. Lingle our member who has realized her dream to return from Thailand to her beloved United States. And so soon to fill our Bundle with FANTASIA. She has told me in letters that she does not write poetry. As I read the well written lines full of educational value and literary construction, I felt the deep poetic thought running through each memory vista. All proving her rare ability to put "the light of consciousness into beautiful prose."

I know all will look for more from the same Editor.

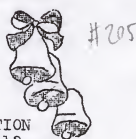
Could this Editor put words into equal self-expression, I could more fully tell the forth-coming story of an event which became a great privilege to enjoy last month...And is being passed on to you who may catch an illuminating idea for your community group.

As a preface, the Garden Clubs in Vermont are federated. Not only to organize tours to visit members beautiful gardens and linger over friendly teasups, but personally visit hospitals, nursing homes, lonely and neglected, with cheering flowers. One very outstanding hand of mercy was offered to a hospital patient whose recovery was hampered from worry over inability to meet a heavy payment on a Federal Home Loan. The necessary sum was loaned and in a few months the patient able to leave the hospital, resume his work and finally return every dollar of the loan, which came from the Federated Club Funds.

One living, breathing moment, Not an angel from Heaven sent,
Humanity has ever sought: Just one who Joy has bought. MLW.

God sent forth His Son. That is the real Gift of Christmas

Green Mountain Chimes



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME II

DECEMBER

NUMBER 12.

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL. WELCOME to our new members.

DECEMBER

X-PN 48 27

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DECEMBER...Here with us again
Winter cold, frost, white with snow,
But hearts are gay, because we know
The SAVIOR for us was born
On that HOLY CHRISTMAS DAY;
Then a tiny BABE with HIS Mother.
Today the HEAVENLY KING, forever
In HIS HONOR with joy we sing
GLORY TO JESUS CHRIST OUR KING. M.L.W.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

Waking up suddenly in the chilly room, Harriet heard her husband busy building a fire downstairs. Then as suddenly said to herself, "Why this is Christmas Day!" And merrily called, "Merry Christmas, Charles, I'm coming."

Around the doorstep and yard snow piled in drifts; Charles saw his wood pile buried under a mound of snow which frosted the barn roof like a wedding cake. He took his wooden shovel to clear a path to the gate, for guests were coming, he said to himself, "this must be a wide welcome path."

His welcome, "Come breakfast is ready!" Fragrant bacon came from the open door. He gladly drove his shovel in the snow, reached to take his wife in his arms. "Oh, Harriet this is a perfect day. You are my perfect wife; This is our perfect home, darling..." "But, Charles, the cousins can't come!" "Can't come, why?..." "They have just phoned that measles have today appeared in the family at the wrong time. The four children were crying in bed."

Disappointment covered the breakfast table, until long silence broke with womanly, "And I am all ready for them with such a good dinner; the goose was boiled yesterday, in the biggest pan now waiting in the oven." Then Harriet said ruefully, "It must be eaten, we'll have to send out to the highways and compel them to come in."

But her husband reminded her, "There are no poor here to invite on Christmas Day. When Mrs. Kinney married old John Fike, she took away the last chance for the Ladies Aid to send a benevolent Christmas basket. She and her six children are in a warm, happy home today."

"David, we haven't forgotten our Scotch Preacher who accepted our invitation with great pleasure!" The young couple looked at each other, while deep in thought, when Charles put into electrifying words an Adventure that seemed to him a most logical solution.

"Harriet, my dear, weren't you telling me the other day how people were suffering, too proud to let anyone know it, and advised the necessity for tact to find the cause and get acquainted? The reminder had time to work, then added, "Why not let it apply to rich as well

4827

THE GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Founded by Anne Warren in 1937
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CLARA ULLRICH SAMUELS

5 - JUL - 2

VOLUME 19

SPRING EDITION 1956

NUMBER 1

"Who? Me?"

The harvest is ripe and God is calling:

Calling for you and for me,
Do not look surprised, He needs us all.
Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, people with many things to do
With no time at all to be free,
Drop most of your burdens and answer
His call;

Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, wasters of time and frivolous folk,
Discard your play toys and see
The need to join in the reaping for God;
Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, trespassers and wantons, mend,
Turn right and know your duty;
Cleansse your soul with God's light;
Do not say "Who? Me?"

Saint and sinner should join in His work;
The night time soon will be—

You MUST help gather in God's lambs;
Do not say "WHO? ME?"

—Clara Ullrich Samuels.

Instill In Me

Instill in me the gift of sweet humility,
That I may scatter gems of love
Along doubt's puzzling way,
And grant the art of gentleness and sym-
A heart that lifts and laughs (pathy,
As it did yesterday.

—Eva R. Hartley.

(In "Wheeling in the News.")

If and But

Life would be so sweet and nice
If we could but only slice
The little discouraging "ifs" and "buts"
That always seem to come and strut
Thru each delightful plan we make
Or anything that we undertake.
We think we have a foolproof way
But "if" and "but" have their last say.

They are like the anchor of a ship—
They hold the spirit lest it slip
Into too great ecstasy;
When they would always rather see
Us not get too heady lest
We should do what we think best
And find ourselves blown away
By the first ill wind that comes our way.

—Clara Ullrich Samuels.

(From the Literary Herald.)

Man Versus Atom

Men speak of an atom bomb with might
To tear the earth asunder. And what
then?

Would not the scattered fragments soon
unite

Circling in space, to form a world again?
New races might evolve, of better men,
Less selfish, with the willingness to heed
A Christ. An aeon counts as nothing when
Eternity is balanced against greed.
Though man should kill all life, could he
(With permission) destroy its seed?

—Eva R. Hartley.

(From "Wheeling in the News.")

X-PN 4827

THE GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Founded by Anne Warren in 1937

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CLARA ULLRICH SAMUELS

VOLUME 19

SPRING EDITION 1956

Copy 1956

"Who? Me?"

The harvest is ripe and God is calling:
Calling for you and for me,
Do not look surprised, He needs us all.
Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, people with many things to do
With no time at all to be free,
Drop most of your burdens and answer
His call;

Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, wasters of time and frivolous folk,
Discard your play toys and see
The need to join in the reaping for God;
Do not say "Who? Me?"

You, trespassers and wantons, mend,
Turn right and know your duty;
Cleanse your soul with God's light;
Do not say "Who? Me?"

Saint and sinner should join in His work;
The night time soon will be—
You MUST help gather in God's lambs;
Do not say "WHO? ME?"

—Clara Ulrich Samuels.

Instill In Me

Instill in me the gift of sweet humility,
That I may scatter gems of love
Along doubt's puzzling way,
And grant the art of gentleness and sym-
A heart that lilts and laughs (pathy,
As it did yesterday.

—Eva R. Hartley.

(In "Wheeling in the News.")

Life would be so sweet and nice
If we could but only slice
The little discouraging "ifs" and "buts"
That always seem to come and strut
Thru each delightful plan we make
Or anything that we undertake.
We think we have a foolproof way
But "if" and "but" have their last say.

They are like the anchor of a ship—
They hold the spirit lest it slip
Into too great ecstasy;
When they would always rather see
Us not get too heady lest
We should do what we think best
And find ourselves blown away
By the first ill wind that comes our way.

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Less selfish, with the willingness to heed
A Christ. An aeon counts as nothing when
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(With permission) destroy its seed?

—Eva R. Hartley.

(From "Wheeling in the News.")

GRASS-ROOTS

#288

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Betty K. Dyckman, Editor; 28 Mason Street, Glens Falls, New York

Vol. III

February 1956

No. 1.

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER

5-FEB-24

Copy-----1956

Although the Bible is still considered to be the world's greatest book of literature, it is astounding how seldom it is read by many contemporary writers. It was the inspiration of much that is best in Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson and Browning and many other great poets. John Ruskin said, "Whatever merit there is in anything that I have written, is simply due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

And Daniel Webster said of it: "If there is anything in my thoughts or style to commend, the credit is due to my parents for instilling in me an early love of the Scriptures."

Thomas Carlyle paid tribute to the world's best seller in these words: "The Bible is the truest utterance that ever came by alphabetic letters from the soul of man, through which, as through a window divinely opened, all men can look into the stillness of eternity, and discern in glimpses their far-distant long-forgotten home."

Why has the Bible continued through the years to remain a best seller? Apart from a purely religious reason, it is undoubtedly because it tells of real people, both good and bad, and of those in-between the two extremes. Another very important reason is because it propounds and answers questions men have asked since time began:

1. Where did we come from and where are we going?
2. What is the meaning of life and death?
3. What is right and what is wrong?
4. Why should good people suffer?
5. Who is God and where shall we find Him?

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The Bible contains almost every kind of literature known: sagas of battle and adventure, history, biography, friendship and love stories, letters and exhortation, as well as didactic, prophetic, legal, devotional and wisdom literature. The typical literary form of the Bible is prose narrative, while the Biblical writers achieve some of their most profound and impressive results by means of dramatic prose.

It is generally known that the Book of Psalms is one of the greatest collections of lyric poetry of religion ever written. Perhaps not so well known is the fact that the books of Job, Proverbs, Song of Solomon and Lamentations are poetry also. The latter is a collection of five elegies on the downfall of Jerusalem. Some of the single poems of great beauty and importance in the Bible are found in Deuter-

"As a man thinketh, so is he."

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5 - JAN 31

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III JANUARY 1956 NUMBER I

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! Glad and HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

Hi there, Young Mister NEW YEAR!
On your welcome, smiling face
With that "New Look" of CHEER;
Dressed in 1956 year of grace,
Wave America's torch of strength
Blazing WARLESS atomic emblem,
Our daily test to what length
Enemies around the world will stem. M.L.W.

X-PN4827
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The New Year holds much for UAPA. With a warm welcome to many talented, established new writers who "put us on our toes."

Resolved that every BUNDLE send forth to the world a shining light of written words, our very best, which will be without one single critical blemish to stain, or harm good-will; or our family harmony.

The colorful CHRISTMAS Bundle surpassed all others with GOD-GIVEN words of Faith and Cheer. Please accept my grateful appreciation and real thanks. Much as I would like to write each one for thoughtful GREETINGS bringing friendly cheer to my home. My very sincere thanks to everyone. Green Mountain Cheer is a proud hostess to member guests whose achievements have come our way; and again you will join us with a Salute to our member, Morris Abner Barr, seventy-two years young! He has just come into his own; seldom does genius live to see the reward. His songs and lyrics are housed in Florida Nat. Song Writers Guild. His book EPITOMES in Penn. State Library. And his name forever in THE HALL OF FAME.

We salute you bard of poetry, bard of song.
Lastly, HALL OF FAME where you justly belong.
While God has helped our honored Member
Bear a cross, he lives to see the gender.
Too..... may your good name be found
Where they with likened faith abound
In HEAVEN'S LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE,
Free forever from pain and strife. M.L.W.

And to our talented Member Mary O'Connor, 1954 ADVENTURE IN POETRY is guest edited in AMERICAN POETS FELLOWSHIP anthology. In the same are found poems by our members, Ben Ami, Morris Barr, Truda McCoy, Mary Frame, Helen Linham, Orma McCormick, Hulda Wilkie. And a salute to them.

Being member of President's Welcome Committee, has brought close touch with many new members. From St. Louis Eva Cottle Downing's SONNET. 1972 the Cottle family let the advance in the wilderness, now known SOUTH WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. With a large family built homes together, some now stand and was often called COTTLETOWN. Among them scholars, preachers, names well known to have promoted the best things in life. We salute their daughter.

From the deep woods of the distant past
My ancestry calls in clear echoes to me,
Echoes that resound through the ages
In red blood that flows through my veins.

Home is where the heart is, after all is said and done!

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III FEBRUARY 1956 NUMBER 2

5 - FEB 24
Copy 1956

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHERIO! Best wishes to all and Welcome New Members:

And as our days begin to lengthen,
Need not words to make them true:
For winter cold begins to streighten
A Nature Truth..while never new.

But under earth with covered snow
This unseen hand with daily power
Life, it's very own to soon bestow
Miracles, at truth's seasoned hour.

Still untouched, do minds dispute
The power no human eye can see
And would that rich gift refute.
Forever, the MASTER'S own decree.

M.L.W.

X-PN4827

.G

OLD HOUSES

Within GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, inherited, paternal blood ever flows deep love for treasured homes with inviting doors and would be failing Woodstock's pioneer charms, without word picture of its many old homes, better called HOMES. Nestled in a seaming deep valley cradle through which narrow Ottaquechee River curves a path: protected by spreading elms, maples and towering mountains far as the eye can reach.

May we tell of those with dates outside the doors: Standing proud in a row back of white picket fences and latched gates: on what might be termed Woodstock's Fifth Ave; Known as THE GREEN, facing the long VILLAGE GREEN with walks and welcome benches beneath towering trees of uncertain age and circled with protecting iron fence.

Starting with the business corner on one side and entrance on THE GREEN, stands the two story frame house built 1794. Now houses THE WHITE CUPBOARD INN. Furnished completely with antiques, even to four-posters in the bedrooms. Its wide paneled door swings on proverbial long black L hinges, introducing travelers from over the world to an atmosphere of homely comfort. And spacious dining-room with wide open fireplace and service with food in compliment to the tradition. Guests describe, perfect.

Another adjoining, so-called THE PROFESSIONAL BUILDING, once a home built 1824. Now given over to Dentist, RED CROSS and legal offices of Judge Franklin Billings, before described in these pages.

But its outstanding interest is the approach over wide stepping stones bordered with white and purple lilacs to another rare wide door swinging in black L hinges extending across the width and adorned during black latch. I might say framed, each side with glass paneled panels reaching to the indescribable glass fan transom of oval shape with intricate design; which extends over door and panels to reach the ceiling and directly opposite a curved stairway with choice mahogany rail. History tells me that transom fans had a purpose to light the stairs!

5 - MAR 27
1956

#211

GREEN MOUNTAIN CREEPER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME XII MARCH 1956 NUMBER 3

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
CHEERIO to All! WELCOME to NEW MEMBERS.

x-PN4827

These sharp March nights
With warm, melting days
Give promise of delights;
Vermont sings their praise.

. G

For now is the time to tap
And not a day will be lost.
Maples are giving their sap,
Treasure without tax or cost.
Vermont's tradition, no fable.
Sweetness to our breakfast table.

M.L.W.

While New York state disputes Vermont's right to be THE MAPLE SYRUP state, having always been the former's daughter and on my grandfather's farm a fine sugar bush: have never been taught that it was a Tradition to be handed down as a part of our treasured heritage. Since coming here to make my home, have been so keenly aware that Maple Sugar is Vermont's middle name and Green Mountains the last name of this wonderful country so steeped in tradition and heritage; is the seductive love which attracts people from over the world. And I gladly pay tribute to that loyalty.

As I write farmers are preparing and the main conversation is what day will we bring out the buckets and spouts. In the old days spouts were hollowed out of summach stumps and buckets carved from hickory and pine. In fact these frugal people made use of nature's handy materials. Cane sugar was not seen in the early homes and the maples furnished the needed sweet for cooking and seasoning.

This community has seen increasing number of skiers these Presidential Holidays. Bustling activities to meet heavy bookings in hotels and motels. Welcomed by all who depend on that income to pay their taxes.

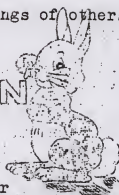
THE WORLD DAY OF PRAYER was largely attended and our four churches joined in that Service.

A group of early robins was recently seen feeding and among the red-breasts was one with pure white feathers. Creating quite a sensation in the ever watching Bird Club. Few homes are without attractive feeding cots.

SPRING, O Come! Put on your dress
Of green and pink under the blue.
Let a soft wind blowing the tress
Of growing verdure fresh and new,
Melt away cold winter's heart;
Our dream in the garden with you,
Birds their glad welcome impart:
Your early arrival will ring true. M.L.W.

"Tune in to the feelings of others, no tax or government control."

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III NUMBER 4.

APRIL 1956

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR
WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK,
VERMONT

CHEERIO! Joy of Easter

shining in your hearts.

Welcome new MEMBERS.

SPRING

J - APR 30
Copy-----1956

All North, South, East, West:
Put on your smiles with zest,
Sing together a glad refrain,
Spring is here with us again!

No time to be gloomy, or sad
Spring smiles make one glad,
Glad, alive with a RISEN LORD
Believing in HIS promised Word. M.L.W.

Mad reign of March over gentle Spring will have ceased when Bundles reach you and busy signs will be hanging over every portal.

Vermont Town Meeting was important here in Woodstock. One who has missed that excitement, rare picture of "government really at work." Will always be this state's privilege.

Ever visited a School of Manners for Dogs? Come to Woodstock to see fun and awards at the end. Even owners are taught to be good masters.

March Bundle brought THE KEYHOLE with important PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE for consideration. Two Amendments to be voted at the New York Convention. United Amateur Press Association will never find two more loyal members to fill the offices of Secretary and Treasurer. If had, thankless work spells HONOR, surely to them goes the tribute.

In the Editorial "JUST WONDERING" by Wm. W. Ellis, is found rich food for thought, to read, digest and put in practice.

Words cannot express our pride and praise for exquisite achievement of Ruth Leggans. To copy in crochet, da Vinci's LAST SUPPER is a work of devotion and perfect knowledge of the subject in detail. Should be safely kept in a Cathedral or World Museum under glass. Wonderful work.

May I say "Thank You" for many beautiful Birthday and EASTER GREETINGS which flower my living-room and warm the heart of their recipient. Hope to send personal appreciation in due time. M.L.W.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

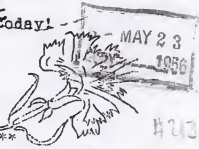
Oh! Beauty haunteth everywhere, And music fills the balmy air
For mortals that can see aright Of morn, and noon, and night!

Beauty wears no form on earth
Like that which sitteth by the hearth;
And, 'mid the music of the throng,
They never know, who always roam,
How sweeter far than sweetest song
That Woman sings at Home.

Old man weather smiled for us again today!

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III MAY 1956 NUMBER 5



MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

CHEERIO! To our fast growing family and welcome to new members.

MOTHER

Did Mother's lullaby touch your life,
Her first kiss your tiny heart embrace
And through years of pain and strife
Your hours her song still interlace?

Until another new-born infant heart
Will quiet with that self same tone,
For all the world you would not part:
But linger when both are quite alone. M.L.W.
Published in Hartford Courant.

After robbing us of many days of warm sunshine, cold and snow
hid eager bulbs and plants waiting to burst forth and greet the
birds sheltered under protecting sheds, while faintly chirping with
wonder why they returned so soon.

WAITING

Are you waiting for violet and tulip
And your garden full of Spring?
Feeling again warm earth and slip
Through green thumbs to fairly sing!
While waiting is the tantalizing
Clothes line beckons furs and coats
Drowning all joy and emphasizing
Soap and water and sternly gloats,
To say you cannot have happiness
Without that pill with no address. M.L.W.

April BUNDLE brought much fine writing and much thought.

KEYHOLE acquainted us with PRESIDENT DOUCETTE'S standards for his
administration. We trust he will again be a candidate for re-elec-
tion. In fact the same may well apply to each present Officer. With
a family growing as fast as UAPA, is no idle obligation to assume.
THE MAN SAYS is a true picture of what that office must meet every
month. Were it not for helping hands there in Milwaukee, our
treasured BUNDLE would never be mailed promptly. We owe so much to
those who make it possible. GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER is saying a big
"THANK YOU!"

We hope in 1957 to be one of the "dolls" to ride in the St.
Louis Bus with our Vice President, Eddie Schaffer, and also meet
the author of TASSELTOWN TIMES and congratulate him for his poet-
ical talents.

X-PN4827

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#214

New ties of friendship and opportunity promote growth

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

JUNE - JUL - 2
1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III JUNE 1956 NUMBER 6

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO to you all!

JUNE PICTURE

Could I but paint lines for you
In gentle flowing words of rhyme,
These rolling hills, sky of blue
Where peace dwells all man's time:
His working mind is kept in tune
With songsters on summer breeze,
This scintillating month of June.
Amid flowers grown wild and trees,
Herds on green pastures searching
Each succulent blade gifts provide
For mankind and infant off-spring.
God's creatures in HIS world abide. M.L.W.
Accepted by Rural New Yorker.

NEAR BY

Converting a misquito bog into a unique, successful business..
Story whereof a man with his family came five years ago to buy a
small vacation farm. Starting remodeling the old house, their
drawback was a swamp only a hundred feet away: Digging it into a
swimming pool, soon showed rich grade of peat--for which Vermont
is noted. And today the owner has a fine business from his farm
which commands a beautiful view of the Woodstock Valley. While his
wife a member of Vermont Pen Women has published a volume of poems
and is finishing her first novel.
Was my pleasure to meet and hear her read many fine published
poems, when the Pen Women met here recently at the White Cupboard
Inn.

To let you know Vermont is not all cows, maple syrup and ferns.
I must write about recent excitement around Lake Willoughby and
Mt. Stowe where it is believed are mineral deposits of much value.
The large tract owned by Fred Pabst of ski fame is in this startling
investigation. Geiger tests believe it to be more than a dream.

IS IT A DREAM?

Beneath Vermon't quiet, rugged hills
There lies within mankind, his dream:
Perchance hidden wealth and thrills
To startle mountain, field and stream.

In this world of surprise to change
This GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE of freedom
And liberty-loving patriots who range
At will, unaware of what may come.

M.L.W.

Writing means forever learning. The lessons never stop.

X-PN4 627

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

#215

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME III

JULY 1956

NUMBER 7

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO and HAPPY SUMMER to you all. WELCOME new members.

SUMMER

5-AUG.-1
Copy-----1956

Wandering in a pathless wood;
Alone, yet not alone, for there
With raptured eyes I stood
Waiting for me everywhere
BEAUTY, my all embracing friend;
More to be desired than vain gold
Are searching eyes that never end
Their devoted quest - and behold
Nature's ennobling, priceless gifts
So all-revealing, almost speaking.
While the spirit joyfully lifts
A heart longong praise to sing.

Each softly waving feathery fern
Upon it's rich, green moss-bed
Compleats a deep desire to learn
How sun-glint shadows there shed.
So little and humble did I feel
Under that overwhelming edifice
And could but reverently kneel
Thanking the Giver, His artifice.
And humbly ask more worthy be
For mind illumined with the ways
Of Beauty prepared for all to see:
Words bereft, only extending days.
M.L.W.

IMPRESSIONS

After carefully reading HOBBY PRESS GUIDE 1956 with a Survey of AMATEUR JOURNALISM, impressed upon me in no uncertain terms, that we are all making future history, perhaps unconsciously. And are the only instruments to carry on FOSSILS INC, MILWAUKEE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB, NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, U.A.P.A. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. Quite an imposing list, not to be taken lightly, as members pay their small yearly dues and receive in return many dollars of reading, learning, enjoyment, friendships and untold opportunities to be seen and heard in the coveted writer's world. In many cases the step-stone to fame for the price of a dollar or two.

But this my message is a true relation to the very importance of these publications, the careful thought and preparation of every word; for are we not perhaps playing with rich words, regardless of their deep meaning and beauty going out to the world to take an unspoken part in promoting culture, happiness? And in the words of one noted poet "poetry does more to write history in spiritual interpretations than do the written books of history." M.L.W.

WORDS

God wove a web of loveliness
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not all
So beautiful as words,
To shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is made exquisite with wings. M.L.W.

There has recently come from Eva Cottle Downing a copy of her first book APRIL HUDS AND CORAL SANDS. Each poem is a perfect

This October issue is dedicated to POETRY. Music of the soul. #216

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5-NOV-9

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME III OCTOBER 1956 NUMBER 10

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR, WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO to MEMBERS, NEW MEMBERS, OFFICERS!

POETRY DAY

Its thought spreads over the Nation
On October 15th, each coming year,
Words of love, compassion, inspiration
Blossom forth with heart-giving cheer.
Temples of great words built in rhyme:
Poetry, the instrument of our God above
As flowing rivers from souls sublime
Speaking His peace and brotherly love.

M.L.W.

In the New York Times September 6th came the announcement of a POETRY ROOM in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. with a picture of Randall Jarrell, the new Consultant in Poetry, saying, "Poetry is back in our American life." He told his first press conference, "There has been away away from the surrealist experimentation in poetry, that took place from 1900 to 1930. Most modern poetry isn't modern any more; it is simple, lyrical and romantic as poetry ever was. The new poets scan, they have rhyme and rhythm." His tasks during his two years stay at the Library of Congress will include the selection of distinguished poets to record their works in the Poetry Room. Already forty-two poets have been recorded by the Library. Mr. Jarrell will meet there with poetry societies, give readings and advise the Librarian on literary matters. Also give poetry readings if colleges request them. NEWSWEEK has the same.

Another pleasant surprise came this way from a short visit with our new member Mrs. Florence Fry and daughter Jane of Fremont, Ohio. She is the seventh member to take time and effort to find West Winds Farm. This member deeply appreciates them all.

The colorful Annual Trail Ride brought 57 entrants from ten states. The glossy pedigreed mounts were of more interest than their riders. All available rooms in Woodstock were in demand. Valuable prizes were awarded.

Fair season is about over but chicken-pie suppers all through this area are widely advertised and largely attended and never disappointing.

M.L.W.

POETS

Life may be rough and dreary,
Not so when with words play.
Fain be the night and weary
Compassed with powers new day.
However trifling threads become
The weavers stran' of thought
Will color his shuttle and run
Through tapestry gold never wrought. M.L.W.

Thankfulness is the fruit of the spirit. Let us give thanks

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

.VOLUME III

November 1956

Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO ALL. WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS!

X-PN4827

Americans own day, THANKSGIVING!
Wrapt in treasured history a nation
Who forever will be one family living
The old story in yearly anticipation.

While in fast fading year, November
Displays for us its fruitful gifts,
Comes our never failing to remember
Thankfulness our part, the soul uplifts.
M.L.W.

THE HOMESTEAD

Here in Woodstock, as I write, a building is almost completed which will provide room with bath attached, to residents advanced in years. A moderate monthly payment will include meals, resident nurse care and the permission to use personal furnishings. With privilege to do individual homework. The broad porches paint a picture of many rocking-chairs to look out on Vermont's Green Mountains and never forgotten landscapes.

This needed homecalled by the donor "The Homestead" is a gift from one of Woodstock's most generous residents, Mrs. Marriane Faulkner, who this month celebrated her 97th birthday. To quote her: "This best expresses my deep appreciation and high regard for Woodstock and the outstanding need of homelike care and protection to ones left alone in a fast changing world".

It is hoped Thanksgiving Day will find the buildings finished and occupied by many grateful men and women who will bow their heads in happy thanks before eating their turkey, pumpkin pie with "all the trimmings" and grown on home soil. Not forgetting to include the One who makes possible this great day in "The Homestead".

The same generous woman has given and fully equipped a large Community Center, where a friendly resident Secretary welcomes all ages. Games, gymnasium, and each month a social program is arranged for the Eldsters. Surrounding the building wide picnic grounds and outside games attract all ages. Seldom a day passes without a meeting of some local group.

W.L.W.

MEMORIES

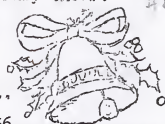
To grandfather's Thanksgiving Day
We drove in a pickle-dish sleigh;
Prancing horses dapple-grey,
With jingle-bells all the way.

W.L.W.

May the Spirit of Christmas spread its warm, friendly cheer.

#218

GREEN MOUNTAIN



CHEER

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor
West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vt.

VOL. III No. 12 December 1956

MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all!

HOLY CHRISTMAS DAY

Welcome, Holy Christmas Day!
Your gift to the world, God's Son,
Tiny Babe in an unknown manger lay:
While great was the heavenly Plan,
For a Kingdom was born that night
That made Him eternally God in man
With power to save us by HIS MIGHT,
TO HIM IN GLORY BORN
BLESSED CHRISTMAS MORN! M.L.W.

5-FEB-1

PN4827

G

OLD JOE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Old Joe, a familiar Saturday morning figure on the village drug-store corner and favorite with Scouts who listened to Joe's old-time stories of a happy home and interesting life. From one about Christmas Eve carolers, they set out to copy in detail. Every home looks forward to our singers. This night a long old-fashioned sleigh drawn by two spirited horses harnessed with strings of bells, varried merry makers, singing our well known carols. Streets were ablaze with colored welcome helping to swell ringing voices through shining frosty winter moonlight. Even the horses pranced under their jingling bells adding exhilaration to the well remembered picture as children hung on the sleigh, when it was known they were going to old Joe's farm, living there alone since his Molly was called home, packages piled in the crowded sleigh, telling his popularity.

With Holy Night ringing along the country road, near the old farmhouse, a light shone bright from a tree-top with a glistening angel to tell the Christmas spirit of the owner. Hanging from branches bright baskets filled with brown butternuts, sunflower seeds, hazel nuts, red berries, slices of pork and bacon tied with red ribbons. Barking from Joe's faithful collie answered their knock and glow from a lamp on the table told his visitors their story-telling friend was lying on an old lounge near the stove. A string of bells hung from a post. Limp but still smiling, his "Merry Christmas, boys" reassured them. "I expected you after I failed you down by the tree on the Green."

"Merry Christmas to you Joe, but what happened old fellow? We came to bring these tokens from your many friends who send thanks for our most successful Christmas carols we copied from your story of long ago."

"You see I always gather food for my feathered friends and squirrels who cheer with their music since my dear Molly left me. The tree is in her memory. I fell from the ladder as I put the angel on top to keep an honored place since her childhood and through our happy years. Brownie saved my life and dragged me in from the cold. I have so many good friends who cheer me in HIS NAME this blessed Christmas Eve".

M.L.W.

5-DEC 20
1955

X-PN427

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GEORGIA

A U/PA PUBLICATION

Co-publishers.

Maud Curtis- 34 Rockyford Rd. N. E
Atlanta, Georgia

Geneva Davies- 534 N. McDonough
Decatur, Georgia



CHRISTMAS CANDLES

Christmas Candles burning bright
Across the world - a gladsome sight.

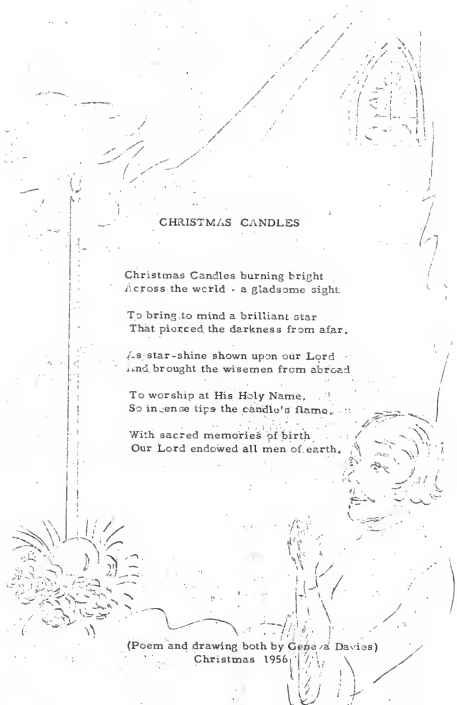
To bring to mind a brilliant star
That pierced the darkness from afar.

A star-shine shown upon our Lord
And brought the wisemen from abroad.

To worship at His Holy Name,
So incense tips the candle's flame.

With sacred memories of birth,
Our Lord endowed all men of earth.

(Poem and drawing both by Geneva Davies)
Christmas 1956



THE GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

Founded by Anne Warren in 1937

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CLARA ULLRICHI SAMUELS

VOLUME 20

SPRING EDITION 1957

NUMBER 1

"This Is The Victory"

When DOUBT UNDERMINES US
in the fog of untried ways
And life calls for action
in a baffling mysterious way:
When we use our human genius
to gain a selfish aim
And find our efforts go awry,
we never take the blame.
We fail to trust the words of Christ,
"Man cannot help himself."

This is the victory:

We must seek our Father's help.

When trusted friends fail us,

we never reason why.

We reverse our primal feelings

letting years of love pass by;

We fail to heed life's changes

touching the spirits of us all.

Sometimes friends are not the ones

who can help us when we call.

Christ and his companions

reached a parting of their ways.

This is the victory:

He was with His God always.

When darkness blacks our hour

and all our hopes fade out;

We are shocked into helplessness

by the light's sudden rout.

Often we act too hasty

to set our path aright;

We fumble in the blackness

and fail to seek God's light.

Beauty of The Soul

Beauty of the soul,

A thing that is felt, not seen;

A sort of an inner glow

that comes from the soul serene.

Beauty is really charm,

A fragrance of unseen flowers;

A spirit, friendly and sweet

That hints of enchanting bow-

Looks that are pretty fade

As time takes its cruel toll.

But sweeter the person grows

When beauty is of the soul.

JAMES LYNN.

Sentinel on The Highway

When you are standing undecided,

Where two highways separate

Knowing not which road to travel

And for guidance seem to wait

You will find in Truth and Spirit

Wisdom comes without delay

If you pause and ask directions,

Knowing wisdom shows the way.

On the street, and far-flung highway,

And on busy boulevards

Stands a Sentinel that's watching,

Wiser far than traffic guard.

There the mind of Spirit watches,

Never missing night or day;

You are sure of its protection,

For wisdom will show the way.

(To Page 2, Second Column)

X-FN4827

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Imagination is the brush that paints the picture of achievement

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME IV APRIL-MAY 1957 NUMBER 5

Martha Loomis Williams, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

CHEERIO! Belated wishes to all!

THE GLORY OF MAY

X-PN4827

This month of May to really be alive
Is like a new and possessing story;
Touching the heart, as we strive
To drink its intoxicating glory.
The rich ambrosia of budding trees,
Singing throats, everywhere flowers
That should bring us to our knees
Thanking God for Blessings He showers.

M.L.W.

Seems a long time since talking with you in GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER.
After receiving two Bundles, their contents deserve merit and thanks
for much deep poetic thought.

Was my privilege last week to be guest of VERMONT PEN WOMEN meeting
here in WHITE CUPBOARD INN. A most inspiring group.

Vermont in proud to send Robert Frost, dean of American poets and
four times Pulitzer Prize winner, to England May 19, where he will
receive honorary degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge universities.
During the month he will lecture and read from his poetry.

Busy, is the predominating word over this serene green state. And
every inch of the rich soil is put to good purpose. In minds of these
fertile people, to waste is sin. Well be the answer to their successful
contribution in a present era of waste. And said there is always
a living here for any one willing to make use of Vermont's natural
resources. Industry thrives inside almost all homes. They do not
create or covet millions, but they do create essential needs for
every day life. One elderly man who himself, from an old family
recipe, makes and ships soul-inspiring doughnuts, to many states beyond
this home state. Hand made rugs of rare beauty, original Christmas
cards thousands are in demand, and old glass lamps fitted with
original designed hand-made shades go from a small shop to each state
in U.S.

In the HOMESTEAD, of which I have written, are busy fingers with
their individual projects. It would gladden your heart to see these
oldsters at dinner. Where tables for two are lighted with two candles
and fresh flowers. All sure of good food, homelike rooms and nursing
care if needed as long as they live. A gift from a woman in her
ninety seventh year.

SPRING BELLS

Soft, sweet balmy breath of Spring!
So many glad bells for me you ring.
While warm, brown garden earth
Beckons help for its tender rebirth.
As just the soothing, mellow touch
Compels my little garden hoe to clutch
And gently let sun's warm air mingle
With mother Nature's hand rekindle. M.L.W.

Within each human lies a masterpiece of achievement

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME IV

September 1957

Number 7

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHALERIO! With glad welcome to our President, Officers and New Members.

ALL IN A YEAR

All in a Year, come Spring,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, bring
Their own free gifts for you,
For me, with opportunity renew.
More potent for us will ever be
Joy to grasp the present and see
How warm friendship paves the way
For each Season to be a happy day. -M.L....

X-FN4827

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Wishing our President a quick and lasting recovery and patience to bear with our short-comings which we are sure to overcome under his new leadership. From those who were privileged to attend the Convention, a fine program and renewal of friendships was enjoyed.

With a profusion of fruits and vegetables to meet the fast approaching winter needs, we are now seeing the first colors of Autumn under skies so blue, but lacking rain to preserve our flowers.

Vermont added another historic gift to its annals last month, a gift so simple in its greatness as will express forever the real heart of Vermont. And for which her gift of Calvin Coolidge to be President of this Nation justifies his son's rich gift, his heritage from a father which he typified. Let us remember his father was the last President of the United States to leave a balance in the Treasury. No war to finance.

Over the radio I heard Vrest Orton, chairman of Vermont Historical Sites Commission say, "When I went to inspect the details of the Coolidge homestead, I found only two items to correct. The plates on the table were not turned over and spoons in the spoon-holder wrong ends up." This may bring a treasured custom to many minds. -M.L.W.

SIMPLICITY

Sweet Simplicity, from which spring
Enduring greatness, lasting honor
For generations to forever sing.
And hail to that one
Who from this Nation won
Right to wear Simplicity's wreath
Flowered with honors public sheath,
But with Vermont's simple faith born
Its Prestige to be always worn -M.L....

Let us give THANKS!

5 - DEC - 6

X-FN4827

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#223

** GREEN MOUNTAIN CH-1957 **

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME IV NOVEMBER 1957 NUMBER 9

WERTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
CHEERIO! Happy Thanksgiving.

THE THANKSGIVING PICTURE

Like taking a cherished picture
From the golden frame each year
And bring it to life, making sure
Our Thanks to let THE FATHER hear.

Home coming...old and young,
All young together, while turkey,
Pumpkin pie, will pile up our fun
and flakes of snow enhance the glee.
M.L.W.

MEMORIES

Who among us cannot relive that last family picture on a cold November day?

Mine is colorful, with a background of harmony and love for an only grand-child. With dear Father and Mother we dashed through the snow in that "pickle-dish sleigh" under bear skins and blankets, drawn by Tom and Jerry to the tune of jingle bells around their shiny necks.

After a two mile ride, grand-father's home resting in contentment on a hill protected by spreading oaks and pines was a picture in itself but at the door two white heads with outstretched arms made it complete. Inside the glowing log fire around which circled never to be forgotten rocking chairs fairly oozing with inviting comfort.

While from the spacious kitchen came odors father always said were not made in Paris. But grand-mother's culinary art.

When seated at great-grand-mother's round mahogany table, with a centerpiece of apples, grapes and pears, prize winners at the county fair, our heads bowed in thanks for those Heavenly gifts and by God's Grace together in health and happiness.

After the first course, oysters a yearly gift from Connecticut cousins, Grand-father's Prize turkey took two to place the platter before him. With the customary vegetables, sauces, jellies together with never lagging talk, two pumpkin pies were before grand-mother's smiling pink checked face to receive Ohs and Ahs with all standing, my father read the following poem:

To dear father and mother
We present this picture
With love from each other
God's Blessing is sure.

My father engaged a photographer to take and finish it while we ate.

5-JAN 13
1959

Gateway of Interweave



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Editor- Mary G. Garlitz

924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Box 464, Clairton Pa.
Volume I Dec. 1958 Number 3.

For This Yule-tide Season

Come let us sing Christmas Carols, . G
While the angel guides,
We can give honor to Hallow-tide.
While the wise men are travellers,
We can be the trumpeters.
While the shepherds watch,
That we maybe an anchor-watch.
Oh let us pray, holy, holy, unto this night,
That we may all be a harbor-light,
For the New Born King is here.

-- Mary Grace Garlitz--

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Isaiah 9:6, Luke 2:1-17, St. John 3:17.

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION



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Gateway of Interweave

5-JAN 14

Copy 1959



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Editor- Mary G. Garlitz
924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Bx. 464, Clairton Pa.
Volume I Dec. 1958 Number 3.

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Isaiah 9:6, Luke 2:1-17, St. John 3:17.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



#226

5 - MAR - 5

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X-PN4827

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28 GIRLDOM

Volume I
Number 2
New Series

Volume LVIII
Whole Number 15
March 1958

Editor - Gail Talbot
J. M. & S.
Washington D. C.

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5-JAN 14
Copy _____ 1959

CHIEF OF BUREAU

CHIEF OF BUREAU

TO ALL

5-APR 11

#228

EASTER DAY is on its way to bring the Glorious Resurrection

GREEN MOUNTAIN NEWS

X-PN4827

A UNITED AMATEUR PRIZE ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME 7 MARCH 1959 NUMBER 3

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MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR-WOODSTOCK WILDER, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
 CHIMERIO! To all, including Welcome to new Members.

LONGING THOUGHTS

Longing thoughts for smile of Spring,
 Joy for gifts it is sure to bring.
 Our first robin soon will be seen
 When the grass again turns green;
 And earth gives forth her flowers
 While day seems to loose the hours
 For much two hands will find to do
 And welcome God's blessings for you.

M.L.W.

As I write this last day of February, snow is coming down in a blanket while banks still hide our windows that are tunneled through to see. Still we have not suffered and my doctor son-in-law has only had to stay home one day from his duties at Veterans Hospital in White River Junction. Our roads have been ploughed, but the natives say it has been the hardest winter they have experienced.

THE PICTURE

Spread of Winter white landscape
 Under the blue cloudless sky
 Invites serenity, seeming to brake
 Rictous thoughts and asking why
 Must each day come armed with fear
 With a wistful prayer to HIM above:
 Peaceful picture with God so near.

M.L.W.

Ski Trails have been alive with all ages come to enjoy Vermont's health giving sport. And hotels, cabins, motels have benefited from continued snow which was long in coming. A real business on which they depend for tax payments.

A fine social group, THE OLDSTERS meet each month in the Community Center where favorite games, stories and refreshments are served under the leadership of an attractive Secretary. With a good Movie, several amateur plays and musicals make Woodstock a popular evening retreat.

Blue sky opens winter morning
 With sunshine is soon sold
 To the dreaded new day
 Like a tonic once foretold
 How well sunrise sweeps away
 That cobweb longing to sing.

M.L.W.

#229

Worry is a rocking chair that never gets you anywhere.

** GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER **

5 - JUN - 4
COPY 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME V MAY 1958 NUMBER 5

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

SMILE AGAIN

Smile, be glad, again it's month of May!
Pirouetting on spring thrilling breeze.
Long we've waited your coming, to say
Welcome, with glad voices from the trees.

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Dressed in apple-blossom pink, wafting
Your delicious wind blown fragrance,
Hearts dance under the blue and sing
In tune with May's bewitching glance.
M.L.W.

This being the season for planting garden herbs, am relating a story told by a friend, when living in New York. She was born in Athens, Greece and in her house a basil plant of luxuriant growth sent a sweet aroma over the room. ONE FRIEND OF THE BASIL is a sacred story known to every Greek child. While Italians and other races use the herb in cooking, would be a sacrilege to the Greeks, who grow it for its religious significance. The basil, or basilico, as they call it -- *Ocimum basilicum*.

Queen Helena, mother of Emperor Constantine, in her search for a true cross, was directed in a dream to seek where fragrance filled the air. Searching the hills she suddenly stepped on a mass of basilico and its fragrance revealed to her the Holy Cross buried beneath.

Devout Greeks start the plant from seed in the house in February. Later transplant it to boxes or tubs where it grows about two feet high. The white flowers are tiny and the slightest brush against the foliage sends a wave of spicy perfume through the air. Grown by Greeks in this country in remembrance of their homeland.

M.L.W.

PLEASURE

Nature depends on our tender care
When her practiced hand again lifts
Our bulbs and plants in sun warm air
Love from us for all growing gifts
Is pleasing to HIM who creates beauty,
Their care becomes our pleasant duty.

M.L.W.

WE

To keep abreast of all that's new,
Like counting stars and who's who.
Or left out of science latest game
Even more, pronounce each name.
That we are really going somewhere
With hopes to win the world race,
America then will wear a brighter face.

M.L.W.

5-JUL 21

How can the heart grow cold with so much Beauty everywhere?

** GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER **

#230

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME V JUNE 1958 NUMBER 6

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK VERMONT

CHEERIO! Happy Junetime to all.

MONTH OF JUNE

Here you are again month of June
Your sweetness of the year is here.
Bathed in wine of romance in tune
With Love's own sacred ancient shrine,
As maidens in rapture hearts give away
In answer to his, forever be mine.
While asking God's blessing will bring
Sunny skies circled in Love's gold ring.
M.L.W.

X-FN4827

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This month of flowering beauty brings to Woodstock the FEDERATED GARDEN CLUB OF VERMONT with flower show under the theme, Flowers in the home of my ancestors. Homes in this alluring town are surrounded with gardens that exemplify that theme in every detail.

Flowers, Flowers, poetry of the earth
Impulsive, pure and wild
With what strange delight from birth
They fill the growing child.

Our venerable poet Robert Frost has been named ADVISER TO LIBRARY OF CONGRESS as consultant in poetry, starting Oct. first. To quote his words: "It consists of making the politicians and statesmen more aware of their responsibility to the arts." His duties include two public lectures in the library and expert advice on its poetry collections.

An anthology of poems, SEVENTH-YEAR HARVEST published by the editors of WRITER'S NOTES AND QUOTES contains poems from twenty-one members of UAPA. A most honored and valuable tribute to their friends who will always be their debtors. M.L.W.

OUR GIFT

Embrace each baffling beauty:
Ask God for eyes brimmed to see
Heights His hand has wrought,
To each others power...Thought:
As Dante, Euclid, Shakespeare,
Their gifts to mankind and those
Like us unknown, who disappear,
From lack of will to use the gift
Flowered to weave lines that lift.

M.L.W.

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 * GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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5-SEP-58
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W-4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
 VOLUME V AUGUST 1958 NUMBER 8

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR - WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK VERMONT

 CHEERIO and WELCOME new OFFICERS and new MEMBERS!

ALONG THE ROADSIDES

I culled flowers on roadsides grown wild;
 Daisies from meadows where sun had smiled,
 And feathery green ferns to wrap around
 Their dainty pink white, yellow, and found
 To hold them, Grandmother's old blue pitcher,
 Deciding garden flowers were never richer.
 While the following story refused to down
 Until it wove for them a family crown.

M.L.W.

IN GRANDMOTHER'S TIME

Whose many friends and three bridesmaids gathered long-stemmed white daisies for her wedding to decorate the end of each pew in the Church. Together with ferns and wild roses on the altar.

A lovely picture of real friendship she long remembered and told. How her bridesmaids carried large bouquets of daisies and her own the same edged with single pink roses and ferns, then with daisies tied on ribbons hung to the floor.

Best of all a thoughtful friend took a picture of the bridal party coming down the Church aisle, which this writer preserves with a rich collection of cherished heirlooms each with its own story.

And the dark blue pitcher, one of a two hundred fifty piece dinner set, her wedding gift said to be a copy of the Martha Washington china in the White House. As is the custom for each First Lady to leave a set of her own choosing to mark her administration.

Botany books tell us white daisies were brought from England, are sometimes called the Emigrant flower. And taken from the spot travelers often visit, where in 1216 King John signed the Magna Charter at Runnymede. This verse copied from a book by Mrs. Sigourney in 1846. The name Martha Nichols for whom I was named, written inside cover.

M.L.W.

THE EMIGRANT DAISY

Once from its home in England's soil
 A daisy's root I drew,
 Amid whose moistened crown of leaves
 A healthful bud crept through,
 And whispered in its infant ear
 That it should cross the sea,
 A cherished emigrant and share
 A western home with me.

Helping others is the way we pay rent for our room on Earth

*** GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER ***

#232

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME V OCTOBER 1958 NUMBER 10

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR- WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK VERMONT

CATERIO! Welcome to all, including new members.

X-FN4827

OCTOBER FIFTEEN

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Our Nation wide-spread POETRY DAY
Has now come with us to stay.
Thanks to our dear Mary O'Connor
To whom goes a well earned honor.
Her voice from bed-ridden heart
More traveled with cheer, impart
Inspiration, words built in rhyme
Speaking Peace and HIS love sublime.

M.L.W.

And every poet can say with Coleridge, "Poetry has given me the habit to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." Despite the hours of searching for just a first line to put thought to work, comes a challenge to labor on. The more we know about versification, the better equipped we are to perceive the skill with which the poet has wrought his marvels, also to feel deeply his charm and power: which means read, study more poetry and never let the flame grow dim. Use the rare gift bestowed.

KINDLING

Kindling a fire for the poet's day,
Takes memory sticks, written scraps
Lighted from imagination's first ray.
And sparks, as warm coals unwraps
Mind, fanned by Holy Spirit's breath
Inspiration leaps within blended word.
Create sonnet, lyric or poem, it saith
Curled with poetical style, to be heard.

M.L.W.

To quote from "OF WHAT USE IS POETRY," by Dame Edith Sitwell, in Reader's Digest. She writes, "It is unseeing to ask what is the use of poetry as it would be to ask what is the use of religion. The uses of poetry are many: The poet should stand beside the priest in his work of restoring mankind's faith in God in the heart of man, in this terrible age when the only faith seems to belong to the gray and murderous creeds."

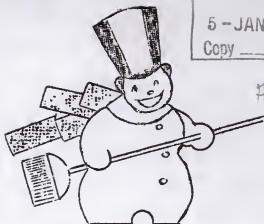
September Bundle just arrived sends friendship spirit throughout!

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5 - JAN 13
Copy _____ 1959

#733

Glory to God in the highest and on earth
Peace, good will toward men.



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME IV DECEMBER 1958 NUMBER 12

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR-WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

HOLY CHRISTMAS

X-PM 19527

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WELCOME, HOLY CHRISTMAS DAY!
Your GIFT to the world, GOD'S SON,
Tiny Babe in an unknown manger lay:
While great was the Heavenly plan,
For a Kingdom was born that night
That made HIM eternally God in man
With power to save us by HIS MIGHT,
TO HIM IN GLORY BORN
BLESSED CHRISTMAS MORN.

M.L.W.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The following was told from a teacher who told her Sunday School class the STORY as told in St. Matthew and St. Luke, after reading it carefully to her class of ten year boys, she added the fact of its perfect truth and with emphasis on the lowly shepherds running to tell the story which has come down through the years to this day. After which one boy said with deep feeling, "How I wish I could have been one of those shepherds!" Another boy said, "I don't believe everyone has heard that story, why couldn't we be shepherds and tell it and where it can be found in the HOLY BIBLE. I know a whole family who do not even own a Bible. How can they celebrate Christmas?" The whole class seemed deep in quiet thought and the teacher waited, then they all stood up. "WE'RE GOING TO BE SHEPHERDS THIS CHRISTMAS." You can well imagine the joy in that teacher's heart, that she had made the story so real.

This is also a true story. M.L.W.

THE ANGELS SONG

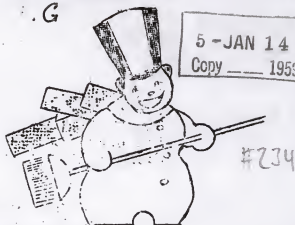
Let all who seek HIM as we have found,
Wise men and shepherds traveling in the night.
And let not one keep back because his gift be poor.
(continued next side).

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

X-PN4827

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5 - JAN 14
Copy _____ 1959



#234

Glory to God in the highest and on earth
Peace, good will toward men.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME IV DECEMBER 1958 NUMBER 12

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR-WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

HOLY CHRISTMAS

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(continued next side).

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* 994 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 26, N.Y. *
* * * * *
***** Number Ninety-one March 1958 *****
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GINGERBREAD COTTAGE

My heart longs for the Gingerbread Cottage
Where flowers bloom and litany usage
To the path over the hills,
Down by the side of the rills.
With sunshine and zephyrs blue skies
Where the beautiful winding lane lies,
The dogwood is barking, red oak is flaming, to tulip tree
Where the birds singing is free with glee.

827
C

Won't you give me this Gingerbread Cottage
Where my dreams are in page
And the air is sweet and pure
With the brook flowing of secret treasures.
I love to paint the twilight in the dell
Where the wildwood hymns do foretell
For coming of the night starlights are like showers;
Then the moonbeams began like love bowers.

I am dreaming of this Gingerbread Cottage
My old silver tower begins to age
Because of glorious memories is sublime;
The dove whispers secret sweet times.
God' rare gems does unfold its gleaming,
My hope and faith is beaming,
My great love shall never part,
From his love, soul or heart.

God give me the vision for this Gingerbread Cottage,
Lovely pearls can unfold the message
Where the Noble is carrying his armor;
Sunset unveils the beautiful hidden charmer.
His radiance kiss me once more
With fragrance I do in lore,
As the splendor path grew very divine;
I love him more and more for he is mine.
Mary Grace Garlitz

Mary Grace Garlitz, 924 Jefferson Drive, P O Box 464, Clairton, Pennsylvania. Born July 24, 1909 in Racine, Beaver County, Pa. Married. No children. Has had poems in Pageant of Poetry, Pacific Press, American Sonnets and Lyrics and Important American Poets and Song-writers. Her father and mother were ordained Methodist Episcopalian ministers. Hobbies: collecting driftwood, sea shells and view cards. Studied one year at Carnegie Tech and three years at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh.

#1236

Gateway of Interweave



.....
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION
Editor: Mary G. Garlitz
924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Box 464, Clairton Pa.
Volume 2 Jan., Feb., 1969 Number 1.
.....

Thoughts For The New Year

My thoughts for the New Year are yare,
First I bow my head in prayer,
That God will be first in everything I
say, do, or share,
He brought me through the Old Year not
a scar, or a snare,

The New Year God prepare,
Gives nature more tender care,
That his children don't wear out and tear,
But to teach them beauty what he has
put there.

God anguished heart was to spare, &
May this year not to compare,
With the enemies he is like a glare,
God please give me sculs and burdens to
bear.

May God grant me peace and happiness to
share,
And a shining faith, hope, joy to wear,
To give a message to everybody everywhere,
I know he will give me the concessionaire.
---Mary Grace Garlitz---



Gateway of Interweave



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Editor- Mary G. Garlitz
924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Bx., 464 Clairton Pa.
Volume 2 March, April, 1959 Number 2.

Spring Is Here

March winds and April showers,
Brings the bright earthly flowers.
Daffodils are waving on the precipices,
And the red tulips threw the kisses.

Spring season bring a prefigure,
The leas and trees show transfigure.
Rabbits come with a powderpuff,
Robin in the nest with a fluff.

---Mary Grace Garlitz---

Love

The spring is smiling, when love is
awaken,
The genial hand rejoice being taken.
Birds and friends singing sweet,
Love is free to all we greet.

----Mary Grace Garlitz----



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JUN 1 6

Gateway of Interweave

#238

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Editor- Mary Grace Garlitz
924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Bx., 464 Clairton Pa.
Volume 2. May, June 1959 Number 3.

WHY I CHOSE THE NAME

As I was thinking of a name for my little paper. My thoughts came to me of the hills and valleys where Pittsburgh was the Gateway to the East and West in the old colonial period. They Interweave with the East and West by traveling on foot, covered wagons, flat boats, and steam boats. The Cumberland road was built between 1812 and 1830. It is called route 40 now and it goes through Brownville and Little Washington Pennsylvania.

Pittsburgh to day is the Gateway and Interweave to the East and West. It has Diesels, railroads, buses, moving vans, automobiles and one of the world largest Air Terminal in Allegheny county. And Greater Pittsburgh Airport also bases U.S. Air force squadrons protecting our vital industrial area. Like steel mills, Atomic industries and others industrial companies.

There are newspapers- Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph, Post Gazette and others. Pittsburgh has one of the largest Medical Centers in the world, Hospitals, and have radio stations, and TV stations. Pitt Univers-

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1959

Gateway of Interweave



#239

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Editor- Mary G. Garlitz

924 Jefferson Dr., P.O. Bx. 464, Clairton Pa.
Volume 2 July, August 1959 Number 4.

MY OLD RELICS

As I look upon my old relics,
It gave me the tender thrill of poetic
Oh! the time comes when old relics must part;
My tears streaming with a broken heart.
I heard a voice, came from the old teapot,
Saying it tells tales and give nature pot.

My throat swelled with a big lump,
Should I throw them on the trash dump?
Then the rustic old oaken bucket with an air,
Said you are adorable, beautiful and fair.
I gave you lymph when you needed a drink,
You were abandon and began to shrink.

Then came a voice from the old lamp,
I guide you from the mortal death clamp.
And bring you to the harbor of cheerful bay,
Then light your path to the cross of allay.
As I turn down the light for-get-us-not,
To-morrow we will fill your treasure lot.

-----Mary Grace Garlitz-----



#240

5 - JAN 13

Com' _____ 1959

Garden Lore

There is a pageant of flowers in our garden,
Blooming for you, for me.
Smiling memories of the mistress planter,
Now lovingly tending the Heavenly lea.

.G

Crocus, buttercup, dandelion,
Myriads of little flowers in the grass,
Violets, Irish petticoats, daisies enmasse,
Blackeyed Susans, on tulip wine will dine.

Jonquils, daffodils, continuous show of flowers,
Previewing the climbing rose bowers,
Narcissus, plum, glads, apple,
Daisy, anemone, fleur-de-lis.

A round of applause for hollyhocks,
Seen by the eyes of the mind.
Forsythia chapel, yellow, now green, with
Attending meadowrue behind.

The theater is a grass studded carpet,
Johnny-jump-ups, dandelions, bee balm,
Molten gold in basket of yellow,
Snapdragons, the actors' wee calm.

The lowly vine bugle is music,
Creeping along, ferns among,
While lilacs tower lovingly above them,
Hydrangea symphony of song.

Preacher Jack in the pulpit, near trilliums,
Completes the year of bloom whose offering,
With heather and bachelor button millions, sing
Praise, Glory, and honor to God.

Like these we give humble thanksgiving,
Econopies, Rose of Sharon, Coreopsis,
Pick a bouquet for those whom we honor,
In the flower scented joy of living.

Marion F. Butman

5 -MAR 13
Copy _____ 1959

#241

Anniversary Number

X-PN4827
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Volume II
Number 1
New Series

GIRLDOM

Volume LIX
Whole Number 20
January 1959

1901

JANUARY

1902

5 -MAR 13

Copy _____ 1959

#742

Anniversary Number

X-PN4827

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Volume II
Number 1
New Series

GIRLDOM

Volume LIX
Whole Number 20
January 1959

1901

JANUARY

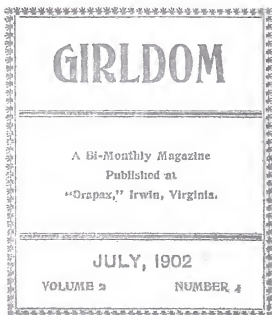
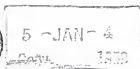
1902

X-PN4827

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#243

Volume II
Number 4
New Series



Volume LIX
Whole Number 23
July 1959

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

May the New Year bring growth and warm friendships to U.A.P.A.

#244

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5 - MAR 12
COPY 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME V JANUARY 1959 NUMBER I

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR-WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

MR. NEW YEAR

We Greet You Mr. NEW YEAR!
With faith in all things new:
Questions to answer without fear
That you will do us no wrong,
But keep us upright, strong.

M.L.W.

There are no words to express Nature's perfect duplicate of Christmas Eve's clear blue sky, gleaming full moon surrounded with the brightest stars I have ever seen and followed by a perfect Christmas day. Church Services and Carols told the Holy Story and a certain peace settle over mountains and hills covered with pure, clean snow. One long to remember.

Skiing is right now the popular activity in and around Woodstock, where it was born in the U. S. twentyfour years ago, and little doubt that it will run another twenty years or more. Every effort is being used to conserve this natural and priceless beauty with varied assets.

M.L.W.

WINTER WONDERLAND

To this favored wonderland
From afar come young and old.
On skis go the exuberant band
Riding the snow, braving cold
Seek Nature's fun-giving health
More precious than grinding wealth.
These pine clad mountains, hills,
Lakes and winding roads---thrills
Awaiting, all through the year
Why, their favored spot is here.

M.L.W.

HOMES

Through a long winter to go
With music of whistling wind
Piling up banks of snow;
Thankful to God for homes
Kindled with blazing logs,
No wise man ever roams.

M.L.W.

May the New Year bring growth and warm friendships to U.A.P.A. C

#245

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

5 -FEB 20
COPY 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME V JANUARY 1959 NUMBER I

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS, EDITOR-WEST WINDS FARM, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

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5 -MAR 13

Cody 1959

The city of happiness is in the state of mind

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #

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#246

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V February 1959 Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHERRIO to all and NEW MEMBERS:

OUR NATIVE DEER

Each day brings seeking, hungry deer:
Buck, doe and fawn come cautiously near.
Their graceful heads sensitively alert
Guarding against some unseen hurt.
We wonder how they live, never man-fed,
Without even one sheltering shed,
While mystery, only their Creator knows
How they live and sleep on yearly snows,
And with plumed tails, unsurpassed grace
Disappear with speed into wooded space.

M.L.W.

Recently we picked up a white-spotted fawn by the roadside.
We brought him home and unwillingly called the game warden. It
was tame and played with the kittens and longed to be petted and
fondled like a baby. This cold weather has prompted local citi-
zens to spread hay and apples on the snow. The first thing a visi-
tor wants is to see a deer.

Not being hunters, this family dread the law-given hunting
season.

Right now hotels and motels are filled with ski enthusiasts.
Today a party passed my door and asked if by any chance they might
see a deer.

Have just learned that Woodstock's four churches are proud
owners of original RevereBells. There are only eighty in existence.
Their resonances is most appealing and send out their message about
the same hour on Sunday mornings.

Our Churches are in a position
To be show-windows of American
Spiritual principles and ideals.

While the ground-hog told us we have six more weeks of winter
to go, our neighbors tell us

CHALLENGE

Winter may be long, but never lonely
To a Vermonter in his substantial home.
Snow drifts, cold, inherited challenge
And thanks them for his sinew and bone.

M.L.W.

5 -MAR 13
COPY _____ 1959

X- PN4821
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The city of happiness is in the state of mind

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V February 1959 Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO to all and NEW MEMBERS:

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M.L.W.

The sight of self that might have been, more than most can take

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 * GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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MAY 14
 Copy 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
 Volume V March 1959 Number 3

 Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO to all and NEW MEMBERS:

SPRING

While deep in the heart of Spring
 The earth takes on a happy smile,
 Life bursts forth in every thing
 Whose trust in Nature not beguile
 Its promise of sun and gentle rain
 As God ever pours forth His Love
 Verdant growth and beauty sustain,
 To remind power comes from Above;
 While under winter snows sleeping
 Spring was resting in His Keeping.

M.L.V.

Cawing crows in the early morning sky is the first sure sign of approaching Spring. While that voice is far from sweet, after a hard winter the sound can be as sweet as a meadow lark to the winter weary ear.

Then back in the hills sugar maples tell the old-timers that sap is in the air. How do they know? They feel it in their bones and bore a few holes and wait for the first drip. What is called a sugar snow and freeze-up, then sun brings out red squirrels and chickadees who love to sip the maple sap. And so Vermont again revels in her time honored maple syrup.

M.L.V.

OUR GIFT

And so again we look with favor
 On gifts the sugar maples give
 To dress the pancake's flavor
 As long as human taste can live.

M.L.V.

And thus we add to Vermont ski slopes, winding trail rides, Autumn glory, deer, cows, its tempting maple sugar. Not forgetting the friendly people, who take pride in welcoming the stranger to their Green Mountain state.

Here under Green Mountains steady gaze,
 Comes quiet from worried world, stays
 With soothing mood away from grim worry
 While over all sky is streaked with hurry.
 That death ravages our land, sea and air;
 We know here, our part to give is PRAYER.

M.L.V.

GREEN MOUNTAIN

MAY 1959 CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO happy Spring to all!

A POET

Only a poet can give to Spring
Those meaningful words to sing
Through human hearts the glad,
Most transient joy to be alive
And hear the birds own comrade
Sweet Spring, as voices strive
With unmatched song they give
Cadence to poems that will live
As those words always shall be
Found in hearts with love to see.

M.L.V.

Recently on radio's "Host the Press", the strong voice of our venerable poet Robert Frost answered potent questions with his homely philosophy. "To be successful, begin at scratch and welcome competition."

A PRAYER SPRAY

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest, keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Robert Frost

In the March copy of ATLANTIC is a must for all to read, "The Poet and the Press". Poetry is an art, creating something new, says poet Archibald MacLeish, who tells us the real crisis in the life of our society is the crisis of the life of imagination.

THEORY OF POETRY

Know the world by heart
Or never know it!
Let the pendant stand apart -
Nothing he can name will thwart.
Also him of intellectual art
None know it
Until they know the world by heart
Take heart then, poet.

Archibald MacLeish

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

JUNE 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME V

JUNE 1959

NUMBER 6

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO to all and our welcome new members!

JUNE FLOWERS

June wreathed in iris' royal splendor
 Forget-me-nots blue for all to remember.
 While pansies undaunted saucy faces
 Flirt with violets most colorful graces.
 But roses climbing smile over all above
 Named forever that sweet flower of love.

M.L.W.

Recently an article in The New York Times under the title "Yankee Ingenuity Revives a Region is a story worth while. As well as the real answer to Yankee skills and natural creative genius that keep alive a nation's economic health. In hundreds of little shops jobs are provided as resourceful heritages. Twelve years ago Randy Barker of old West Bridgewater set up shop in his cellar to start answering his critics that New England is withering. His product was an electrical connector of his own design. First few turned out on a six-foot work bench next to the coal bin. Soon the electronic world beat a path to his door. Today, in an enlarged factory near his home, more than 180 employees are turning out his patented products. Last year the company's gross sales were \$1,000,000. Prospects are expected to double that amount this year. The territory has so expanded that Mr. Barker flies his plane to visit customers. There are more true stories of like nature.

M.L.W.

EXPEDIENCY

Truth and Honor are changing place
 In this expanding world today.
 While expediency spreads its face
 Over the aim of mankind to play
 A game outside law's mighty hand
 With stakes against man's good name.
 All not lost...when strong demand
 Overpowers expediency with shame.

M.L.W.

Not what has happened to us, but what has happened to others through us

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

JULY 1953

Volume V Number 7

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

LIFE'S SCHOOL

On world changes to keep a hand,
A give and take our surest way,
Or lost from unseen forced demand,
Therefore claim the best each day;
No time to dream, or sit idly by
While science claims our free sky.
Right moments never again will be
Life's school never turns the key. -M.L.W.

Our FANCY FERNS are in great abundance this year. In every nook or corner and each side of highways they grow tall and noticeable. In looking back I find GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER for June 1953, carried an account of the fern industry in Vermont, where more than thirty million are gathered each year and shipped to principal U. S. cities. Am told this year's harvest will far exceed that amount. Am again paying tribute with that 1953 poem.

FANCY FERN

I live in beauteous sheltered places,
My feathery green dress of laces
Awaits some strong and careful hand
Will carry me away to another land.
And gracefully companion with fragrance,
Rare colors of every hue and perchance
Carried by a happy, blushing bride,
Or going with roses, sickrooms to abide.
Never failing my God-given green to share
And give each flower my tenderest care.

M.L.W. 1953

SMILE OF WELCOME

Waving ferns along the roadside
And wild flowers nod their heads
A smile of welcome never hide
From each new urban passer-by;
All in their rare country style
Where genial, friendly folk abide.
So come and test this homely way,
Spring, Summer, winter, we give away.

W.L.W. 1959

Poetry is said to be the oldest medium of approach to the mind.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

1959
August-
September 19595
CopyA UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume XV Number 9

#752

 Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Woods Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

 CHEERIO: Warm congratulations New Officers. Welcome! New members.

AUTUMN

Fruition of April's hopes made manifest
 In itself, a season of promise complete.
 Berries, cherries, fruits at their best;
 Man yields the hoe for his food to eat,
 Apple trees were giant sweet bouquets
 Now bow to earth as fruit heavily weighs.
 This midseason give all Power and Glory
 As Gifts from "God's Hand write the Story.

W.L.W.

FIREFLY

Shine on little winking firefly!
 Starlight in the darkness tell why
 Through Time, you're still a mystery
 To science. Nature holds the key.
 While theories fall, Summer night
 Welcome your tiny power to light.
 Taxation never a worry for you,
 Or need for man-made bulbs renew;
 Nor fear a jealous thief may steal
 Your baffling luminous body zeal.

M.L.W.

This is a year of history in Vermont, celebrating the 350th Champ-
 lain Anniversary Festival. Many excursions to Crown Point, Burlington.
 Recently Laurance and Mrs. Rockefeller celebrated their 25th wedding
 anniversary here at the Billings Mansion. Was also the 90th anniver-
 sary when their grandfather Gov. Frederick Billings bought the Farm
 of which I wrote some time ago. Recently incorporated under the name
 Billings Farm, the day before leaving for their son's wedding in
 Norway.

M.L.W.

HERITAGE

A gift by which you measure--
 Rare and respected, through
 Life's interlocking care, treasure
 Descends with honor upon you.
 Lived early records years before
 Supported with far-teaching aim
 And noble purpose, the open door
 Of high aspiration defends a name.
 Challenge quells each imperfection
 With stern, balanced understanding
 Search through life's daily question
 And in the end, a glad tribute bring.

M.L.W.

October 1959

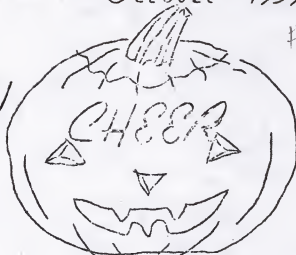
#253

GREEN MOUNTAIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION
Volume IV October 1959 No. 10

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor
West winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! Welcome new MEMBERS!



EARTH'S POETRY

Poetry of the earth is never old!
Paints inviting pictures of its heart.
While unfold flowing meanings with
Gifted restraint from a poet's pen to
Find unmuted music in a rolling hill
And lasting fragrance on a lifted stem.
Joy spreads along a wooded ribbon road
Leading as for the time...without end,
But healing an ache with earthly touch:
The soul's own gift and forever free,
Free to have and as gently will hold
Even as a lover, still longing to see
Untold affection, glowing in her eyes.

M.L.W.

POETS

Lest we forget this month to pay tribute, October 15th is POETRY DAY and keep alive this age-old art; culture rare, with heart-felt words impart.

was appointed Vermont Chairman with grave misgivings, as to the ability to spread its influence in news, schools, church and societies. But after sending out the 1959 magazine, WHO'S WHO IN WORLD POETRY DAY, with President Eisenhower's statement on the front page, an encouraging result is seen, the magazine can be obtained from Mary O'Connor, Philadelphia.

Here in Woodstock, a copy on the local library table and the blackboard filled with famous poems and pictures, a poetry contest in our high school and Churches strong appeal "poetry is the music of the soul", has given renewed life to the poet's bond of brotherhood.

Vermont's two American Pen Woman Branches have played a large part in paying tribute to WORLD POETRY DAY. With our Robert Frost's recent appointment as Honorary Consultant in the Hammanities for three years in the Library of Congress, makes us doubly proud of this deserved honor.

M.L.W.

Self control, not government control, does something to ourselves

#254

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* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume IV November 1959 Number 11

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! HAPPY THNAKSGIVING and WELCOME New Members.

THANKSGIVING

The word THANKSGIVING DAY, for small fry
Suggests turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie.
For oldsters, happy family get-to-gather;
Snow, rain, shine or any kind of weather.

Bathed in childhood's perfume and wrapt
In memories, those years held intact.
Cherished, our great day of THANKFULNESS,
May our hearts ask the Father to Bless.

M.L.W.

October was a month of thrilling events. Starting with an all day snowstorm. After sending World Poetry Day Magazine and a poem to Radio Station WGY, Schenectadym for Leon Kelly to read over his popular "Kelly's Corner" program, then hear him say? "This is World Poetry Day, am very pleased to receive the World Poetry Day Magazine from Martha Loomis Williams, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont. This her poem tells its real meaning." This is not egotism, just a thrill.

The following day, was invited to ride with Mrs. Gladys Skinner and Melissa Mather Ambros to attend our monthly meeting of Vermont Pen Women, held at Blueberry Hill, near Brandon, a home to remember.

May I tell you who these women are in this rushing world and my honor to know them. You will find a picture of Gladys Skinner in her studio at Windsor, Vermont, in December 1958 issue of "Pen Women". One of two known artists who sculptures miniatures and bas reliefs in plastol, from life models and mounted on wood or velvet and sometimes framed. Famous people she has done are Ambassador and Mrs. Warren Austin, Grandma Moses, Dorothy Thompson, Dorothy Parker, Steffanson and Norman Rockwell. She has exhibited widely in the East.

You may have seen Melissa Mather Ambros' stories in the Ladies Home Journal and Evening Post. To know her and enjoy her interesting easy flow of conversation soon explains her unusual fascinating personality, the young mother of eight children. And hear her tell how she and her husband are building their new home with their own hands at Hartland, Vermont. And you will want to read her wonderful book, "Rough Road Home".

My third thrill was to receive an engraved Citation of Appreciation signed by Paul Fross, 1958-59 President of U.A.P.A., for which my sincere thanks have been sent.

M.L.W.

We know that God's Hand Above sent the world His Holy Love

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* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume IV

December 1959

Number 12

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

A Glad and Merry Christmas to You all! Welcome New Members.

TO YOU

If I were ringing your bell today
The first words I would surely say
Is truly the same, this wish I send
Filled with Greetings to each friend.
May the Holy Joys of Yule-Tide
Forever in your hearts abide.

A HOLY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

M.L.W.

Our little town of Woodstock at this writing is covered with a blanket of snow, and homes are gay with wreaths and colored lights. The village GREEN has a blue spruce gayly trimmed to await the carolers on Christmas Eve. A horse drawn sleigh will take them out into the country-side where many oldsters await their coming with appreciative greetings and choise eats. Even far up in the mountains no one is forgotten? An illuminated cross above the village tells strangers during Christmas week that Christian Spirit dwells in its heart.

A most beautiful Christmas Story is written by Ruth Graham, wife of Billy Graham, in December issue of the Ladies Home Journal. Don't miss this true story. Also another gem is "Adoration of the Lowly" by Phyllis M. Flaig in December Good Housekeeping.

M.L.W.

THE GIFT OF CHRISTMAS

Life would surely be most drear
Without Christmas Day each year,
When our love for all mankind
Spurs us on bright gifts to find,
Just as on that Holy Day,
God His Gift before us lay.

M.L.W.

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Graham's Little Letter

No. 1. UAPA Member No. 1354.

Published By Grady Graham, R-2,
Box 86, Seneca, South Carolina.

May-June, 1960.

Dear Friends:

Every clear day I can look up and see a ball of fire that is over 2,500,000 miles in circumference, and is so hot that each square yard of its surface is capable of generating 70,000 horse-power. And that ball of fire has been burning over a thousand million years without any fuel being added and without burning up. And yet some clodhopper thinks that God can't make an everlasting red-hot hell.

But what God can do is not always what He does do or will do. Now,

Help, when you want it is only a prayer away

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* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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#1257

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume V

February 1960

Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! Welcome New Members.

WASHINGTON

A name graven on history's page
Is his, this month we will salute.
And those treasured concepts engage
The nation's precepts from dispute.
Not just the name, but Washington
The man, with his forward insight
And for the unseen future he won
Our lasting banner for the right.

W.L.W.

New Year's brought the largest number of skiers in the history of this local area, with perfect weather that gave capacity crowds to Inns and Guest Houses. Attractive styles with colorful touches and much jolly laughter made our streets a delight to see.

WINTER WONDERLAND

Winter sunshine we glory in your rays:
While wind and stinging frost plays
Havoc with our hands and aching feet.
And we marvel as happy skiers defeat
Winter's challenge to their jolly fun.
As eagerly to the ski trails they run.

W.L.W.

Woodstock's first "Craftsmen At Work Show" was recently held at the Little Theatre. Craftsmen in many fields showed visitors how their work is done rather than the finished articles and entirely by hand. The early art of quilting with century old quilts on display. The making of hand-sewn lamp shades, block printing, hooked rugs while being made, and beautiful floral designs for sale. Hand made useful articles made from decorated papers as they were made by a local craftsman. Weaving on a small hand loom and the ancient art of spinning with flax. Tray painting, furniture decoration and book-binding, with a promise of courses available for those who desired to take up crafts themselves.

Betty Dyckman is again leading the Great Books Group in Glens Falls and the Writers Club is again sponsoring a Fiction and Poetry Contest for high school students.

How many read "What's the Matter With Poetry?" in the December 13th issue of the New York Times?

M.L.W.

The is the season for searching the heart

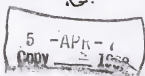
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#258

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V March 1960 Number 3



Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

MARCH

While March insists wind shall blow,
Date of Spring slips into her dress
To welcome Nature's color fashion show.
And soon forget, with her gentle caress
Of leaf and flower, as life again sings
In company with joyous feathered friends:
Over land, earth's fertile breast brings
Rich nourishment on which mankind depends
And joins the chorus under radiant sky
With praise and thanks to our GOD ON HIGH.

TOWN MEETING

Held this month in Woodstock to preserve their freedom and way of life, is true Democracy in the making. Banks and many shops close, starting at ten A.M. the friendly excitement lasts until late afternoon. Clean politics, it may be called with aim to preserve their heritage and keep fit with improvement. No old, run-down unpainted buildings in Woodstock, white homes look as if just painted, trees neatly trimmed and Village Green a luxury in these days of crippled parking space. Where tourists flock repeatedly to enjoy an atmosphere of old-time food and friendliness. One wonders if the sons and daughters have the deep implanted traits to carry on the next generation. These rolling hills, towering mountains are God's instruments of strength to uphold their heritage. "All for one and one for all."

MOUNTAINS

As the mountains rim the azure sky
Leafless with winter seething cold,
But carpeted with soft snow and why
Under spreading pines they enfold
Crouching hungry deer and way of life
Alert for enemies with gun-man strife.

M.L.W.

Author and Journalist, March issue, tells "Poet, a Definition" by Geraldine Ross. An article every poet should read with appreciation.

Only a robin can truly sing that first sweet song of Spring

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V April 1960 Number 4

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Vermont

BHERIO! WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

APRIL

This Resurrection month reigns supreme!
Power of life in God's munificent hand,
For each day comes their Holy meaning.
To fill glad hearts who do understand
Beauty of flowering nature, all beaming
A welcome under sweet breath of Spring.
W.L.W.

HONEY FOR HEALTH

Today we are told to take advantage and enjoy this delicious, natural food and use its healthful qualities in the daily diet, because it contains dextrose, levulose and gives quick energy. Is used by athletes for that advantage. And as a reducing diet, a spoonful of honey before a meal decreases the desire to eat too much, or at the end of a meal a substitute for dessert, that satisfies the craving for sweets. Being already digested by the bees, is ready to go to work soon after eating and is mildly laxative. Am also told that families are using it in coffee, on oatmeal, pancakes, even on grape fruit, baked apples and over ice cream, in all kinds of cooking.

We are urged to form the honey habit and reach for the honey jar in place of the sugar bowl. The doctor in my family has introduced this healthful habit. May I suggest reading in March Readers Digest, "What's All This About Vermont Folk Medicine?" M.L.W.

BUSY BEE

The honey bee may carry his sting
But gives victims food for health.
Independence, he may proudly sing
No machine, atom, worldly wealth,
Or politics with government control.
Family of willing queens, sister bees
Obey, from their leader never stroll.
Daily workers with a king to please.
M.L.W.

Two most interesting articles are found in the Post for February 20th, "The Sense of Truth" by Alexander Eliot and "The Art of Language" by John Chiardi in the March 19th edition. Not forgetting, "A Wishing Well", Robert Frost's 81 line poem in the April Atlantic. Perfect example of the use of simple words telling deep thoughts with understanding. charm.
M.L.W.

Not what has happened to us but what has happened to others thru us.

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* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MAY 1960

Volume V

Number 5

Mertha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIC! WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

MAY DAY

O this singing day in the month of May!
Carry a basket brim with blissful joy
Like children around the Maypole play
With laughter sound like tinkling toy.
Nature raining kisses on kidred child,
Her gracious gifts amid bountiful care,
All look up with winsome wonder smiled,
On this glad day given for all to share.

M.L.W.

The flower for May is the violet, known and cherished since antiquity. The Persians loved them. It was the flower of Athens. Romans used violets in medicines and love philters. In ancient England the violet was a symbol of modesty and constancy and the American Indians knew it as a symbol of love and courage. They creep into our gardens as though borne on the wind and flourish along the country roadside in May, while youngsters gather them by the handful for May baskets.

M.L.W.

THE COUNTRY ROAD

That winding country road for me,
Long had been must for me to see.
The empty and lone forgotten wall,
Beside the road, within easy call,
There a lived in home once stood
Near the friendly spreading wood.
And suddenly a true story arise,
There right before seeing eyes,
Child's swing from age old trees
Silent back and forth in the breeze.
While as if with sweet memory guard
Fragrant purple lilacs in the year
And over hanging roses grown wild
Spreading fresh fragrance, smiled
Their welcome...that one could give
Thought for those who once did live.
Then, while standing there in prayer,
A voice called, "Wait for me there!"
From a woman bent and leamed with age
Looking on memory's long, living page.
Her eyes filled with loving tears
For her family home of former years.

M.L.W.

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JUN 1960

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Without a conflict you cannot obtain the crown of patience



GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V June 1960 Number 6

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHERIO to all and welcome! New members.

SUMMER MOMENTS

How bright the beams of early morn
Will silently chase all gloom away:
When with tinted sky it seems born
To meet again a cheery king of day.
And under the beauty spreading scene
Songsters harmony with their voices
Will make complete another day serene,
To leave the one who deeply rejoices
With growing debt of love, will sing
New praise promised The Almighty King. M.L.W.

And I wish I could send each member the summer issue of Vermont Life, edited by Walter Hard, illustrated with natural color scenes.

Again may I say, do see Robert Frost's picture taken 1912 in the May Atlantic. And I hope many read in the May 15th Sunday supplement of the New York Times his plea before the Senate Committee, for a National Academy of Culture in Washington to stimulate public interest in Art, Sculpture and Poetry. That they take their rightful place with other things and Poets be declared equal

The Southern Vermont Branch of the League of Penwomen is sponsoring a poetry contest as its contribution to World Poetry Day. For high school students on My Country. First award \$10; second \$5; third \$3.

An unexpected call from Rev. Frederic Dyckman brought news that Betty is writing a story. An invitation to lunch together in the village made the day one of real pleasure.

Many friends of Edward Lind will miss his verses of friendly cheer. UAPA has lost a devoted friend to Amateur Journalism. Our birthdays came the same date and I will always treasure the loveliest card and verse.

May the eternal light
Forever shine and Peace
His well earned right.

M.L.W.

This promises to be a large fruit season. Even wild strawberries are on every hillside and raspberries, cherries and apples hang heavy with every hope of abundance. And lilac, not a home without at least one or many more bushes filling the air with that never-to-be-forgotten smell.

RINGING WORDS

How beautiful, these flowers and trees!
Spring bursts forth from May to June,
With ringing words such as these;
But to own a garden in the Spring
Your investment interest will bring. M.L.W.

#262

X-P N⁴⁸²⁷ 28 1960
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Are we the kind of people through whom God can create a new and better world?

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume V

July 1960

Number 7

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! Dear Friends and WELCOME New Members!

MY COUNTRY

AMERICA! My beloved homeland.
Your birth-pangs, hope and courage stand
Firm on land, sea, in the air,
Never doubting, giving life to dare.
Your fair name will forever be
For mankind, home of the brave, LIBERTY!
God gave treasure, richest in the world;
With sons and daughters to keep unfurled
A star-striped flag of FREEDOM!
For all in His own sight become
Equal to live the American Republic's right,
Your lawful, constitutional heritage;
Code of honor, far-seeing Fathers stage.
One mighty nation long to live:
Not for selfish gain, but freely give
Strength to others, with every trying hour
Always living in God's Almighty Power.
My country's flag, 'tis of you I sing.
PEACE to the world, may you bring.

M.L.W.

Hundreds of people were in Woodstock to witness with enthusiasm the Alumni School Parade. With 23 class floats of original design, with three prizes given by Rotary to top winners. This annual event is one of color and artistic planning. This year they portrayed various TV shows, the 1960 theme. Scholarship awards were made at Woodstock High School graduation. The Commencement speaker said, "You are the only hope we have in our fight for a free world."

M.L.W.

UNDER THE TREE

One brilliant summer day I sat beneath a friendly spreading elm.
And caught the shadow..while thoughts searched Nature's realm:
Just as in days long gone, when memories were being born.
And youths entrancing thrill came like the early morn.
Awakened anew...but unaware of the coming hours;
With their stern meanings for life's insistant powers.
So sweet, so harsh, and so full of challenge to me.
But to all who search, are like the busy honey bee,
For the sweetest nectar from each perfect flower.
Thus we move in life's changing maze and seductive bower.

M.L.W.

May the best man win to save this Nation from our enemies

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER  
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V September 1960 Number 9

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! New Officers and New Members.

HOW'S YOUR EMPATHY

Sharpen your wits, try to find it,
Just a trait invented to understand
Our newest word and created to fit
Us all, this new adventure, grand.

Psychology, not Webster, is the word
Medicine of the mind and not a pill,
Around the world soon will be heard;
This new mission, sympathy to fulfill.

And teaches how to use the head
Rather than breaking the heart.
A state of mind to be used instead
Of tearing uncontrolled lives apart.

Rolls back emotions in daily life
And with only practice to instill.
Every one will be loved, end strife
When used with true unselfish skill.

So tune in to the feeling of others,
Without tax, or government control,
But a made over world of brothers...
All through Empathy's untiring goal.

M.L.W.

Annual House and Garden Tour held in Woodstock recently when the Billing's Mansion, now the Woodstock home of Laurance Rockefeller and the New England Colonial house built in 1805 and once owned by Otis Skinner and the rambling house of Mrs. Norman Williams with gardens extending down to the Ottoquechee river, with tea served to many who came.

Was delighted to have Betty and Red Dyckman stop on their way to vacation in Maine. All will be proud to know that our member, the Rev. Fred Dyckman is one of thirty ministers from the United States who has been invited by the Boards of Evangelism and missions of the Methodist Church to participate in a mission to Chile and Peru October 10 to November 10. To use her time, Betty has offered her services and been accepted to teach in the Glens Falls School. Luck school.
W. L. W.

37 1960

Let us give Thanks for all that makes life the miracle it is

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V November 1960 Number 11

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Hill Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO to all and Welcome New Members!

OUR DAY

THANKSGIVING. This our own American Day
Tells for all time this Nation's story,
No enemy, nor even war can wipe away.
Embedded in old and young is the glory
Of coming home, with families together
And prayerful THANKSGIVING never to sever.

M.L.W.

May I tell you of our South Vermont Pen Women meeting recently in Windsor, where we had lunch at the hotel, before going to the home of Mrs. Gladys Skinner, a little museum in itself. Her picture was in a Pen Women's Magazine last year when she won a prize in sculpture for a bas relief of Grandma Moses, one of the League's most illustrious members. Many members are selling artists and brought painting done in new methods of handling water-color and oil. Poems of unusual merit were read and criticized. Our guest speaker gave an illuminating talk on modern art and modern poetry.

Another Poetry Contest is being conducted for adults over eighteen men and women, residing in Bennington, Rutland, Windham and Windsor counties. First prize \$10.00; second, \$5.00; third, \$3.00. The first will also be published in the 1961 Who's who In World Poetry Day Magazine. Contest closed February 1, 1961. Manuscripts to be sent to Martha L. Williams. Winners announced April 1, 1961. Have already received twenty manuscripts. UAPA members may have a poet friend living here in these counties who would like to enter the contest.

M.L.W.

TOMORROW

While tomorrow is another day,
Today is sure to shape its course.
Knots still untied have a way,
Stretching tomorrow's unseen hours.
And that intended word of praise
Is apt to come an hour too late
With a comforting hope to raise.
A day fulfilled for the morrow
Outweighs the sad need to borrow.

In HIS Honor with joy we sing, GLORY TO CHRIST OUR KING!

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* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume V December 1960 Number 12

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL - WELCOME New Members!

CHRISTMAS REALITY

O Holy Christmas coming from above
Is Reality with God in the heart
Of man to man, gifts with love
For Christ, from which we never part.

The world He came to seek and save
May this Holy Christmas enter in
And today accept the Gift He gave
To save mankind and blessings win.

No gift more priceless...Christ's Reality
To wear each day, while still free to give
Wrapped and tied with loving Prayer for He
Who truly makes the Joy of Christmas live.

M.L.W.

Here in Woodstock the Christmas spirit shines, homes decorated with our own natural greens and red berries. With the beautiful blue spruce in the park where carolers will send their happy voices far and wide. Our four churches are filled for the Christmas Midnight service, when the bells peal forth their time-old glad music.

THE ANGELS SONG

From Bethlehem's plain the skies
Illumined, as if apart were torn
And rendered men's trembling eyes
A trust and wondrous Story born.

For Joy and Love came that day
While shepherds hurried to bring
And angels told them where lay
In a manger, God's Promised King.

M.L.W.

This glad news surprised our Vice-President, Dr. W. J. Thompson. From Calcutta, India, in a letter from the editor of The Indian Messenger, telling of the prominence given Dr. Thompson's article, "The Divine Plan For Your Life". An honor seldom given from that far-off land. We take pride in knowing the author is our own talented officer.

M.L.W.

All verses by MARGIE ZIMMERMAN

Wishing you good cheer!

A U. A. P. A. Publication

Vol. 1 Ed. 1

GLINTS of SPRING!

Months of Promise!

H26

April, May and early June,
Months of welcome spring!
Velvet grass and sprouting shrubs, Birds that gayly sing,
Gardens budding! Easter Day! Maypoles! Showers! Chatter! Fun!
Puppies! Kittens! Days of sun! Dreaming under moonlit skies!
Sparkling, starry night. Time of love and solitude---
Following winter's flight!-----

Yes, these are months of promise! A time of planting seeds, watching them sprout and grow. Farmers prepare the vegetables, that are so welcome in summer. Fruits blossom. Beasts bear young. Birds and fowl lay eggs of life. Yes, April, May and June promise miracles of life. The blanket of winter white melts under their warmth. Showers spoil days of pleasure, but refresh the earth. Spring plays tricks at times. They are not always good for man; Spring is sometimes fickle, and does not appreciate the welcome awaiting her. April sometimes turns tepid showers into frosted hail, and kills frail seeds. At times, she even scatters a new blanket of white, that causes turmoil; across the land. May sometimes whips unexpected biting winds, cools the earth, and changes overnight to a scorching summer day. June, the month of roses, sometimes stabs the earth with unwanted summer heat. Yes, at times the lovely months of spring play mischievous pranks on men. However, the sun soon comes out to melt unwanted frost and snowy blankets. Cooling showers are bound to chase unwanted heat. Spring becomes her welcome, cheery self, and the world blossoms anew. April, May and June, months of promise! A time of beauty and wonder! Who can doubt God's wisdom and love, when he gazes upon the wondrous miracles of nature? No one, but God himself can fill the earth with such a blend of colorful splendor, as nature in bloom in spring!

Only God can bestow the miracle of birth! Who can resist a baby's soft hand? Are not kittens wonderful to hold? A puppy's stare can melt many human hearts. The eyes of a doe are heartrending. A lamb seems as pure and white as fresh, falling snow. Even a black lamb is lovable. His color outside does not change his little, pure heart! Yes, April, May and June are welcome months! If only they would fulfill their promises, without those days of mischievous tricks, how much happiness they would spread across the land. Oh, well, let us enjoy those balmy, beautiful hours, and make the best of the bitter days of mischief. The sun is sure to shine again, after each spring shower! The rain is bound to dance upon the earth, when the sun shines too boldly. She chases him behind dark clouds, so that thirsty, hot earth can be refreshed and bear fruit. TRUST THE LORD---Today is ours to greet in hope, And work and plan and smile. Tomorrow may not come at all. Today must be worthwhile! Now, if we trust the Lord above, And do our best today, We will know an inner peace, That will not pass away! Tim.6:17-TRUST in the LIVING GOD, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.!!!!!!

GREATER THAN SEED IS SMALL

Man has a way of wishing to believe -
Mountains are eternal, and the hills,
The crags of rock and rugged bluffs
That long withstand an ocean's power;
But smaller these grains of ocean sand,
once one in a shoulder of rock -
Are seeds that flower their fragile bloom
Where unknown mountains have towered.

Smaller than grains of sand, the seed,
While mountains have been laid low -
Still remains to flower again.
Greater than seed is small
Is the power that lets it grow.

Marjorie Bertram Smith

To the Publishers of all the wonderful papers appearing in the UAPA Bundle: - Thanks, and a Happy New Year! To all those who have had poems, stories and articles in the Bundle, I also send greetings and thanks for an interesting year. I have enjoyed each and every issue. It is a special surprise, too, when I have a personal message from one of the UAPA friends. I wish I could write to everyone. Do not be discouraged when you do not receive commendation for your work because no one can be certain about "bread upon the water". You may not ever know how much happiness you have given with your bit of creation. It is a gift to be able to do creative things. Just be thankful that you can do something, and remember that there are many who think of you with thanks as we read, although we cannot always tell you personally or by letter. With best wishes to all.

Marjorie Bertram Smith

CHRISTMAS

A tiny stranger born in a manger.
The Honored one, a Godly Son
Precedents, they are bringing
And hymns, they are singing;
Bells keep on chiming
And friendship is binding
All, hale and hearty
At the Christmas party.
The turkey is roasting
And dad is a "toasting"
With a Tom and Jerry,
Wishes all to make merry.
Mother silently whispers a prayer
For a face which she loves and is not there.
He is serving his home land
In some far off foe land.
We must never cease
To pray for peace,
So on Christmas Day, in sixty-two
Those missing, will sit next to you.
Gladys F. Tompkins

#268

X-PN4827

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MAR 3 1961

Friendship, how far that LITTLE CANDLE sends its beams

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER

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A-UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume VI

February 1961

Number 2

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

NATURE CALLS

Over-flowing health, fun, rapture,
With Ski lovers painting a picture
On New England's mountains, hills:
As carefree exuberant laughter fills
The winter air, despite biting frost.
While not a moment shall be lost
To drink Nature's cup of happiness
As outside world lives in stress.
Are we failing in prayer each day,
Thy Kingdom Come, Oh Lord, to say?

M.L.W.

"The Making of a Poem" in the Post for January 21, may be read with increasing faith in poetic influence on all, trying to spread in a seething world. Another wonderful article in January Candle Magazine by the Rev. William Walter De Bolt, "Jesus as a Poet". Especially in the Gospel of St. John and the parables we feel high poetic quality.

We know Robert Frost realized his dream when poetry became an honored part of our Nation's thirtyfifth inaugural.

TO REOBERT FROST

To Robert Frost, honor we pay
Reading his poem inaugural day
Hanging on our White House wall
His rightful tribute to recall.
Has Poetry at last found a place
With Nation's heritage to grace.

M.L.W.

Our South Vermont Poetry Contest, closing today brings twenty well written poems. As chairman am proud to send them on to three well chosen judges.

I would dance with very joy of living!
Sweet rhythm, nature's own artful gift
Over a weary world, while ever spilling
Cadence under Heaven's Hand will lift.

M.L.W.

#269

5-MAY 1961

Copy 1961

Joys we cannot share with others are not half enjoyed

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume VI April 1961 Number 4

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHERIO! Welcome NEW MEMBERS.

OUR PART

Regardless of what modern papers say,
History through the years made U.S.A.
When members in art of writing flourished:
And why the potent power be nourished.

Members of this world wide family
Demanding what our Nation's part will be
Means not only science, but ripened thought
Built on Christian terms, money never bought.

Our race with a cruel, Godless adversary
To achieve new world fame, is contrary
To standards by tradition long laid down
Still the same will forever hold renown.

Only the voice of this fair Nation's ALL
Written, spoken from both great and small
Whose daily prayer of Faith will guide
Our ship of state, where Peace will abide.

M.L.W.

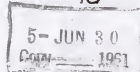
Here in Vermont sap is running and said to be sweeter than even
Oldsters from the Homestead were invited to a real New England
Sugaring Off Party held in a nearby farm where they saw the making
of a native product, also were given a generous can for their own
use.

Many honors have been bestowed on our members this past month.
Among them you will be proud to hear our Vice-President Dr. Wm. J.
Thompson took part in the Diamond Jubilee of Sierra Madre Church,
where he was minister forty years ago. At which time he was pre-
sented with his portrait in oils and beautiful colored pulpit robes.
For which time he wrote a special poem. Added to this he received
from London, the title Doctor of Literature and from Southern
University, Doctor of Philosophy, added to his Doctor of Divinity,
he is our much titled and well earned UAPA officer. Congratulations.

Robert Frost is also adding to his honors and many titles while
giving the people in Israeli and other parts his eloquence in many
lectures and poetic readings. A most fitting American contribution.

M.L.W.

#270



Success is the name to keep on trying

*

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

*

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume VI

June 1961

Number 6

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

 CHERIO to all! Welcome New Members.

GIVE THOUGHT

Each other vying with beauty, name,
 Flowers their homage pay month of June.
 The silent, over-whelming days came
 So quietly for those who deeply care.
 And will with us to so shortly stay
 Before it give timeto become aware
 June is gone again until another year.
 As great nations vie with hate, greed
 Rob world Peace, Freedom crying need:
 While over all forever, Father Above
 Waits to spread His redeeming Love.

M.L.W.

May meetings of South Vermont Pen Women enjoyed a bountiful luncheon here at Woodstock Inn. Lovely boutonnières of spring flowers at each plate, as Poetry Contest winners read their poems and our hostess Melissa Ambrose spoke about "Writing" and her "Rejects and Accepts". Be sure to look for her accepted story soon to appear in McCalls.

The School Alumni Parade will soon show 19 original floats, all compiled on Woodstock history. With prizes for the winning floats. A large crowd is sure to appreciate the hard work with loyal interest.

Our honored Vice President Dr. Wm. Thompson was recently awarded a certificate of recognition from the South California Congregational Church, including the following poem:

GOLDEN YEARS

'Tis fifty years or more, since first you stood
 To dedicate to God your young manhood;
 'Twas then that hands were placed upon your head
 And in your heart a mighty vow was said.

The years have flown since that momentous day,
 And Time has taken toll along the way;
 But rich have been the years you gave to God,
 And sweet has been life's pathway that you trod.

My brother, older in the service of our Christ
 These fifty years, or more, have full sufficed
 To prove the merit of that early vow
 Which gleams undimmed in heart and soul e'en now.

(over)

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G

Remember that AMERICAN still ends "I CAN"

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

A United Amateur Press Association Publication
 Volume VI September 1961 Number 9

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont
 CHEERIO to all! WELCOME to five New Members.

GONE AGAIN

O sweet summer, your'e here and gone
 Like a flying bird on the wing,
 Before Time waits to let your song
 Give us the many joys you bring.
 While we wonder, how one bold man
 Whose vain daring in himself, can
 The whole wide world fear and upset
 With his ever speaking, vicious threat.

M.L.W.

Yes, we have had our popular Trail Rides, Fairs and vacation
 fun. It all seems like a dream, here where beauty in all its
 splendor invites many guest friends who come year after year to
 share our country scene.

TIME OF DEPARTURE NIGH
 by Joyce Marie Choate

The plants are dressed for burial
 This September day
 Just before the rider Frost
 Comes to them all away.
 The lily's green satin shroud
 Reflects the silvery sheen of dusk;
 The corn tassels puff the finishing touch
 Of make-up on its yellowing husks.
 The purple-veiled asters
 With heads bowed low
 Wait humbly, submissively
 For their time to go.

VERMONT

Today, Vermont needs no armed friend
 The Sacred Honor, Tradition to defend.
 Of a sudden mountain quiet is stirred
 From unseen hand, Last Stand is heard.
 While Yankee genius so deeply inborn
 Shines above modern scientific scorn:
 Instinctive Truth with native simplicity
 Drowns vain attempt to spread duplicity.
 Words never need be written, only say
 For ruthless for, Vermont will pray.

M.L.W.

#272

5-DEC-1

God selects a poet when He has a message to deliver

*
* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *
*

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume VI October 1961 Number 10

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont
CHEERIO to all! Welcome New Members.

POETRY DAY

Poetry will forever pave the way
To beauty and in man's heart stay,
With chosen words to fit and rhyme
A culture never be defied by time.
This day of Instant, Quick and Hurry
The human mind with a constant worry,
Show pressing need for poetic flower
Of welcome words to smooth each hour.
A God-given talent bestowed on man
To spread over life's instant span
The soothing balm of poetic thought
Poets over the century have wrought.
Newly born, "World Wide Poetry Day"
Is yours and mine to spread the ray
As the appointed day draws near
On October fifteen, every year.

M.L.W.

As I write today, my rooms are flooded with the golden glow that floods the atmosphere outside. And the splendor color enthusiasts are filling every hotel and motel in Woodstock. Even the Chamber of Commerce asks private homes to give rooms to meet the overflow.

The picture painted by Nature money cannot buy, while poets with words will try.

On their vacation Fred and Betty Dyckman called on many UAPA friends and were entertained with lunch at Nona Spath's home. They also were fortunate to reach Milwaukee in time to attend a meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club at Bette Reiter's, which was much enjoyed. Fred is showing his many pictures describing his missionary trip to Chili and Peru.

You will find Melissa Mather Ambrose's story, "Friendly Gesture" in October's McCall's Magazine. She shows how to use suspense, a writer's most needed secret.

Our Vice-President, Dr. Thompson, has received many new requests to write for important magazines as the result of his MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION which adds much to the UAPA Bundle.

M.L.W.

When I remember the various ways
Along which my feet have trod
And the many friends all along my days
Who have helped me along the road,
Then I pause to offer praise
For such precious Gifts from God.

Dr. Wm. J. Thompson

Resolve each day to keep resolution on New Year's Day

*

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

*

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! WELCOME New Members.

THE NEW YEAR

With the heralded unseen New Year
Comes hope and prayers for Peace.
Safety for all, both far and near
Suffering Nations, prisoners' release.

A modern Utopia, a world enshrined
With the undeveloped atom energy.
Not for a cruel war, but science timed
For heat, light the future destiny.

Learning to live with wonders new,
Spell: patience and co-operation;
Depends on accepted point of view
Promises a free world realization.

M.L.W.

THE MIRACULOUS WORDS

Infinite Spirit, open the way for great abundance: "These words married to one called Faith", have performed miracles for those on brink of disaster. Made sunshine stream in where only clouds hung low. Changed coldness into warmth. Hatred into love, and misunderstanding into truth.

The world pays heavily for its precious gifts; some come on loaded caravans over high seas and others from beneath the earth. But this rich, unstinted gift is free to all, rich, poor, young, old and all the rest, who have the key that unlocks the door to all the golden gifts awaiting.

Anxious, hungry for each new-comer to receive His gift, and taking crowded measure, hard pressed down, return where shadows linger and turn them into seas of rippling gold.

When my arms are full of life's precious gifts, I search for a rich, ripe word to express my thanks. But the Infinite Spirit quickly said: "Nay, nay my friend, there are no thanks. If thou dost feel in thy heart a joy, go forth to the world. Let thy face shine anew and thy lips tell some soul, who holds not the key, that will open the way to marvelous life, happiness and power; all yours for just one little word called,

FAITH.

M.L.W.

The state is the servant of its citizens not its master

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume VII February 1962 Number 2
Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vt.

CHEERIO TO ALL! Glad Welcome to New Members.

ANOTHER FEBRUARY

This short month of February
Filled with history replete;
While years will never bury
Famous names or days defeat.

More than ever Time holds sway
As two most honored Presidents
Arise in Nation's mind to portray
Words of wisdom, strength, defense.

Valentines, lovers' treasured saint;
More important are Wednesday Ashes
Of remorse, Christian history paint
The need of deep repentance flashes.

Down the spent year, now far gone,
Thought ponders uprising mistakes.
Cruel, selfish words shall atone
When the world suddenly awakes.

M.L.W.

Vermont harvesting the yearly crop of beautiful white snow. And picturesque along the byways, each season takes on romantic drama. While moods of winter are many and cut through banks of snow covering fields and pastures with color day and night.

Most impressive is the power of snow to enforce silence. Never a voice or sound, like rain and wind, but the all-prevailing peace during a fall of snow is the common feeling.

Letting soft blue shadows outline
And night's diamonds enthrall
King Frost, our brushless artist,
Winter snow-blanket has kissed.

M.L.W.

APR 6 1962



To break the habit of arguing, stand in front of the mirror

* GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER *

#275

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume VII March 1962 Number 3

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! Welcome fourteen New Members!

LIFE

We say, let the March winds blow,
But please don't bring more snow!
Let the all smiling face of Spring
Give birth to every living thing
Under the earth and touching sky.
While humans ask the question why
Nations live with fear and strife
When Peace and Freedom gives life,
The blessed way on earth to live.
What part have you and I to give?
M.L.W.

Here in Vermont, that is a daily question in the papers, over the radio and in the churches. One popular magazine asks, just what is our American "Image"? Surely a good subject for writers to attack.

Have read a new book "George Washington's Mother", by Alice Curtis Desmond. A vigorous biography of many little known facts and fine example of true womanhood.

And Billy Graham "speaks Up" in the January Post, asking "What have you done for Freedom today?"

You will also be interested to know The Indian Messenger in Calcutta, India, has recently published an article, "The Search Ends In Satisfaction" by our Vice-President, Dr. Wm. J. Thompson. While an article in The Brocton Daily Enterprise was sent to me containing a "Supposed Contest". Supposing you had the opportunity to change places for twenty-four hours, who would you choose? There were many entries, among them that of C. M. Eddy of Providence, Rhode Island who wrote? "If it were possible to change places with Dr. Wm. J. Thompson of Los Angeles, I certainly would! I have never met the man, but judging from his writings, he is my ideal gentlemen. He thinks of others first and possesses the virtues I wish God had endowed me with." 3,000 miles away to be named in a popularity contest. Can anyone beat that?
M.L.W.

False pride never rises in any
Who humbly recognizes the talent
He possesses is an entrusted
Gift from God to us in His Name.
M.L.W.

May the Glorious Joy of Easter stay in each coming day

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #
#

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume VII No. 4 April 1962 Whole No. 113

#276

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO! HAPPY EASTER time to all.

SPRING

Never came a more welcome Spring!
The miracle of bud and tiny seed
God's hand in each living thing.
A time of hope and promised need;
With melody of sparrow and robin
Color spreads its redeeming smile
As crocus, pussy-willow, violets win
Nature's perfect touch and beguile
Man's selfish lack of imagination,
All given without remuneration.

M.L.W.

Here in Vermont it is sap time and many ask how do they know the
sap is moving? Old timers know. They feel it in their bones or
smell it in the air. But never overlook a few signs when red squir-
rels begin nipping maple twigs and chickadees flock to sip sap where
the squirrel has been. Not only back in the hills but along road-
sides hang on maples. It is surprising how many visitors come to
watch the boiling. But April would never be the same without many
sugar-off parties for all ages to enjoy.

While over cans of snow
Their cherished winter sweet
Is waxy maple syrup spread.
Fun, city cousins, hard to beat.

M.L.W.

While you will also congratulate and enjoy the honors coming to
our talented members. The Orlando Publications announce a new book
of poems by Orella Halstead, bearing the original impress "Outardust
and Mist". The new trends in thought not only of the atmospheric
and atomic, but man's spiritual destiny are treated with vision and
deep emotion. Only \$1.35 plus postage.

Glens Falls is most fortunate to have a Betty Dyckman, with her
cultured talent. Giving a book review to her Church Society on the
life of Michael Angelo in "The Agony and Ecstasy". Also leading a
Great Books discussion on Lock's "Human Understanding". Presenting
poetry awards to High School winners. And entertaining Glens Falls
writers. And Lenten Reading with organ accompaniment in her church.

Our friendly pride goes to these valued members for unselfish
willingness to share with others their God-given gifts. M.L.W.

Grant, O Lord, that we may show
Forth Thy praise not only with
Our lips but in our lives.

#277

X-PN 40 27

Grapho Analysis

BY STUDENT NO. 8706

By slant and slur, by sweep and spread, the
weak or strong reveal their personality:
While broken, muddy strokes with curv-
ing prong expose a hidden criminality:
The lazy hand or hasty spirit one
can know
And careful writer's jot and tittle too:
The blunt determined stem will thickly
show, and stormy souls will jab and
dagger through.
No two alike in character are found
With each to divers fears and
fancies bound;
A turn of habit alters how they write,
With droop or rise or cramp or
circles tight;
And he who knows in any age or land
Can by their strokes their natures
understand.

Samuel W. Tutnall, 1111 Franklin, Fresno, Calif.

5 SEP 22

X-PN4827



SCENES AND EPISODES

VOL. I - SEPTEMBER - NO. 8



#278

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS 1954 ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

LESLIE A. SHAW, EDITOR - 122 EAST AVE., 45, LOS ANGELES 31, CALIFORNIA.

THE WAY YOU WANT IT-Continued

Inside those great doors, the ringing of cash registers, the whirring of ceiling fans, the bedlam of salesgirls and customers all talking at once, bespoke a busy afternoon. Feet scuffed on bare floor now and then some infant wailed a piercing protest, but over all and through it all, tinkling piano notes, a tinkling sequi monkscloth of sound lent a festive spirit.

The music was light and airy, and Monte spaced his steps to its rhythm as he went in and out of the store. Behind him and a little above the piano at the rear of the store.

On the way he paused however, and glanced up at the pianist, and the pianist glanced up at him. That friendly nod and that spontaneous learned was one of the reasons Chloë Matthy could, and did, play and sing! Long tapering fingers, a touch as light as the wings. Her voice, a low pitched contralto, a powerful voice. Today, Chloë might be a ballroom dance band, but in that day she demonstrated all and sundry.

That voice and the swing and swayed soon elbowed into the background of Monte's mind, of unpleasant thoughts he may have carried with him.

The demonstration made, the sale of the piano stool and prepared to wrap the piano, and Monte turned to leave, but she stopped him.

"Wait a minute," she said, and Chloë, after making the piano stool, and thanking the customer, "stop on your way out and tell me when you start to work."

"Sure," Monte said, "but how did you know why I came in here today?"

"Elemental, my dear Watson," she smiled, "elemental. I saw you come in last Saturday forenoon early and go up to the office. Mr. Pense gave you an application and you sat down at the desk and filled it out. I filled one out myself not long ago. So, I know what you were doing."

"But I didn't notice you."

"There wasn't anyone in the store to play for yet, or you would have."

Some fifteen minutes later Monte came down from the office, his step jaunty and a big smile on his lips and stopped at the music counter. Chloë was again seated at the piano practicing a new piece. She looked up.

"When do you start to work?" she asked.

5 - JUN 2 - 1955

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WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

THE EIGHTEENTH ISSUE
MAY - 1955

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
2609 Hess Avenue
Warwood, Wheeling, W. Va.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Somebody's mother - happy and gay
Had stolen tulips on Mother's Day.
Somebody's son, my sister said,
Found the flowers in our tulip bed.

Could his Mother's heart be a little sad,
Though he attempted to make it glad,
If she knew this son, her only boy
Had cheated a friend to give her joy?

Reading the Bundle was a real pleasure
this month. Isn't it entertaining to read
Bonnie Parker's contribution? She is one
of our best.

Congratulations to THE CORDUROY PATCH.
The Editor is doing fine work. Tell me,
have you answered every letter received,
as you said you would? Guess you are busy?

Clara Ballard's Honey Wood is tops! Como
again. What has happened to KIMBERLITE?

Didn't you enjoy THE GEORGIA PEACH? Maud
Curtis and Geneva Davies are clever.
"Immensities" and "The Way of the Master"
are outstanding.

Three cheers to Annie Scurlock for win-
ning TNT prize. I heard from her as a new
member and watch for her poems. Congrats
to all the winners! Rita's work is good!

All the way from England came "In the
Dawn of Glowing Wonder!" Vera, you seem
far away, and yet so close.

Note that Ruth Cleaves Hazelton lives in
Canada. "Broken" is my choice this month.
Fish who would send me one of her CLA's.
Thanks, Ruth, for mentioning our paper.

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE was successful.
Please give us some pointers on Quatrains
with example of the rhyme and meter that
can be used; Cinquains, too.

What has become of Belle Mooney? I miss
her instructive papers each month.

Georgene A. C., that is an interesting
biographical sketch. What next?

Ellen Butterworth, Linnie J. & Katie H.,
we would like to meet you each month. We
enjoyed THE NORTHWEST CORNER.

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

One of the most interesting personali-
ties of UAPA is our own beloved MARTHA
LOOMIS WILLIAMS of West Winds Farm, Wood-
stock, Vermont. We all know her GREEN
MOUNTAIN CHEER and look forward to reading
its contents each month, little anecdotes
concerning members' efforts and giving
them a boost of sincere encouragement.

Martha was educated at Mrs. Platt's
School for Girls, Utica, New York. While
there enjoying the charm of school life,
she met a man who was to be her "knight in
shining armor." Their marriage circle was
completed by the appearance of a small
daughter whom they named Dorothy. Then in
'29 a cloud appeared and Martha's days be-
came saddened by God's beckoning. Martha,
being the plucky soul we know her to be,
soon became reconciled and once again took
a keen interest in life.

Martha is also a graduate of New York
School of Applied Design, creating origi-
nal designs for lampshades upon request
from New York manufactures. Besides being
a profitable hobby to Martha, it brings
appreciation of beauty from those who
acquire them.

She paints in oil and water color, is
apt at woodcarving and is deeply inter-
ested in antiques and research.

Her daughter is married to Dr. J. Wes-
ley Sulmor formerly of Glen Cove, L. I.
They have a son, Duncan, graduate of New
York University. Martha's family is her
inspiration... Her life is a full-rich
one with many hobbies, the one we know
her best by of course is her writing.

This small article has merely scratched
the surface of the many fine qualities she
possesses. May God in His kindness grant
an abundance of health, happiness and con-
tinued success for MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS!

-- Juanita H. Nolte